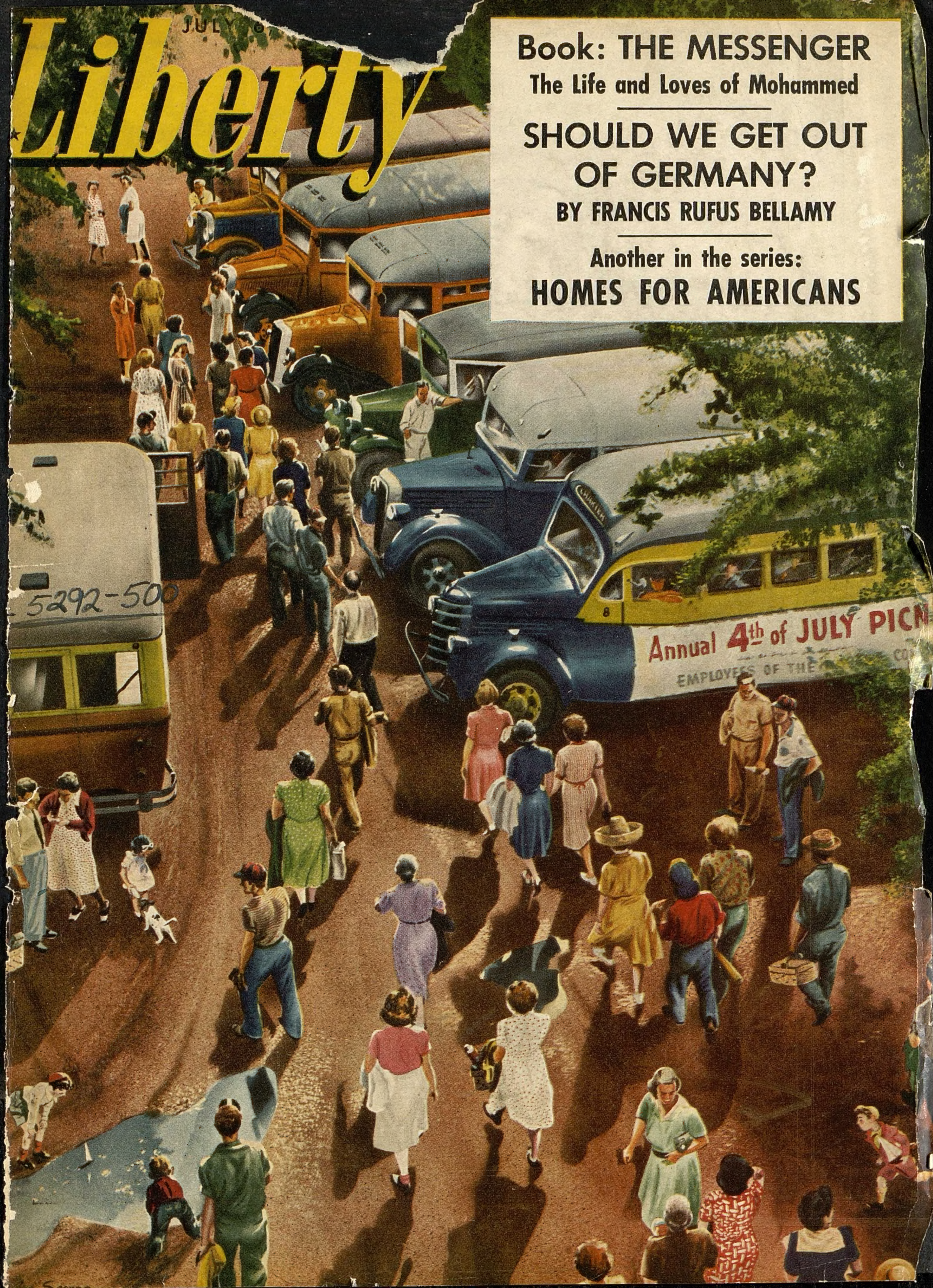
Liberty

JULY 6

Book: THE MESSENGER
The Life and Loves of Mohammed

SHOULD WE GET OUT OF GERMANY?
BY FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY

Another in the series:
HOMES FOR AMERICANS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Annual 4th of JULY PICN
EMPLOYEES OF THE
CO

As lovely as a tulip
Is a tall and frosty Julep
As easy on the taste as on the eye.

It's a summer-time delection
That approaches sheer perfection
That's best described by
"Umm—and my oh my!"

James B. Wilson

So welcome when it's warm

A MINT JULEP! A real Kentucky Mint Julep in its ice-encrusted shell defies description, especially when you compliment its fragrant sprigs with the mellow richness of Old Thompson. Blended in Kentucky by Glenmore, Old Thompson has that Glenmore touch-of-quality, that priceless flavor of Old Kentucky.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—67½% Grain Neutral Spirits
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

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Blended Whiskey

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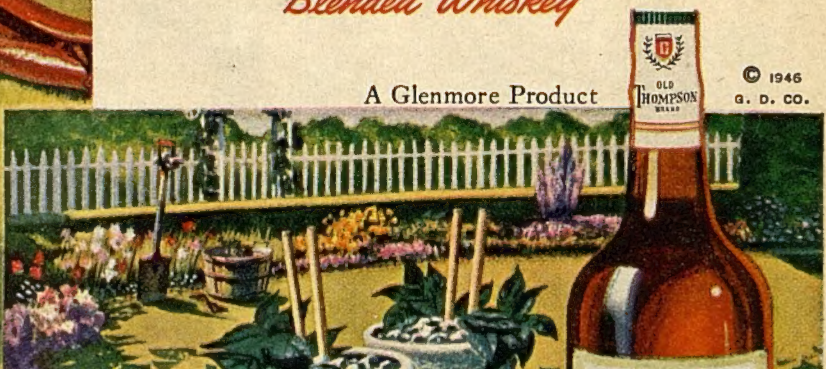

A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

contents sheets

Summerproof your Hair with Vitalis

Product of Bristol-Myers

Here's how

Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

YOUR HAIR GETS sunburned, too, in summer.

Summer sun bakes it dry. Wind and water complete the job, leave your hair dull and brittle, hard to manage.

But now that Vitalis is back, you can "summerproof" your hair!

Here's the simple, sun-defying treatment. The way to have better-looking hair than you've had for summers and summers.

1. **Before you exercise** use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." For 50 seconds, massage Vitalis with its hair-shielding pure vegetable oils on your summer-beaten scalp. You're protected —*summerproofed*—come sun, wind, water. Then 10 seconds to comb . . . and who's the handsomest man on beach, boardwalk or court? You! Then . . .

2. After you exercise . . . repeat. This follow-up with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" replaces the protective oils that sun, wind or water took away, routs loose dandruff, helps retard excessive falling hair. Then . . . 10 seconds to comb . . . and your hair looks vigorous, alive . . . you've got a "going places" look and you're set to *keep* looking that way! Get that bottle of Vitalis today!

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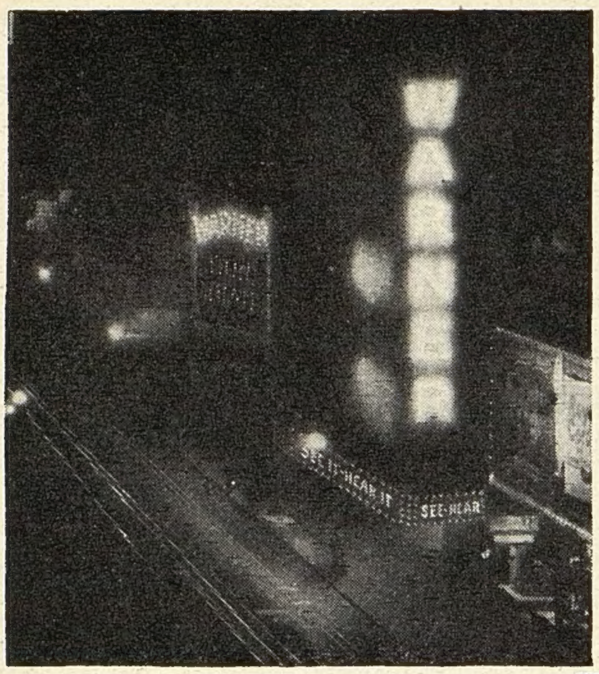
ANNIVERSARY



Just 20 years ago Warners made a movie that talked

August 6th in 1926 was the First Night. And four determined brothers saw their vision fulfilled. It was at the old Warner Theatre on Broadway that Warner Bros.' new movie confounded the skeptics and "talked"!

This was it—fade-out for the silent screen and start of the era that brought Motion Pictures to the place in the world they occupy so prominently today. It's natural then that Warner Bros., whose pioneering courage made pictures "talk" so successfully, should feel a very special sense of satisfaction — and responsibility.

So when the New York *Times* not long ago commended Warners for "combining Good Citizenship with Good Picture-Making" it was recognition, we felt, of a way-of-thinking which began in a small-town "nickelodeon" in 1906. And you may be certain of this same way-of-thinking—and pioneering—just as long as there's a Warner Picture around for you to see — and Hear!

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF TALKING PICTURES
Warners

Co-sponsors with Warners in Celebration of the 20th Anniversary of Talking Pictures:

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

FISHING FANATICS

PORTLAND, ME.—Having been a fishing-season widow for years, I certainly got a bang out of your story, Two Who Got Away, by Steve McNeil (May 25). You may think it's fiction, but it's just about what really happened to me when I went along with my husband.

What anybody sees in such activity is a mystery to me. You sit for hours in the broiling sun, get yourself fried to a crisp, and more than likely come home with an inferiority complex and a minute fish which is a mess to clean and cook. What's more, not one of the men I know who fish religiously every year will sit down to a fish dinner in the city without grumbling that he'd rather have steak.—*Mrs. M. J. L.*

BIG-CITY AILMENT

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Wouldn't you know it would be a New Yorker who'd complain about the lack of courtesy in the world today? Laura V. (Vox Pop, May 11) is right about New York, but her complaint doesn't go for the rest of the country. A small-town gal myself, I can assure her that it's the fast pace in big cities that breeds rudeness. Back home, people were always polite and pleasant. But since coming to New York, I've found that even I have developed a perpetual scowl.—*Jane Durrell.*

CRASS YANKS

NEWARK, N. J.—It's sad but true that, of all the Allies occupying Europe, Americans are the least respected and the least liked. I just came back from there, and I was almost ashamed to admit that I was an American. The rudeness, ruthlessness, and unruliness of our troops have nullified the diplomatic gains of years. If the average American soldier cannot be disciplined enough to do his job, picked groups of intelligent men should be trained to replace the present occupation troops. —*Patricia Kent.*

DIME A DOZEN

FIVE & TEN
MEDALS & DECORATIONS
F C

WILMINGTON, DEL.—The current cheapening of decorations seems to me a disgrace to the men who won them for bravery during the war. Medals and ribbons are now being handed out with such abandon that almost every USO entertainer and rear-echelon feather merchant are sporting several decks of them on their chests. None of them means anything any more.—*G. P.*

NO WOMEN, PLEASE

CHICAGO, ILL.—So Chester A. Johnson (Vox Pop, May 25) thinks that because Mrs. Roosevelt's around we're not so badly off. When it comes to the point where we have to depend on a woman for the future welfare of the world, American men had better band together and take stock of themselves. You can't depend on a woman; she'll change her mind so many times that you'll never get any place at all.—*J. E. K.*

CLEAN HOUSE HERE

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Before we try foisting democracy on the rest of the world, we'd better take a look around us and clean house. And I don't mean in the matter of strikes and inflation—they were to be expected.

But what of the Klu Klux Klan and the other hate-fostering minorities that are flourishing in our back yards? Can't some law be passed to prevent these organizations from getting any sort of toe hold in our communities?

If it's the right of free speech that's stopping us, then I say we should modify that right. This way, it looks as if a democracy can and might commit suicide.—*Steven Straeler.*

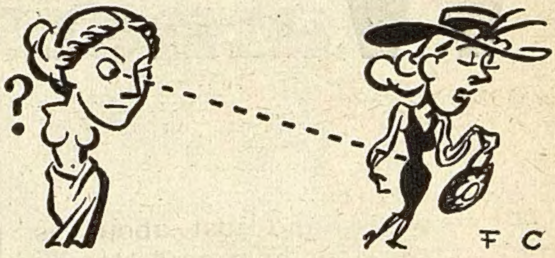
THE *WHY* OF A COMPLEX

BOSTON, MASS.—It's nice of Bill Pard (Vox Pop, May 11) to grant, grudgingly though it may be, that psychoanalysis can help some people. But his implication that it's bad for most is just plain ignorant. Almost everybody walking around in this world of confusion and upset has a complex. But he may not know about it. And that's the function of the psychoanalyst: to point out that complex. Once a person knows *why* he acts the way he does, he will be able to correct what's wrong and will be less likely to worry about it.—*Joan Ansten.*

SOLITAIRE POKER

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—It may be impossible for Beryl King (Vox Pop, May 11) to find a fourth for bridge in her neighborhood, but that doesn't go for my neck of the woods. The enthusiasm for bridge around here has cut so far into my poker crowd that I'm being forced to devise a game of solitaire poker to keep myself busy.—*Joseph Kropan.*

BRING BACK THE BEEF TRUST



LOUISVILLE, KY.—I must confess amazement at the scrawny female figures that are being touted as beautiful and glamorous on billboards, the screen, and in the ads. By and large, I have never seen such a collection of half-starved, emaciated, angular creatures. Most of them, particularly the fashion models, look as though they might eat their own young. What has happened to the classically beautiful figure, one with a little meat on it? Let's fatten up our underupholstered cuties.—*T. H.*

LaGUARDIA: RADIO COMMENTATOR

LANSING, MICH.—By what line of reasoning do you give LaGuardia the freedom of the air? What he doesn't know about the general economic picture in this country would fill a book.—*C. G. Frederick.*

TROY, N. Y.—Keep the Little Flower in water. He's not a gardenia, but we like to hear him.—*Cordelia G. Peatter.*

TUNA TROUBLE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—John Scott Douglas' article, The Tuna's a Trouble-Maker (May 4), was very interesting and informative. But in one instance you contradict the dictionary, which says that an albacore is a member of the mackerel family.

Which is it—the tuna or the mackerel?—*Betty Midola.*

Our dictionary defines the albacore as "one of various tunnies (tunas) or large scombroid fishes of the genus *Thunnus*."—VOX POP EDITOR.

IN DEFENSE OF BRITAIN

CO. DURHAM, ENGLAND—In Vox Pop (April 13), Mrs. Dan Rossin implies that Britain is not keeping her promises in regard to Palestine. I wonder how Mrs. Rossin would go about trying to keep the peace between two peoples, both fighting for the right to live in one country. The United States, even though invited, doesn't seem any too anxious to cooperate on a solution for Palestine. —*Brenda E. Young.*

HI SY, 'ELP!
PALESTINE
F C

Does Britain?—VOX POP EDITOR.

TAKE 'EM OR LEAVE 'EM?

MIDLAND PARK, N. J.—I agree with everything K. D. says (Vox Pop, May 25) about that so-called comic strip, The Thropp Family. It's positively senseless and just about as funny as a cry for help on a stormy night.

Why do you continue to waste valuable space on it?—*J. C. F.*

Read on, J. C. F., and see.—VOX POP EDITOR.

NEW YORK, N. Y.— Personally, I believe that the existence of the Thropps is more warranted than that of K. D. who threw a scallion at them in Vox Pop.—*Kitty and Ira Flanders.*

BROOKLYN, N.Y.—Keep the Thropps going by all means. But why not have Lucy and Caldecott get married? They would make a lovely couple.—*Ray Kronland.*

MOUNT CLEMENS, MICH.—Don't stop letting Ozzie entertain your readers, because most parents appreciate his antics.—*Mary Nilan.*

POLITE PILFERING

NORFOLK, VA.—Cumshaw (May 11) is just as Jack Huie wrote it. But that's a polite word for the practice of taking federal property and converting it to one's private use or selling it. It's strictly an officer's monopoly and is known in the Navy as looting. In civilian courts it's called petty or grand larceny.—*R. O. K., U.S.N.*

HEAT GETS TIRES, TOO!

HERE'S a money-saving tip. Inflate tires to pressure recommended by LEE Load and Inflation Chart. On a long tour, do this every morning.

Don't start out with your tires a few pounds "light", and don't "bleed" some air out of the tires during the day.

A soft tire flexes more than a firm one. Excessive heat from excessive flexing leads to premature breakdown. Four or five extra pounds pressure in a tire after an all-day run is nothing to worry about . . . especially in LEE DeLuxe tires. You can't "explode" a sound LEE passenger car tire, but you can ruin any tire by excessive flexing.

Don't nag the brakes in hilly country instead of dropping into a lower gear. "Riding the brakes" down a long hill can raise the temperature of the brake assembly to 500° or more. Much of that heat is transmitted right through to the tire.

Yes, heat gets tires, too. So keep them correctly inflated. And for the toughest heat-resisting tires . . .

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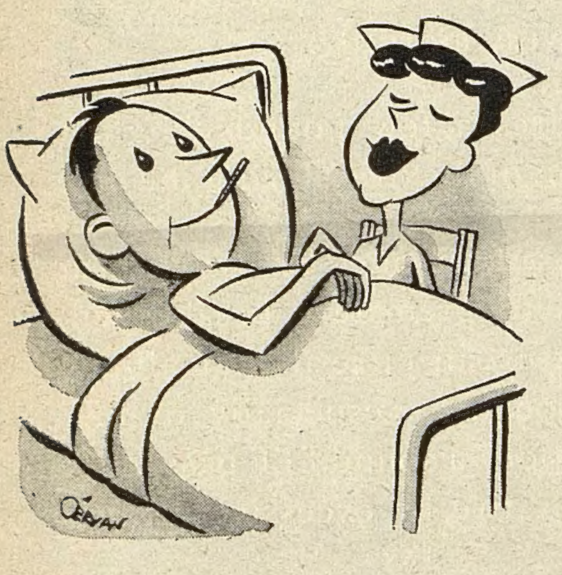
VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

IN case the need ever arises, here's how you, as a veteran, can get free medical treatment. In emergency cases, Veterans Administration hospitals will admit you immediately without question. Top priority is also given to veterans who can prove that their ailment was caused or aggravated by their service in the armed forces. But this doesn't mean that the guy whose injury is not officially listed as service-incurred, if he really needs free treatment, should hesitate to apply.

Such a veteran can readily qualify for treatment by doing one of two things. He can either file a claim for disability if he believes his ailment is actually the result of his service, or he can certify to his inability to pay for private care. Both are simple procedures that can be completed right on the spot and, if facilities permit, make him eligible for treatment that very same day.


Medical care

Here is what happened to a veteran applicant whose case I followed through one of the VA's largest hospitals. The veteran in question had been suffering from a troublesome sinus condition which caused frequent headaches. Although the Army had not certified that his condition was service-connected, he believed it was. At the veterans' hospital he was given the customary "wait-while-we-take-our-time-getting-to-you" routine. Eventually he was routed to the hospital's contact representative, the man who, among other things, helps initiate application for treatment of veterans whose injuries are not listed as service-connected. In the representative's office form P10 is filled out—with the applicant either filing a disability claim or certifying inability to pay.

Too late did the veteran discover that he could have greatly simplified his case by *first checking with a contact representative at the nearest Veterans Administration Regional office*. This step can prove to be a great time-saver for anyone seeking only clinical treatment. For one thing, on-the-spot or out-patient treatment is also available at Regional office out-patient clinics. Secondly, the Regional contact representative seems to be able to expedite hospital appointments. Even so, an applicant has to figure on spending an average of two hours or more for this out-patient service. The case I followed started from scratch and took four hours to complete. Usually, in simple cases, you will be treated the same day you apply.

You ought to know about home-town medical care too. The VA is contracting state groups to provide this care to veterans with service-connected disabilities. Expansion of this program has already taken in Michigan, New Jersey, Kansas, California, Oregon, Washington, and North Carolina. More expansion is on the way. Check your regional VA for details.

This aid works much the same way as treatment in a veterans' hospital. The only difference is that under this plan you can, whenever necessary, go to your family doctor, and have him bill you for his initial treatment, and then, if necessary, advise him to contact the Regional office representative for further approval and payment. It's up to the VA to decide whether you qualify for further free home treatment. Usually, the VA pays for the initial treatment and only deserving cases get further costs covered. The VA's only plea is that for any disorders not service-connected, the veteran should make every attempt to pay for his own treatment, and by doing so, keep VA service available to his buddies whose health was impaired by service in the Armed Forces.

* * *

S/Sgt. David Moss, Ft. Hamilton, Brooklyn, N. Y. An Army of Occupation Medal was recently authorized by the War Department. To be eligible, you must have served for 30 consecutive days in an active duty status with the occupation armies in Germany, Austria, or portions of Italy, subsequent to May 8, 1945, or in Japan or Korea after September 2, 1945. In establishing the 30 days, service performed at any time during the six months period following either of the above dates will be counted only if the appropriate theater ribbon has been awarded for service prior to those dates. The ribbon is red, black, and white, and will be worn immediately following the Victory Ribbon.

* * *

Martin Backer, Trenton, N. J. Here's a possibility that's right up your alley, in view of your war service in China and your interest in Chinese culture. The Chinese government has offered ten $1,500 scholarships to veterans of the China Theater, for Oriental studies at American universities. After satisfactory completion of one year of study, application may be made for two more years which could be spent in the Orient. The China Institute, 125 East 65th Street, New York, N. Y., will furnish you with the form. I'd see about it right away.

In the Orient

* * *

Robert Temple, New Orleans, La. There's no point in our giving you the address of the office that has, up to now, been issuing the special A.A.F. discharge pin, to be worn in addition to the regular discharge button. The War Department has decided to discontinue this issue, feeling that having additional buttons and pins weakens the value of the honorable discharge button.

* * *

William Thomas, Van Nuys, Calif. Inactive reserve service cannot be counted toward 20-year retirement from the Army. Only active duty in a pay status is recognized.

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

FROM GARRET TO HOLLYWOOD

IT'S a long trek from architecture to Hollywood, but that's the story of Harold Goldman's career. On the way he also tried his hand at sketching, songs, stories, and plays. When a telephone call from M-G-M summoned him to California, he was having a tough time keeping the wolf from his garret door. And an inspector from the federal relief agency where he'd applied was coming up to see him as he raced downstairs to catch his train. Petticoat Fever was his first cinematic baby. Many more followed, with magazine stories like TIME TO REMEMBER in between. What he's waiting for now is the fall production of his play, Twice and Forever. Then, he says, he'll really believe he's a writer.

DEXTER ON DOODLEBUGS

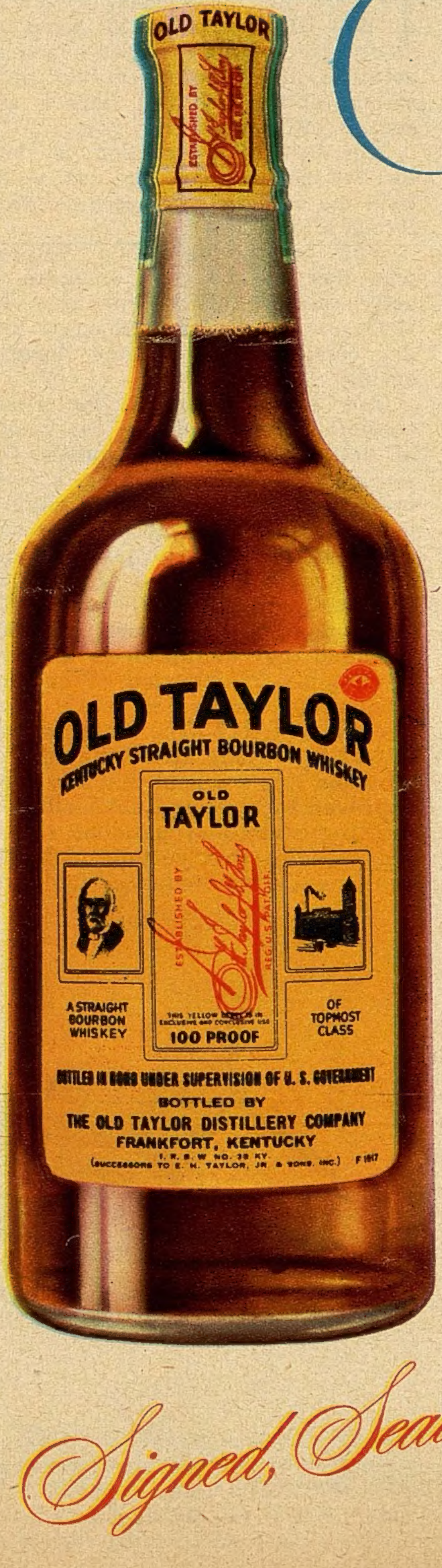
CHARLES DEXTER has been recording the gyrations of athletes since 1908, when, for three dollars a week, he posted baseball scores outside the Rochester Times. His writings on sports alone, not to mention two novels, three plays, several movies, and numerous feature articles, would probably fill one room in his home in Highbridge, New York, where he works best to the noisy tune of the radio, the dog, and his two children. For relaxation he plays Debussy, collects map stamps, writes imagist verse, and roots for the Brooklyn Dodgers. Recently he watched Bill Schindler, star of the midget auto drivers, race to glory. And that's how he came to write DOODLEBUG DIPPY on page 32.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
John Gunther · Faith Baldwin
Rex Beach · Albert Q. Maisel
Henry Beetle Hough and others
Book: DAYS AND NIGHTS
Russia's Greatest War Novel

COMING up is an issue crammed with big stories by big names. Watch for these top-ranking features: a clear-sighted appraisal of Senator Vandenberg by ace reporter John Gunther; a description of a mobile crime lab that's a detective's dream come true, by Sewell Peaslee Wright; some sound advice from Albert Q. Maisel on how to give to charity. . . . Also don't miss the outstanding short stories by Faith Baldwin, Rex Beach, and Henry Beetle Hough; and a Condensation of Russia's greatest novel of the war by Konstantine Simonov.

Of Topmost Choice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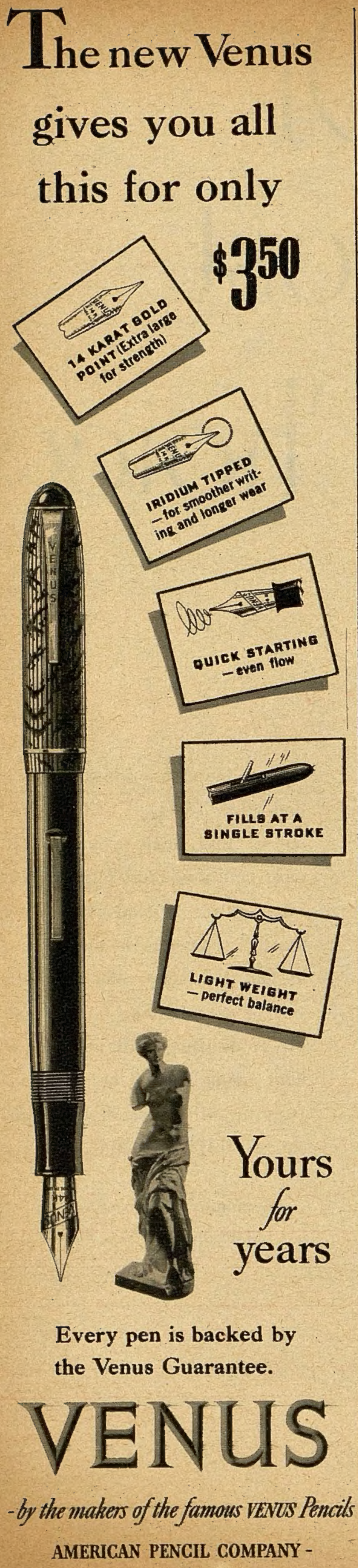
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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

For vets who want flying-school training: Here's how much you rate, how to apply, and how far Uncle Sam will foot the bills

IF you are a veteran of World War II and want to learn to fly for pleasure or for a job in aviation under the educational provisions of the G.I. Bill, here is essential information for you.

The cost of instruction is paid by the government and, in addition, the veteran receives a monthly living allowance.

Who is eligible? Any veteran who has had 90 days or more of active service after September 16, 1940, and has been discharged under conditions other than dishonorable.

How much training? The exact amount is determined by the length of active service. The longer the service, the more training a veteran can receive. Every eligible veteran is entitled to at least one course of 30 weeks or less and not costing more than $500. If a course requires more than 30 weeks, the government will pay more than $500 provided the veteran elects to draw against his total period of entitlement at an accelerated rate.

What schools? The veteran can attend any flying school he selects, provided it is a school that has been approved by state and CAA officials. Existing state and national standards specify that certain technical equipment, maintenance facilities, and personnel qualifications are met.

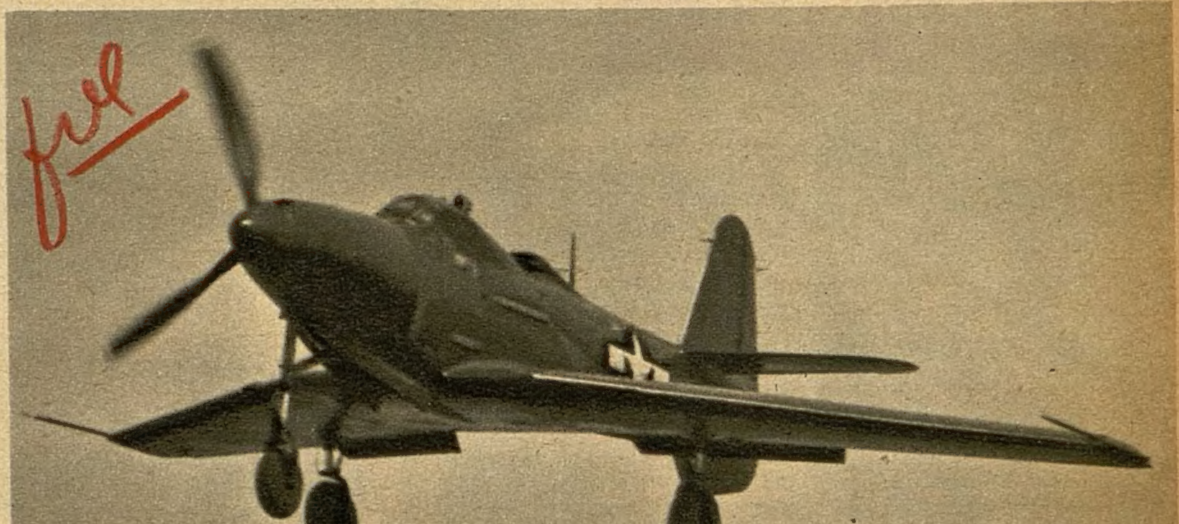
What kind of training? The veteran can take courses which prepare him for government-recognized rating as commercial pilot, instructor, instrument pilot, or airport operator. Also approved are ground schools offering training in such subjects as meteorology, navigation, traffic rules and regulations, maintenance, and CAA regulations.

Living allowance: A full-time student draws a monthly living allowance of $65 if without dependents; $90 with dependents. For part-time students the living allowance is reduced in accordance with the amount of time spent in training.

Limitations: The Veterans Administration cannot pay for special fees such as the CAA flight examination, physical examination, or for pictures for flight certificates or identification cards as an additional cost of the course unless such services are included in the customary charges required to be paid to the institution by all students taking the same course.

How to apply: The veteran simply goes to his nearest VA regional office and fills out Form 1950. He then receives a certificate of eligibility and can make entrance application to any approved flying school of his choice. From there on, the matter is between the flying school and the VA.

Watch out for gyps! In some parts of the United States a recent outcrop of "back-pasture" flying schools



This Bell L-39 is a standard P-63 with swept-back wings substituted for the original ones in a Navy experimental attempt to get higher speeds from sleek fighter planes.

has become evident. Many are trying to snare veteran students, but the VA has warned that education at such schools will not be financed under the provisions of the G.I. Bill. Make certain that the school has state and CAA approval.

Transatlantic Flights Scheduled

If you have any idea that international flying is falling off, make a note that by the end of this year you will have your pick of about seventy separate flights a week across the North Atlantic.

Half of these flights will be operated by American companies. TWA proposes to have eighteen flights a week from various cities in the United States to Ireland, Paris, Switzerland, Rome, Athens, and Cairo, and also to Lisbon and Madrid and on to Rome. American Overseas Airlines will have nine flights weekly to London, Scandinavia, Amsterdam, and Berlin. Pan American Airways proposes ten flights to London, Brussels, and Prague, and also to Marseille, France, via Lisbon and Barcelona.

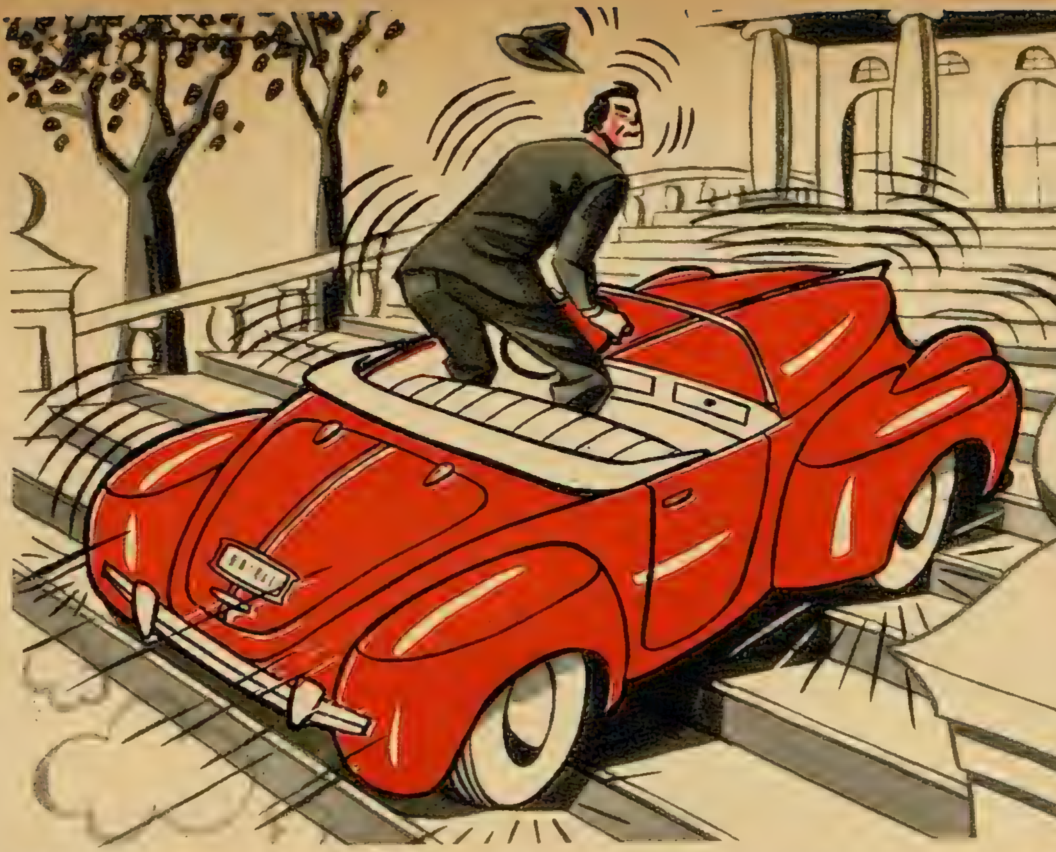
Great Britain expects to operate fourteen flights weekly, Canada seven, Sweden three, Denmark three, and Norway one. K. L. M., the Royal Dutch Airlines, expects to have two or three a week and Air France two. The Belgian air line, Sabena, won't start until next year.

Government officials are now glad that there is no U. S. air-line monopoly for international services. A single American company would have a difficult time competing with foreign air lines. As it is now, three strong American companies each serve one or more parts of Europe. One company would be quite outclassed.

Helicopter Hows and Whences

If your special interest is helicopters, and even if it isn't, you'll find two very good books on the subject now available. The well-known aviation writer, Devon Francis, has written The Story of the Helicopter (Coward-McCann, $3). It's written in language you can understand and yet it is completely authoritative. You'll find that the helicopter isn't exactly new, that the struggle with its problems began four decades ago, and that successful machines were finally developed during the war. You won't be told that you'll own a helicopter this year or next; the author has treated his subject rationally.

The other book was actually designed for juveniles, but I think older people will like it too. I know I did. It's The How of the Helicopter, by Alfred H. Stevens, Jr., illustrated magnificently by Ernest Stock (Cornell Maritime Press, $2). Mr. Stevens does the best job yet of explaining in simple terms just what makes a helicopter what it is and why and how it differs from conventional airplanes and autogiros.



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GOOD PROVIDERS!

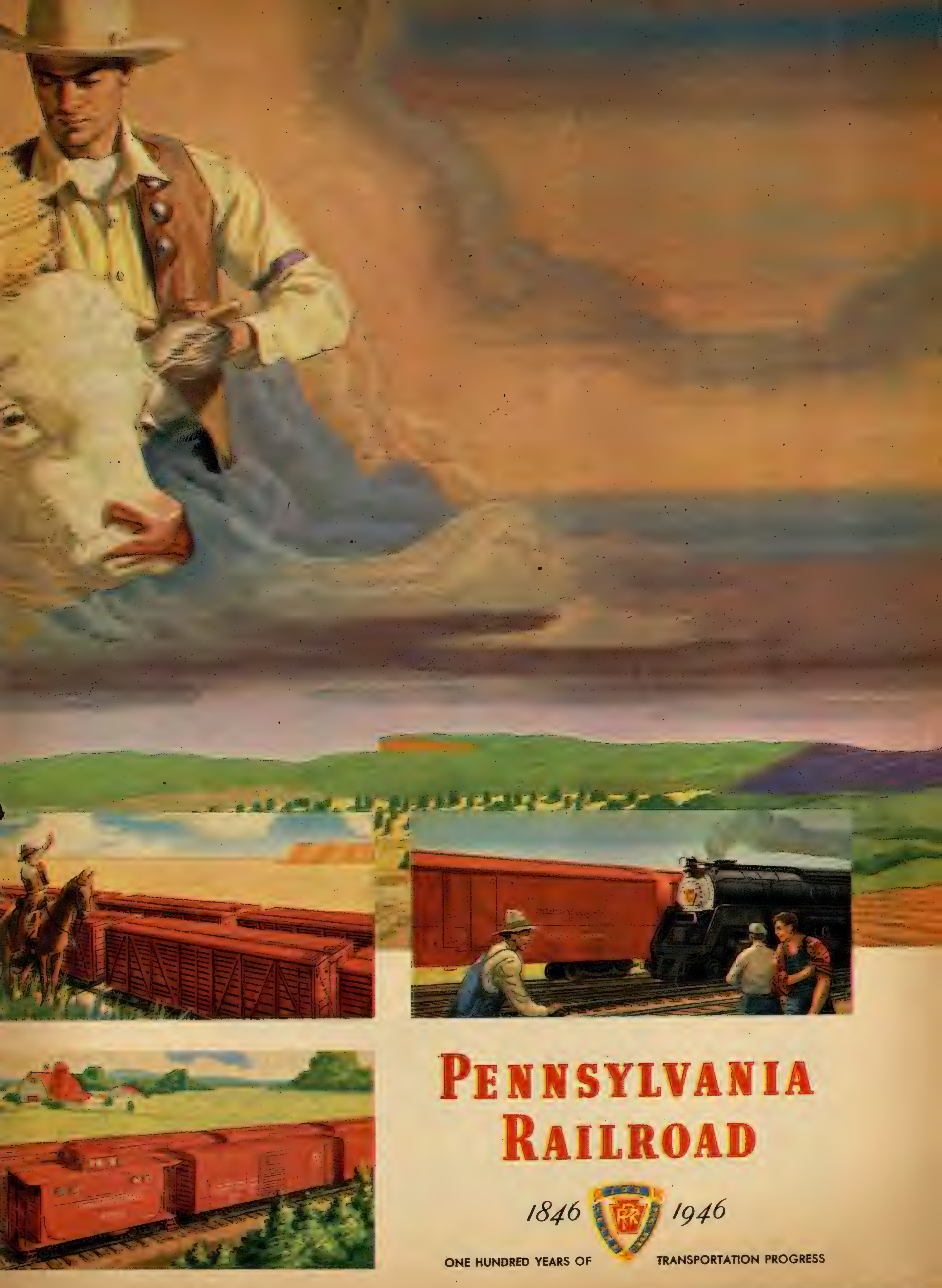
When the Pennsylvania Railroad was founded in 1846, it took three-quarters of the total population to produce food and fiber to feed and clothe themselves and the other one-quarter living in towns and cities.

Today 25 per cent do that job—and do it better!

Modern scientific farming smoothly coordinated with fast, highly specialized railroad transportation—there's your answer!

Since earliest days, the Pennsylvania Railroad has worked hand in hand with American agriculture to help bring that about. Over its lines, as far back as 1857, moved the first shipment of dressed beef under refrigeration. The modern "refrigerator on wheels" . . . the livestock car . . . the poultry car . . . many specialized types . . . giant terminals in major cities for the quick distribution of fruits, vegetables, poultry, dairy and packing-house products—these, and more, it has helped pioneer.

Today you'll find the Pennsylvania Railroad Agricultural Department in the field, pointing out new crop opportunities, helping find new markets—working for the good of all! For this overall transportation service, the Pennsylvania Railroad receives . . . *less than a penny a ton per mile!*

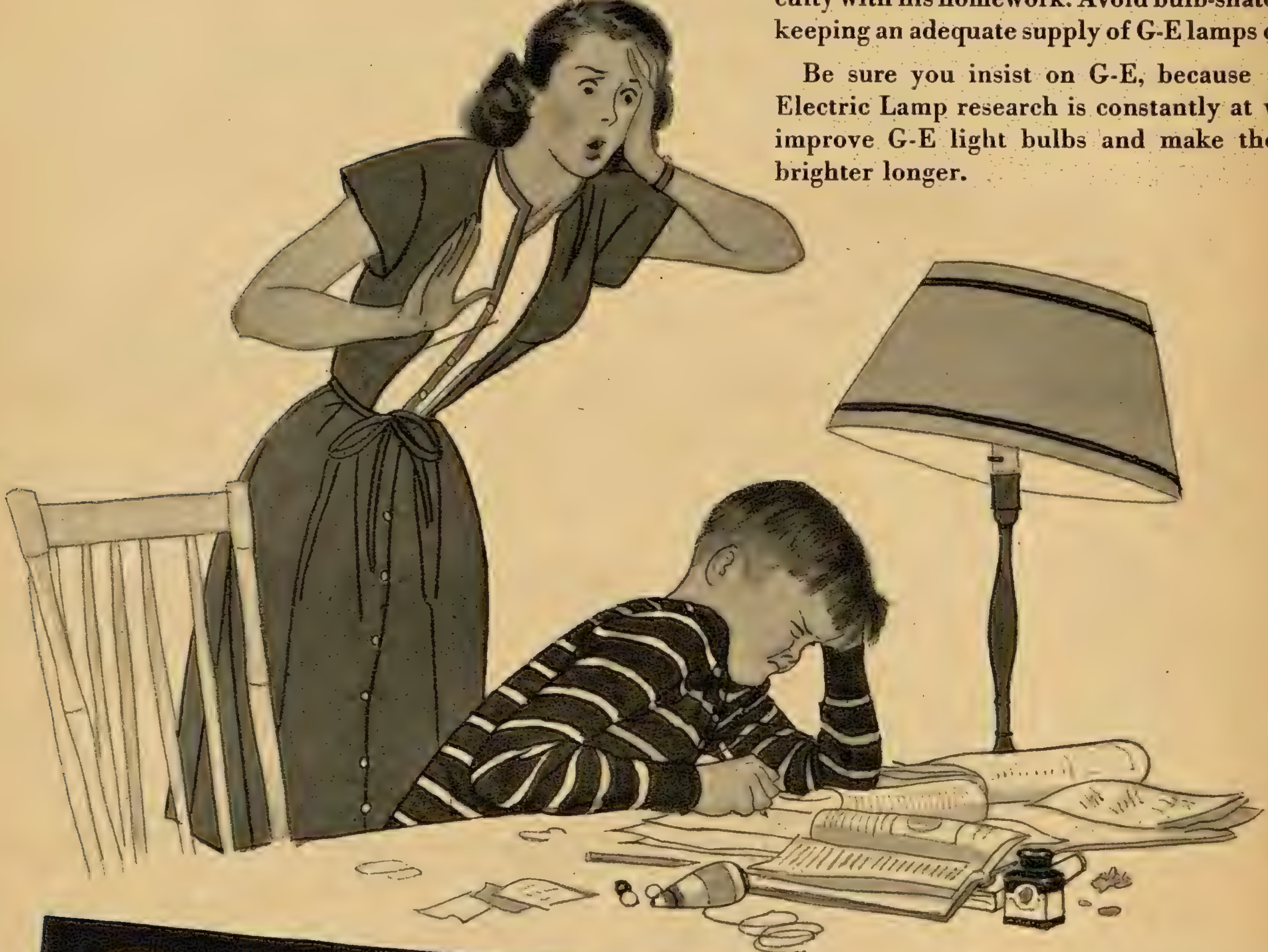

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
1846
1946
ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF
TRANSPORTATION PROGRESS

What every Mother should know about Bulbsnatching

Robbing one light socket to fill another, like other forms of laziness, is a bad habit in itself. But the results are even worse. If your son has to swipe the hall light to get a bulb for his study lamp he's almost sure to wind up with an undersized bulb.

Result, strained eyes, irritable disposition, difficulty with his homework. Avoid bulb-snatching by keeping an adequate supply of G-E lamps on hand.

Be sure you insist on G-E, because General Electric Lamp research is constantly at work to improve G-E light bulbs and make them stay brighter longer.



G-E LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Stay Brighter Longer!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

SOVFOTO

These allied Generals rule Hitler's Berlin: Russia's Gorbatov, Britain's Line, France's de Beauchesne and America's Parks.

L5683-10

Divide and Ruin

BY FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY

TALK to any returning traveler from Europe, or read the news dispatches from Berlin, and you will have the uneasy feeling that all is not well in our occupation of Germany. The truth is that our Potsdam Agreement on Germany is a failure. No one in high position will admit this publicly or discuss the obvious steps which must be taken as a result. But it is the biggest hot potato in the game of secret political beanbag now being played in our national capital. Sooner or later the President of the United States himself is going to be stuck with it.

As everyone knows, American agreement to a four-power occupation of Germany was based on the hope—brightly glimpsed at Yalta—that some day a Germany would emerge whose ideals would be democratic, whose government would lack both the desire to make war and the weapons with which to do it, and whose living standards would be equal to, though not secured at the expense of, her neighbors'. Then a peace treaty would be possible.

> It's high time we stopped kidding ourselves about Germany and did something. We're not kidding anyone else

Today, of these three requirements only one has been met: Germany has been deprived of the immediate tools of war. But a central democratic government by the Germans is a joke. And in spite of newspaper headlines, four-power disagreement over how to get German industry going has kept German living standards so low that we are still actually feeding Hitler's followers while other Europeans starve.

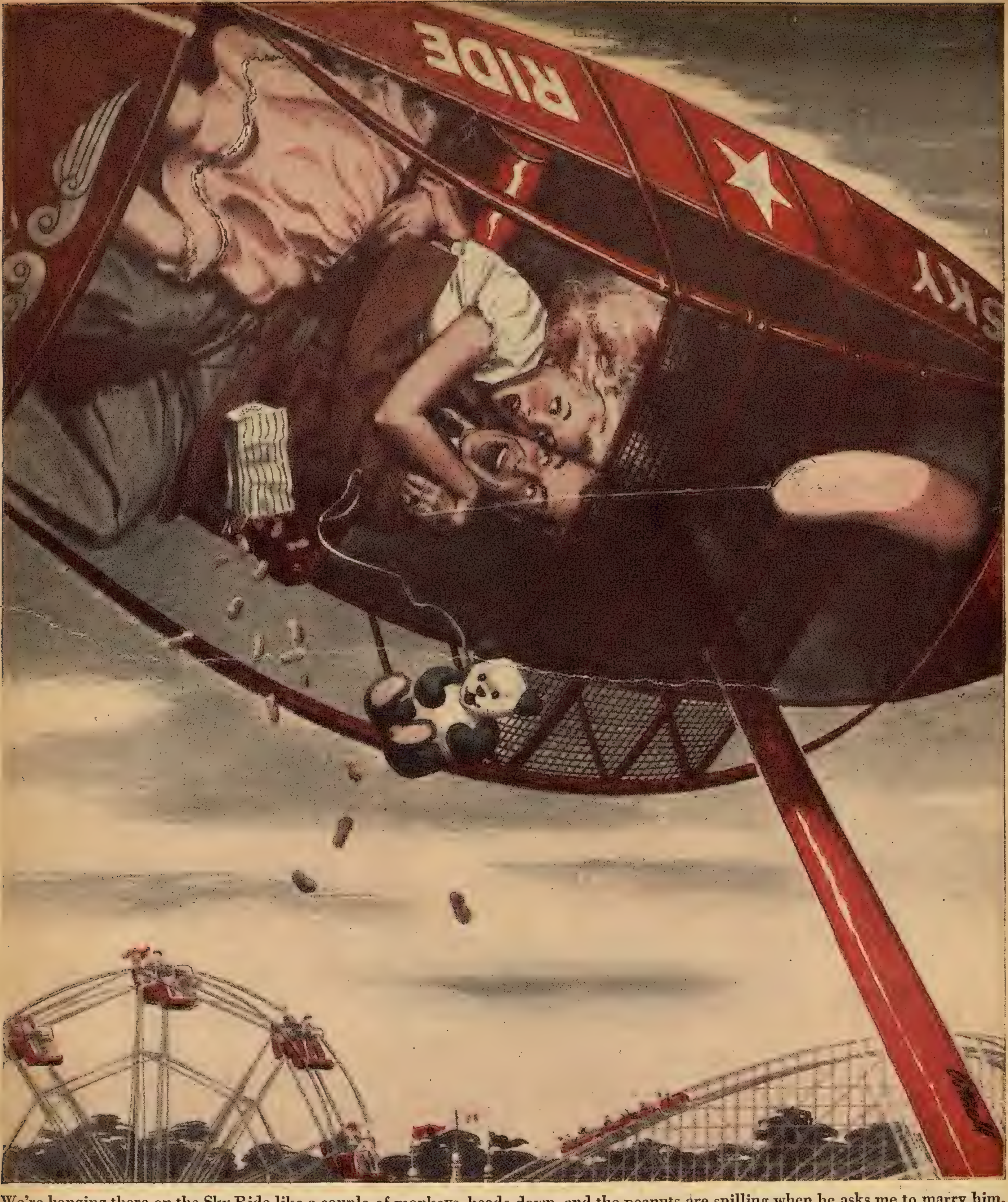
Almost directly as a result, most of the rest of Europe has been unable to get on the road to permanent, industrial recovery and now faces a ten-year agony unless loans from the United States are forthcoming. For Europe, it isn't a failure—it's a disaster.

All this hasn't happened by accident. It hasn't happened, either, because all Allied Military Government men are stupid. It has happened because of three top-hat errors in judgment, all made at Yalta, all reaffirmed at Potsdam; three errors which doomed the enterprise at the start.

First was the decision to require proof of democratic political ideals from the Germans before allowing them to have any government of their own. Second was the decision to treat conquered Germany not as a country intimately necessary to Europe but simply as an orange to be squeezed; to get reparations without regard to the future. Lastly came the decision to divide Germany itself into four parts as the best way of getting the whole job done.

The idea of reparations in kind

(*Continued on page 53*)



We're hanging there on the Sky Ride like a couple of monkeys, heads down, and the peanuts are spilling when he asks me to marry him.

The minute Ollie laid eyes on this Tarzan in shirt sleeves, she wished she hadn't. But whom did she think she was kidding? Certainly not Ollie

A GIRL CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL

L5362-300
L5465-100

BY KERMIT SHELBY

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS ATWELL

LOVE is softening of the brain.

A girl has her life all mapped out. She knows what she wants. Not movie-star stuff, but just a nice house and a ditto hard-working husband, and maybe one or two kids.

Then—*bingo!*—comes love.

So what does she do? She hangs on to a kite tail. Only, it's not a kite tail but a B-29. The ride is high and swift and crazy and beautiful. Sometimes the landing is rough, sometimes it's forced, sometimes it's plain crack-up. But she's had her ride, hasn't she?

But let's get down to cases.

IT'S 10.30 A.M. at the Neverclose Drive-in in North Hollywood. I'm taking my rest period, and there aren't enough tips yet to even bother counting. Thelma and Gladys are hopping cars, Mayme is waiting tables, and I'm in the kitchen alcove, putting on fresh lipstick, when this new one sticks his head in and says, "Hello, Beautiful. I'm the new dishwasher. Just call me Happy."

"What makes you think I'll call you anything?" I ask.

I can see through the mirror that he's taller and cleaner than most of the corks. (Mayme calls dishwashers corks because they float through for a few days and then drift on.) He's younger, too. About twenty-three. Sort of Tarzan torso.

I show him the profile, expecting the usual wolf call. But what he does is walk over to a corner, hang up his leather jacket on a nail, and stand eying this new seven-hundred-dollar dishwashing machine.

"Save your swear words, Junior," I tell him. "It's got a ball bearing—the kind they have to send to Detroit to fix. The sink's there, if you can find it, and I hope you'll be happy here." The last, of course, being sarcasm.

He smiles friendly and says, "Thank you, Beautiful. I'm sure I will be. Already I'm meeting nice people." He looks straight in my eyes as he says it, not fresh or the way they usually do, but pleased.

Wait a minute, Ollie, I tell myself. And I think I have a firm grip on things. At the same time I can't help noticing that wide wave in his brown hair and how the skin of his head where the hair parts is the kind that showers daily, really clean.

"We use first names here," I tell him, with distance in my tone. "Mine's Ollie. But after work hours, *you* can call me Miss Sharp."

"O.K., Beautiful," he says, good-natured. That's the *third* time he tells me I'm beautiful. I'm almost beginning to believe it myself. "You can call me Happy. Happy Hightowers." He turns toward this mountain of dirty dishes, and this white T-shirt he's wearing fits like his skin, almost. He reaches for the soap chips, and you see the shoulder muscles ripple.

O.K., so I'm human. Is that a sin?

Just then Mayme passes through for salads in the icebox. Mayme's forty probably, but she strikes a bobby-sox pose. "Looky." Mayme points. "Victor Mature—with Yale shoulders."

"Hello." That grin of his isn't infectious; it's an epidemic. Both Mayme and I have caught it already. "The university, ma'am," he says, polite, "is Stanford."

"Sure." Mayme winks at me. "We're all Vassar girls ourselves, ain't we, Ollie?"

"Mayme," I say, annoyed-like, "you know I majored at Smith."

"What did you major in?" Mayme asks. "Dishpan hands?"

His ears get pink. That's the only sign. Pretty soon he's whistling, quiet-like but happy. He's busy.

I'm wondering what is his particular brand of poison. What I mean is, dishwashing is not a profession; it's something that happens to you. They all got a screw loose somewhere. With eyes as clear as his, it's obvious he's no alcoholic. Religion, politics, marijuanas? I dismiss them all. It could be women. Or gambling. Or horses. But where are the scars? The only thing I can think of is a football hero, kicked out of college, who's too proud to write home for dough.

I'VE still got seven minutes of my rest period left, but I'm not going anywhere. I stroll over and draw myself a cup of coffee.

The girls are all busy. Carl, the fry cook, is sore because his helper hasn't showed up. That's what comes of splitting shifts. There isn't any beefsteak. Mayme draws a line through "Swiss Steak" and pencils in "Meat Balls With." Lois, the cashier, telephones to say her little boy has measles and can we find someone else? Mayme telephones Walt, who owns the joint. Walt, sounding cross and sleepy, says he'll be right down. It's a typical day.

Meanwhile the new one is slinging soapsuds right and left. He does it the hard way. He gives it his all.

"Hey, Junior." He looks up. I wave an empty cup. "You won't get rich the first day anyway. Want a cup of java?"

"Thanks," he tells me, "but I've had breakfast."

The proud kind. The brush-off, Ollie. Well, that's the way you wanted it, isn't it? Well, I've got bigger things to ponder over.

I'm drinking my coffee there by the cook's side table, though what it's got on it now is a newspaper and bobby pins. Van Johnson is playing at the Beverly, it says here, but I can't be bothered with Van Johnson now, because I've got my future to look out for.

OLLIE, I tell myself, you're twenty-four and you're not getting any younger. You've been hopping cars or tables now around four years, and what have you got out of it? A fur coat that needs fixing under the arms and seven hundred and something in the bank. And the war bonds. No divorce yet, no marriage even, because you've been looking around. Sure, you look and look and what do you find? Another dime tip on the tray and that old saw, Wanna join a little party, babe? Ollie, this isn't getting yourself that white house with grass in the yard and the babies. Oh, yes, and a man.

Look at Mayme, I tell myself. Goodhearted, lend you her last dime, but *look* at her. No shape, no oomph, arch supports. Do you want to be like Mayme? Sure, you get five bucks a day straight salary and, when you're lucky, almost that much in tips. You get your meals—such as they are. Sixty bucks is a top week, and that's more than a stenographer earns. But you're still paying permanent-transient room rates, and where's your culture? Where's that five thousand bucks you were going to save?

And all this time the thing I'm supposed to examine keeps playing hide-and-seek in the back of my mind, but finally I have to face it. O.K., here it is. So he finally asked you. Walt, the boss, wants to make

(*Continued on page 49*)

ARBITRATION

The arbitrators in session. George L. Farnsworth of the Chemical Bank & Trust Co.; Arthur Adler of Adler Sons Shoe Corp.; and Wallace H. Erskine of Armand Schwab & Co. The case, a dispute over a partnership in shoe manufacturing.

Do You Need an Umpire?

STAFF PHOTOS

The American Arbitration Association can settle anything from a family quarrel to a million-dollar damage claim — and has

BY IRWIN ROSS

AT four o'clock one afternoon the phone rang in the Manhattan office of J. Noble Braden, chief tribunals official of the American Arbitration Association. It was Actors Equity calling—a rush case. The male lead had suddenly walked out of a Broadway hit because he had been billed as a featured player rather than as a star. Unless he was appeased, the show could not continue, for his understudy was ill. The producer, however, was adamant. Could the issue be arbitrated at five o'clock? Equity asked. Braden, a stocky gray-haired man whose aplomb is never ruffled, said it could.

Within ten minutes he had phoned a well-known producer, then a lawyer and a banker whose offices were in the neighborhood. They agreed to serve as arbitrators. Promptly at five they appeared, followed by the two outraged disputants, their attendant counsel and supporters. Within a half hour the arbitration hearing was over and the award rendered. The actor was adjudged entitled to a star's billing because of the provisions of his contract. The producer acquiesced and the show went on.

This settlement is typical of the 200 cases a month arbitrated under its auspices. If the dispute had gone to court rather than to arbitration, weeks or months would have elapsed before a decision could have been expected. And both plaintiff and defendant would have spent several hundred dollars in court expenses and legal fees instead of just twenty-five dollars.

And whenever arbitration hinges on fine points of technical knowledge, A.A.A. provides arbitrators who are specialists in their fields. This saves time that in a courtroom is spent "educating" judge and jury by expert testimony.

The advantages of speedy, efficient, inexpensive settlement have popularized arbitration among the growing number of business firms, trade-unions and plain unaffiliated citizens who have grown weary of interminable courtroom litigation. And when the A.A.A. says it will arbitrate every kind of dispute, it means literally everything but criminal cases.

In recent months the association arbitrated a quarrel between a separated couple over what school their son should attend; it ended a bitter controversy that resulted from an un-

(*Continued on page 73*)

PORTRAIT "W"

PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN

Frederick E. Weinberg, attorney, scores a point in the dispute.

The Nose Knows

BY ROBERT T. FURMAN, Jr.

STAFF

CARTOONS BY BILL O'BRIAN

Has a whiff of perfume ever recalled an old flame? Already industry, with science's help, is attempting to put the highly complex sense of smell to work and make you follow your nose

IT was the smell of porridge floating out of the windows of the cottage of the three bears which stopped Goldilocks in her tracks. Goldilocks followed her nose and made storybook history. She fell for a smell, which is exactly what everybody does much more often than he realizes.

The human nose is busy twenty-four hours a day, arousing appetites, determining buying preferences, bringing back old memories. The perfumers say it's even a big help in selecting the proper mate. Yet so little attention has been paid to this important fifth sense that only recently have scientists gotten round to testing the sensitivity and the likes and dislikes of the average man's smeller.

Smelling is really a glorified sense of touch, which functions only when you breathe in actual particles of odorous material.

When you are lying in bed and your appetite is whetted by the smell of bacon frying in the kitchen, it is because infinitely small particles of cooked bacon have drifted upstairs to your bedroom and pushed a button in what medical men call your olfactory epithelium. When that happens, a tiny sensation of bacon is flashed to your brain. How this sensation, which tells you that you smell bacon, differs from the one which tells you that your next-door neighbor is cooking cabbage, or the one which told Goldilocks that she smelled porridge, nobody knows.

In the human nose the battery of olfactory, or odor-sensitive, cells is small. It occupies an area only about one inch square in the upper nasal cavity. This smell center is placed so high, almost between the eyes, that it takes a good sniff to raise any quantity of incoming air up to it. Hence sniffing is by no means a mere affectation. It is necessary if you expect your nose to detect faint odors.

The scent of perfume will often float a man right off his seat.

Recent research has turned up some pretty flattering figures on the sensitivity of the average nose. For example, a millionth of a billionth of an ounce of some substances in a whiff of air may be enough to warn you that the house is on fire, or to delight your poetic soul with the odor of violets. A millionth of a billionth of an ounce is about as close to nothing at all as mathematics can indicate. Any instrument which can not only detect such a minute amount of any substance but also identify it, can hardly be called insensible.

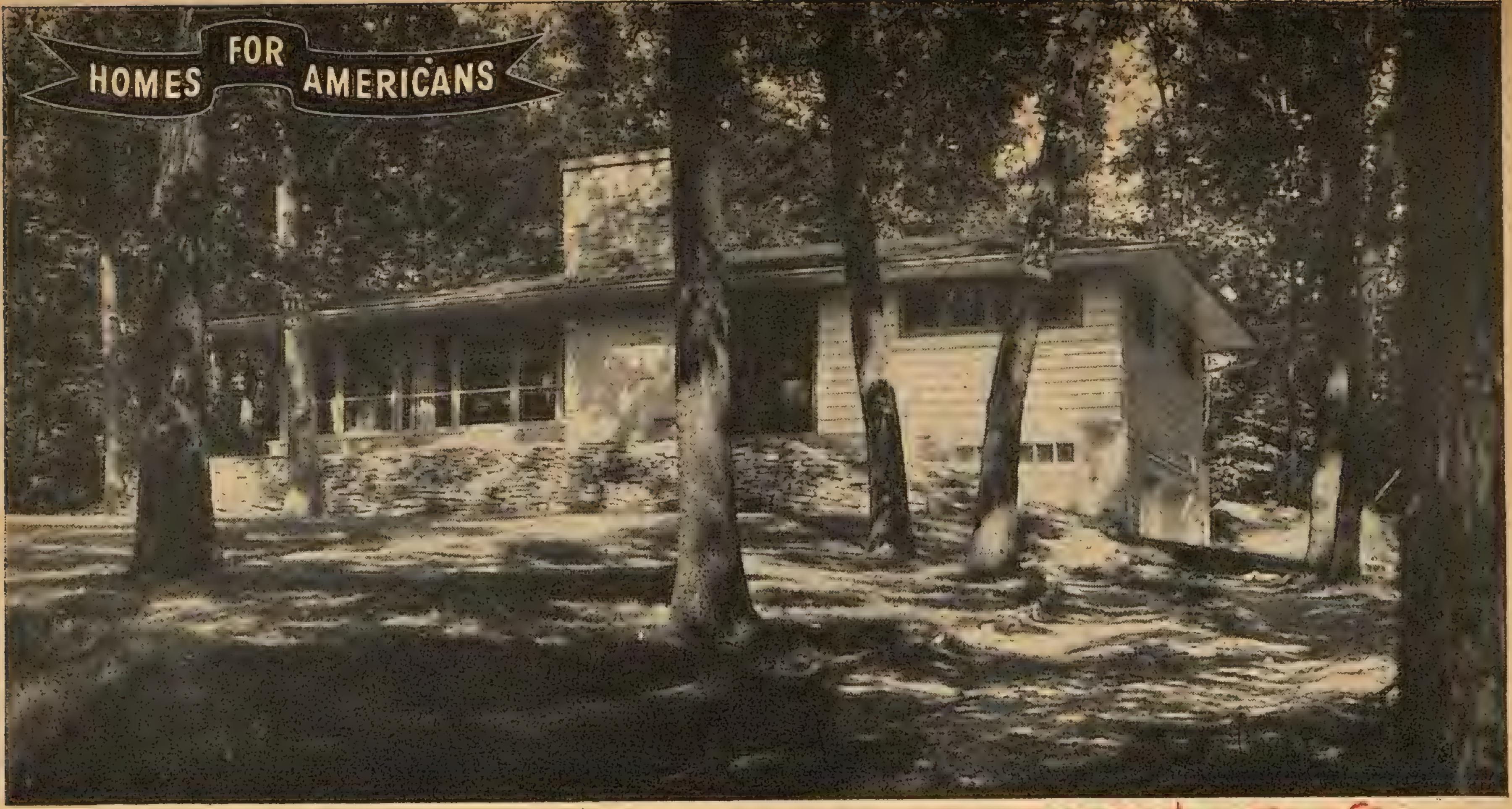
Yet you're still perfectly right in believing that people have poor noses. Compared to many animals and insects, all of us walk practically blind in the world of smells. A good perfume chemist can identify perhaps a thousand or more different odors, but he is still a rank amateur compared to any mongrel pup whose nose tells him almost as much as his eyes.

If a man's nose were as sensitive as the average dog's, he could step out on his porch, sniff the morning air, and know whether friend or stranger had passed and about how long before. He could make a pretty positive check on who it was that had invaded his back yard during the night. If he were willing to travel on all fours, he could check up on whether his wife had gone shopping or to the movies, and he could follow Junior's trail to the local ball field.

And if he had the nose of a bloodhound? Well, a bloodhound can perform feats of smelling that are more like legerdemain than physical accomplishment. Given a man's garment to smell for identification, these dogs have been known to pick up and follow a two-day-old trail of that scent, laid over terrain covered with ice and snow. Imagine, if you can, the amount of physical material left by nothing more than a man's passing, and how much of it would remain after forty-eight hours of wintry weather. If a man's nose can detect a millionth of a billionth of an ounce, what kind of fantastic figure would represent the amount of air-borne material which can convey meaning to a bloodhound?

It may or may not be indicative

(Continued on page 72)



Living and dining rooms, hall and porch are combined to provide a 40-foot sweep in this $8,700 (prewar) home. If desired, concealed curtains make separate rooms.

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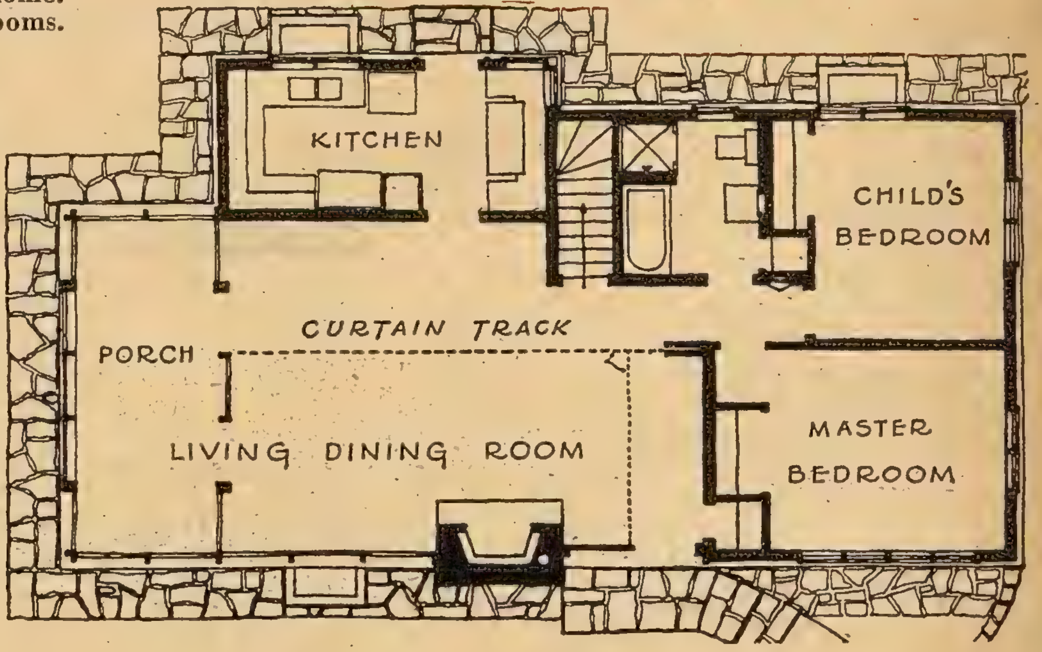
Middle-West Modern

BY DARRELL HUFF



Open planning gives this small house spaciousness and charm

WITH a great home-building boom getting slowly under way, "modern" has become a fighting word.

Some communities, particularly in the East, have passed restrictions forbidding houses of modern design. Elsewhere there have been developments in which nothing but modern is allowed.

Most architects deplore all this. They'd prefer to forget the word "modern" and just go on designing houses to fit people's needs and the ways they want to live.

The house shown on these pages is an excellent example of this simple desire. In appearance it is modern, if you look at it from the front or one side. From the back or the other side, it is just plain house.

Actually this house is modern through and through, because it uses the materials made possible by modern manufacturing methods, and uses them freely to make the house good to live in.

The result is a four-room house that looks much larger than it is. It has the long, low lines—the strong horizontals—of Frank Lloyd Wright, to whose pioneering the designer of this house acknowledges a debt. On the inside, and that is the test of a house, there is a feeling of spaciousness produced by lavish use of glass and by open planning.

Mark that phrase—open planning. It is a cliché of architectural talk these days, and with good reason.

As every prospective home builder well knows, building costs have climbed. Most homes being planned now are small, to keep down costs both in construction and in maintenance. Yet few people are satisfied to live in the over-compact, boxy little rooms so common in houses of the recent past.

Open planning is the modern architect's answer. It means simply making rooms fewer and bigger and not shutting them off from each other except to the extent that privacy demands.

In his house, architect Wilson Connell, Jr., of Hinsdale, Illinois, has made one room of what a more traditional designer would have divided into four inadequate areas. The feeling of generous space comes from throwing into one unit the living room, the dining room, the entrance corridor, and the porch. The combined sweep of space is nearly forty feet long—twice what it could have been in a conventionally planned house of this size.

But there are occasions when more separate rooms are needed, and this is provided for. The entrance corridor is marked off from the living area by a low wall, which is also a bookcase. When wanted, complete separation is provided by a curtain that runs in a concealed track. A similar curtain also divides living from dining areas. And the porch is cut off from the rest of the room by doors containing liberal amounts of glass.

In addition to this four-in-one living center, the house contains kitchen, two bedrooms, bath, two-car garage, and closets considerably more generous than in most houses. The building cost at prewar rates (but in the fairly high-cost area of Hinsdale, Illinois) was $8,700.

Glass, liberally used, emphasizes airiness. Plywood walls and pine panel ceilings are easy to clean.

The U-shaped kitchen represents just about the ultimate in step-saving, time-saving efficiency.

THIS house has stood the test of two critical owners. The first, Lawrence H. Haase, is an industrial designer who helped plan the house. He and his wife sold it only after moving to Indiana for business reasons. They found it an excellent house for a couple, using the second bedroom as a combined study and guest room.

The Haases found only one objection to the house—visitors. It is such an unusual and attractive structure and fits in so well with the landscape that house-curious persons driving by were frequently tempted to stop.

Economically, the house turned out to be a good choice. When the Haases reluctantly moved out (after hesitating to accept a new job because it meant leaving their house), they rented it for a time, and finally sold it to the tenants, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Portman, Jr.

The Portmans have found the house admirably suited to their family of three—they have a small daughter, Penny. "We enjoy particularly the spaciousness of the living-dining room," Mr. Portman says, "its considerable window area, and the porch, which becomes part of it in the summer. The large fireplace is a source of useful heat as well as being exceptionally attractive."

The Portmans' experience also explains the function behind the smaller, higher windows in the bedroom end of the house. Such windows make furniture placement—usually a tough problem in a small bedroom—easier. And, says Mrs. Portman, "The bedroom window design and placement give much greater privacy than is usual."

The interior walls are plywood. In the living room the wood is vertical-grain oak; in the bedrooms Philippine lauan wood; in the other rooms enameled white pine. All ceilings are painted white-pine panels with recessed battens. Mrs. Portman especially appreciates the wall treatment, she says. "The maintenance and cleaning of these walls is a negligible job."

This house was the first to be built in a wooded rural area that has lain dormant through depression years. Its neighbor now is Mr. Connell's own house—suggesting that the architect was proud enough of his work to be willing to see it every day.

With home designing improving as rapidly as it is now, that's a pretty good testimonial.

THE END

High bedroom windows simplify furniture placement. Closets are generous.

L5361- 300

Time to Remember

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

Will people ever learn that you can't be too careful about a murder?

BY

HAROLD GOLDMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY RAFAEL DE SOTO

EVEN in the phone booth Nat Borden could hear the page boy's singsong repetition of the name "Miss Hazel Martin" come echoing through the lobby. He noted her puzzled expression as she came out of the bar toward the telephone desk, where she was assigned to booth three. The moment he saw the door close, he dropped the receiver and sauntered back into the bar! This time he deliberately took the place vacated by the lady, whose unfinished glass of burgundy still stood there.

Gus looked up at him, surprised. "She's coming back in a second," he said.

"That's all right," said Nat. "Let me have a vermouth highball."

In the mirror Nat could see Hazel returning from the lobby. She came over behind him.

He turned to face her.

"Hazel!" he said, in a tone of astonishment.

She looked at him coldly. "What are you doing here? Following me?"

"Following *you!*" he echoed. "It looks to me like the other way round."

"I was called to the telephone," she said. "You simply moved in. Wait a minute!" She looked at him knowingly. "I get it! *You* had me paged. No one else could have known I was here."

"O.K.," he said. "What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing, from your point of view," she said. "It's quite in character. If you saw me here, why didn't you come over and speak to me?"

"Because," he said in a low voice, "I wanted Gus to know your name. I wanted the hotel to have a record of your being paged here and answering the call."

She was looking at him blankly. "I think you're crazy."

"Let's take a little table and talk it over," he said. "The bar gets awfully crowded this time of day." He picked up the drinks and carried them over to a place in the corner. Gus watched him. He didn't approve this kind of pick-up at his bar. She followed Nat and sat down.

"Since when you drinking burgundy?" he asked.

"I like it," she said. "Come on, tell me what it's all about!"

"Don't play dumb," he said. "You know why I'm doing it this way." He looked at his watch. "It's just a little after four thirty-two now. We've been here at least twenty minutes."

"Four thirty-two," she repeated. "Why do you keep saying that all the time?"

He grinned at her unpleasantly. "The exact moment of the crime. That's when the clock got knocked off the mantelpiece. That's when his wrist watch got smashed when he tried to defend himself."

Her eyes were wide and frightened. "What is it?" she cried, low. "What happened? What have you done?"

"One at a time," Nat said. "I'll answer the last one first. I didn't do a thing—except cover you. The rest you'll probably see in tonight's papers—as if you didn't know!"

"It's Bert!" she said. "Somebody got him!"

"It *was* Bert," he corrected. Then he looked at her sharply. "Yeh—somebody got him."

"Oh, my God!" she said.

"Pathetic case," he agreed. "I got over there about three o'clock. The door was unlocked. He was huddled in a corner. I could tell with one look—there was a lace handkerchief on the table. Your initials." He pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket and handed it to her. "That's how I knew you'd—you'd been there. There wasn't a sound except the clock droning away on the mantel. I got an idea. I set the hands to four thirty-two and then smashed it on the floor. I set the hands of his wrist watch to the same time and cracked it against a chair. That's how they'll know the exact moment it happened. Then I left. No one saw me. I tried to call you. I wanted to be sure you'd be able to prove where you were at four thirty-two. Then, by sheer luck, I found you here at the bar. Maybe it wasn't luck. You knew my habits—where I'd be. I kind of thought you might want to talk to me. So, when I saw you, I put in the call. A dozen people heard the name. Now it'll be more than *my* word. That's the whole story."

"I did come in to see you," she admitted.

"I bet you did," he said. "You wanted help. You got yourself in a jam. Well, I fixed it for you."

"No," she said. "I came in to tell you it was all off between me and Bert. That's what I went to see him about today."

He nodded his head. "And he got tough. That's why you did it."

"No," she said. "He didn't get tough. He took it all right."

"Don't sound exactly like Bert," Nat said, "giving you right back to me like that."

She looked up at him slowly. "I didn't say anything about you. I told you long ago we were finished, Nat."

"Sure you did," Nat said. "Because of Bert. But he's out of the picture now."

"You killed him," she said slowly. "You didn't give him a chance."

"Wait a minute," he said. "You're trying to swing it over to me after I did my best to clear you!"

"You cleared yourself too."

"I got nothing to clear," he said.

"No?" She smiled a little. "Maybe someone saw you going in or leaving—and maybe they didn't."

"I know who did it all right," he said.

"I guess I know too," she said. "He told me he was expecting you."

"LISTEN," Nat said. "There were a lot of things I wanted to settle with Bert. It wasn't just you. I went up today to finish him off. But the job had been taken care of already. All I did was fix it like I told you."

"Yeh, you fixed it all right—with that nice big iron candlestick."

His eyes rested a moment on the front of her dress. She drew her coat closer about her. "How did you know it was the candlestick?" he said.

"You told me," she said quickly. "When you saw him lying there in the corner."

"I didn't say a word," he grinned. "Now maybe you'll play ball."

A big man in a gray suit came in from the street. He spoke to Gus.

"This is us," Nat said, low. "You haven't got a thing to worry about."

The man was standing at the table. "You're Nat Borden," he said.

"Yes. I'm Nat Borden."

"You paid a little visit to a man named Bert Gruber today, around three o'clock, didn't you?"

"What business is that of yours?" Nat asked.

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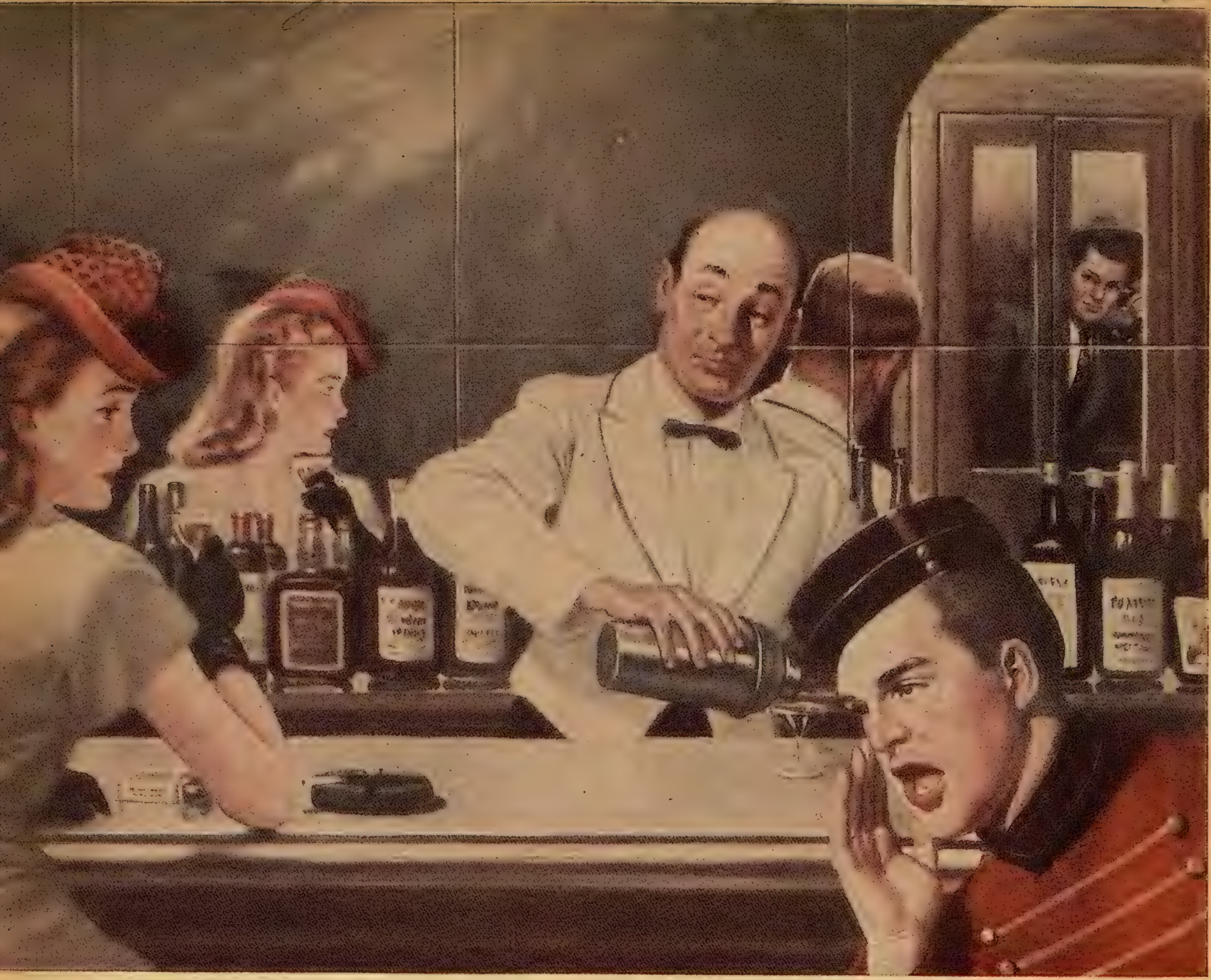

From the phone booth Nat Borden could hear the boy's repetition of the name "Miss Hazel Martin" echoing through the lobby.

The man almost smiled. "Always the same act. They can never understand why people ask questions. Come on! This is a murder charge! You were there, weren't you?"

"I got nothing to hide. I was there," Nat said.

"We found him just a little while ago—with his head bashed in."

"I don't know anything about it," Nat said. "I left a little after three—maybe three thirty, and I can prove it. What time did it happen?"

"There must have been a fight," the man said. "Clock got smashed, and his wrist watch. Both said four thirty-two."

Nat smiled. "I've been here since four fifteen—talking to Gus and Miss Martin. She's been here too. Ask anybody."

The man looked over to her almost as if he had only just noticed her. She closed her coat around her. "We're not interested in Miss Hazel Martin—for the time being," he said slowly. "She wasn't on East Fifty-seventh Street around three o'clock, was she?"

"No," Nat said, "she wasn't."

"That checks with our information," said the man. "She left about two. You got there about three. You were seen coming and going."

"That's exactly what I told you," Nat said. "But I don't understand. You say Bert Gruber was murdered at—what was it? Four thirty-two?"

"I didn't say that," the man answered quietly. "That's what the clock showed."

"And the watch, you said."

"And the watch," the man repeated. Then he looked at him. "It was an electric clock," he said. "When it was thrown down and smashed, it shorted and blew a fuse. All the radios on that side of the house went off at the same instant. Bothered a lot of tenants listening to the Time to Remember hour. Goes on daily at three P.M."

"What are you trying to say?" Nat asked.

"That's when he was killed," the man said. "*That* was the time of the murder."

"But you said—"

"Oh, that?" smiled the man. "Anybody can push hands around."

With a quick convulsive movement, Nat pushed the table against the man in the gray suit, toppling him over backward. Without getting up, the man in gray took the gun out of his side pocket and shot. Nat sank to the ground.

"Everybody quiet, please!" the man said as he got up and walked over to the body. Hazel was alongside of him.

"Dead?" she said.

He nodded. "Kind of outsmarted himself, didn't he?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "He killed him—and then he kind of outsmarted himself."

"Not a bad stunt," said the man. "Could be used to cover somebody else too. He sort of liked you once, didn't he?"

"That was a long time ago."

He looked over at her carefully. "You've got a stain on your dress."

"It's burgundy," she said. "I spilt some burgundy."

"Sure it is," he said. "But don't worry. We got people who work on things like that." He took her firmly by the arm. "It'll come out all right—if it's burgundy."

THE END

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STAFF

Rear Admiral Sidney W. Souers, in Naval Intelligence for eight years, will direct our new National Intelligence Authority.

PORTRAIT

Our New Spies

The intriguing details of America's new spy set-up, which nobody need fear except those who are up to no good

BY MORRIS MARKEY

IN a little Paris bar, some fifteen years ago, I met a handsome young American. He was a warm and intelligent chap. Within an hour I had learned he was a West Point man, currently studying at Oxford on a Rhodes scholarship; he was still a lieutenant in the U. S. Army, and he was a spy.

This last item of knowledge did not come from his glibness over the cups. He simply said, "Oh, by the way, I'm a spy, you know. On my way to Berlin to do a little high-class snooping." Both of us laughed. It seemed so preposterous for anybody to be an American spy that it did not seem indiscreet for him to admit it.

But lately this very same man has been much in the news. Now a colonel, he had fantastic adventures while helping pave the way for Germany's surrender. Being a spy was no longer comical to him. It was a deadly serious business which had nearly cost him his life a score of times.

The exploits and accomplishments of this man and hundreds of others like him did more than confuse and embarrass the enemy. They made it clear to our people in high places that we needed something which we, alone of all the great nations, had never had before. We needed an integrated, efficient system for gathering foreign intelligence—in blunter words, an organization of spies.

We have got it now, at last, though there is something ironic in the fact that America has set up its first international spy system at the very moment when America hopes to unite all the nations of the world for peace. But there is reality in the knowledge that we cannot hope for a successful United Nations unless we know how the rest of the world is behaving.

In the nature of things, not very much has been said in Washington about President Truman's directive creating the National Intelligence Authority. But we may rest secure from now on in the knowledge that brave and resourceful men and women are working for us in all the far places. Their chief job is to make sure that nothing which may happen will be a surprise to the government at Washington.

Of course there were American spies before this new NIA was established. For many years the Army has had its G-2 section. The Navy has had its Office of Naval Intelligence. And the State Department, just as vitally concerned as the two

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PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Wartime head of O.S.S. Major Gen. William J. Donovan is decorated for his exploits. Strictly an Army show, O.S.S. was disbanded in favor of N.I.A.

military departments, has sent its own agents abroad now and again. But, these spy systems were hampered by two abiding considerations: (1) An inherent American distaste for downright spying upon other peoples and other nations, which limited appropriations and set up such rigid rules of law-abiding conduct that an operative scarcely dared to attempt anything upon his own initiative; (2) oftentimes operatives from the three separate services found they were working at cross-purposes, and even when they recognized one another, they discovered that they had conflicting and confusing orders from their respective superiors.

Most of the work done by G-2 and ONI during the war was concerned chiefly with counterespionage—the protection of our own forces and interests from the activities of enemy spying. And this was true also of the role played by the F.B.I. These agencies did not seek to learn about the enemy and harm him with their knowledge; they prevented the enemy from learning about us, and harming us.

Of course, the brilliant work of the Navy's Communication Intelligence in cracking the most secret Japanese codes was a job of direct, overt intelligence rather than counterintelligence. But even it did not depend upon the capture or theft or purchase of secret information. It depended upon the fantastically cunning minds of a handful of experts sitting in Washington. They had nothing whatever upon which to work save the radio messages which the Japanese themselves sent out.

MY young lieutenant, who became a colonel, worked during the last years of the war for a new sort of American outfit: the Office of Strategic Services. The OSS was founded and directed by Major General William J. Donovan, and it was certainly the most successful intelligence and espionage outfit that this country has ever known.

In plan, OSS followed European principles, and its operations were world wide. Its only boss was the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Hundreds of agents, chosen from the Army and Navy and also from among civilians, kept a continuous stream of reports pouring into Washington from everywhere. The reports came from within enemy borders, from neutral countries, and from intelligence bases which we established at a hundred points over the globe. This mass of information was analyzed and evaluated by a large group of scholars and experts, and the useful material passed on to whatever U. S. agency might need it, or to any division of government within the Allied governments.

General Donovan favored scrapping OSS after the war because its whole structure was based upon the fact we were actively fighting ene-

(Continued on page 75)

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

An OSS operational group landing behind enemy lines in a jungle town in Burma.

A rare photo of the rescue of Allied fliers in Rumania. Boarding an A.A.F. plane on the double, they were snatched from under the nose of the enemy. Credit OSS.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Payoff for a brilliant job. The cracking of the Japanese code by the Navy's Intelligence made this possible. Last look at a Jap destroyer on the way down.

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STRANGE STOWAWAY

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

RÉSUMÉ OF PART ONE

(From special report on crash of C-47 aircraft 86,999)

THIS is Staff Sergeant Orville Zimm talking. I'm talking into a portable wire recorder. Everybody, from the general down, has gone crazy. All on account of this Mr. Gray, who suddenly was here on the plane in the middle of the North Atlantic. Captain Brooks saw him first when we stopped in Iceland to refuel. We found Brooks gasping for breath. "I'll die tonight," he insisted. "The flight is doomed." He told about seeing the stranger in gray and we searched the plane, but no one was there. The general knew Brooks had been overworking for weeks, and he put it down to nerves. So we took off. There were ten of us, four crew members, and the six passengers—General Gailbraith, Colonel Aldgate, Major Harper, Captain Brooks, Lieutenant Gebhardt, who was a Wac, and myself. Everybody called me Jake, especially Gebhardt. She and I had been secretly married for five months.

After the plane left Iceland it ran into head winds and began eating gas pretty fast. When one engine broke down and the radio went dead, we began to recall Brooks' warning. And then suddenly I saw this civilian, this little man in gray, sitting beside Brooks. I went to tell Leo, the flight chief, but by the time I returned, Mr. Gray had gone. Things started happening fast then. One propeller was running wild, the alarm bell clanged out and we got into our Mae Wests and safety belts. There was a crash. Then the plane tilted and went into a spin. . . .

PART TWO

IT was the loss of our left engine that threw us into a spin, and we lost our precious altitude before we pulled out of it. The engine, running wild with an unfeathered propeller, simply exploded. The crankshaft must have snapped, for the prop flew off, slicing a long gash in the nose of the plane, neatly amputating the left arm and leg of our pilot, and spinning away, leaving a great wound in the wing.

The wounded pilot, slumping into the controls, had put the plane into a spin. The cockpit was a nasty mess. The radioman, Hughie, had crawled forward, pulling himself along as the whirling plane pressed him against the wall, and had dragged the pilot free of the controls, saving us for a little while longer.

I AM telling what happened, everything that happened, talking into the microphone of this portable wire recorder. It's a nice little gadget, a fine wire winding from one spool to another, passing between magnets which impress and store the voice. We used it for taking testimony on our top secret mission to Europe the past five months. One spool of wire records for almost an hour—fifty-five minutes. I finished one spool and I'm starting on another. I have the recorded spool tied onto an inflated Mae West, and I'll try to put this second one on and throw the Mae West out the door or an emergency hatch before we ditch.

Right now we seem to be in no immediate danger unless Flight Officer Ingram, our co-pilot, runs into an iceberg. We're barely skimming the water. The sea is black in the night, with ridges of gray foam and a silver path to the moon. The moon is low in the west now, very big and yellow. The black water looks unearthly cold; and we'll be in it, eventually, for we can't possibly get through. Our single engine is very hot, pulling against the head wind. The job is just too much for it.

When the plane leveled out, I went forward. The co-pilot sat easily at the controls, a cigarette dangling from his lips, as nonchalant, apparently, as if this were a routine hop from London to Paris on a clear day. I loved that long-legged Texan for it. Hughie had put a tourniquet on the stumps of the pilot's arm and leg, and Fred lay there so very much a little boy, with his unruly white hair and the childlike wonder in his eyes of a man near death.

"I guess I've had it," Fred said wanly. "Forty-two missions in a P-51 without a scratch, and now I get it like this. How about that?"

"A man's time just comes," I said.

"It's the wife and kids," Fred said. "Twin daughters, and cute as buttons. Little angels. With blue eyes like their mother. The bluest eyes you ever saw, sir. They're just two years old now, and there's another on the way now, sir. It's leaving them without a father that worries me, sir. It's not myself. . . . But I guess you've heard stories like this so many times—"

"Yes, Fred, I have," Mr. Gray said.

Mr. Gray was there, kneeling beside the pilot, the same little guy with the gray suit and gray overcoat and gray felt hat in one hand, his gray eyes soft and the mouth gentle and compassionate beneath the stubby gray mustache; the same little man who'd appeared previously and then unaccountably had disappeared. And here he was again.

I GAVE Mr. Gray a hard look, but under the circumstances said nothing right then. Leo had come in from the passenger compartment, and was standing above us, watching. Neither he nor Hughie showed any surprise at this civilian stranger, or asked him where he'd been hiding.

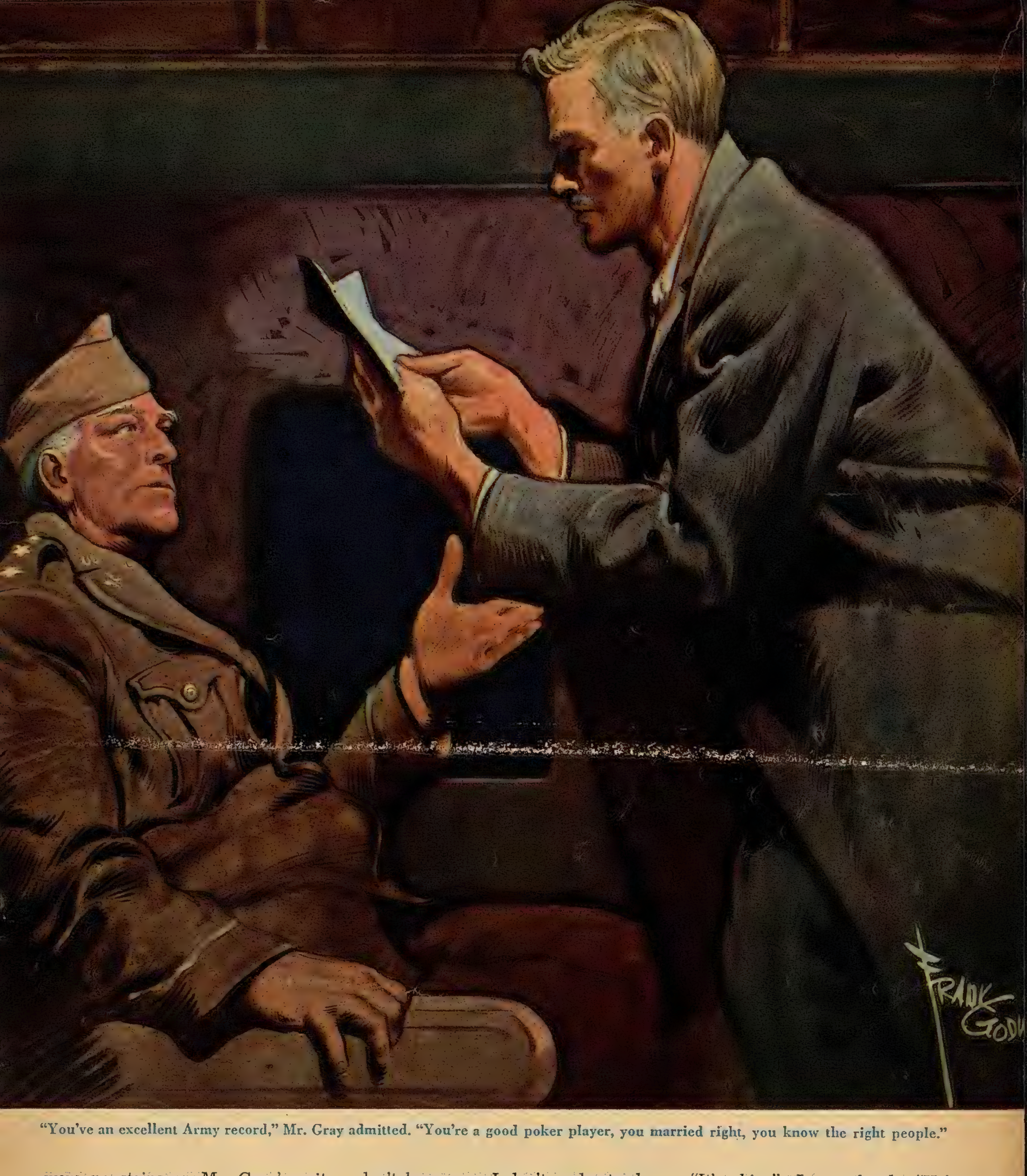
"There's one thing else that bothers me, sir," Fred said. "I'm pretty well beat up now, with an arm and leg gone. Will I be like that from now on?"

"You won't have to worry about that, Fred," Mr. Gray said. "Your first stop is a staging area, where everybody is processed and his record checked over and he gets issued what he needs before he goes on. You'll leave the staging area equipped with everything you need."

"Just like the Army."

"And now I think you'd better rest, Fred," Mr. Gray said. "There'll be a little time. And I want to talk with the others." Mr. Gray stood up, and I noticed a curious thing. It was messy there on the aluminum floor where the pilot lay, yet there

It's mighty disconcerting to have a mysterious stranger pop up on a conked-out aircraft and give instructions, but Mr. Gray had his orders—orders not even Eisenhower could have changed



"You've an excellent Army record," Mr. Gray admitted. "You're a good poker player, you married right, you know the right people."

were no stains on Mr. Gray's suit or overcoat, and he'd been kneeling there.

I said, "Well, mister, I've got to admit you've got a way with you. Thanks for making Fred feel good. You make a man almost glad to die."

He regarded me steadily. "Jake, you're a strange one. A strange one. I went back to check up, after talking with you, and everything's in order. No mistakes. But still you don't know me. I don't understand it. You're not bluffing. I can see through that sort of thing. You actually don't know me."

"Now, let's not start that again," I said sharply. "I don't want to get tough with you, but the time has come to—"

Hughie was tugging at my sleeve. "Jake," he said urgently, "Jake."

"Well?"

"Jake, it's *him.*"

"It's *him,*" Leo echoed. "He's come to take Fred away."

Hughie said, "I've seen 'em hit by flak and going out, talking with somebody we couldn't see. Somebody they could see through the door they were going through, somebody they could see and hear, but which the rest of us couldn't. I seen them die like that when I was a waist gunner. But now *we* can see

(Continued on page 56)

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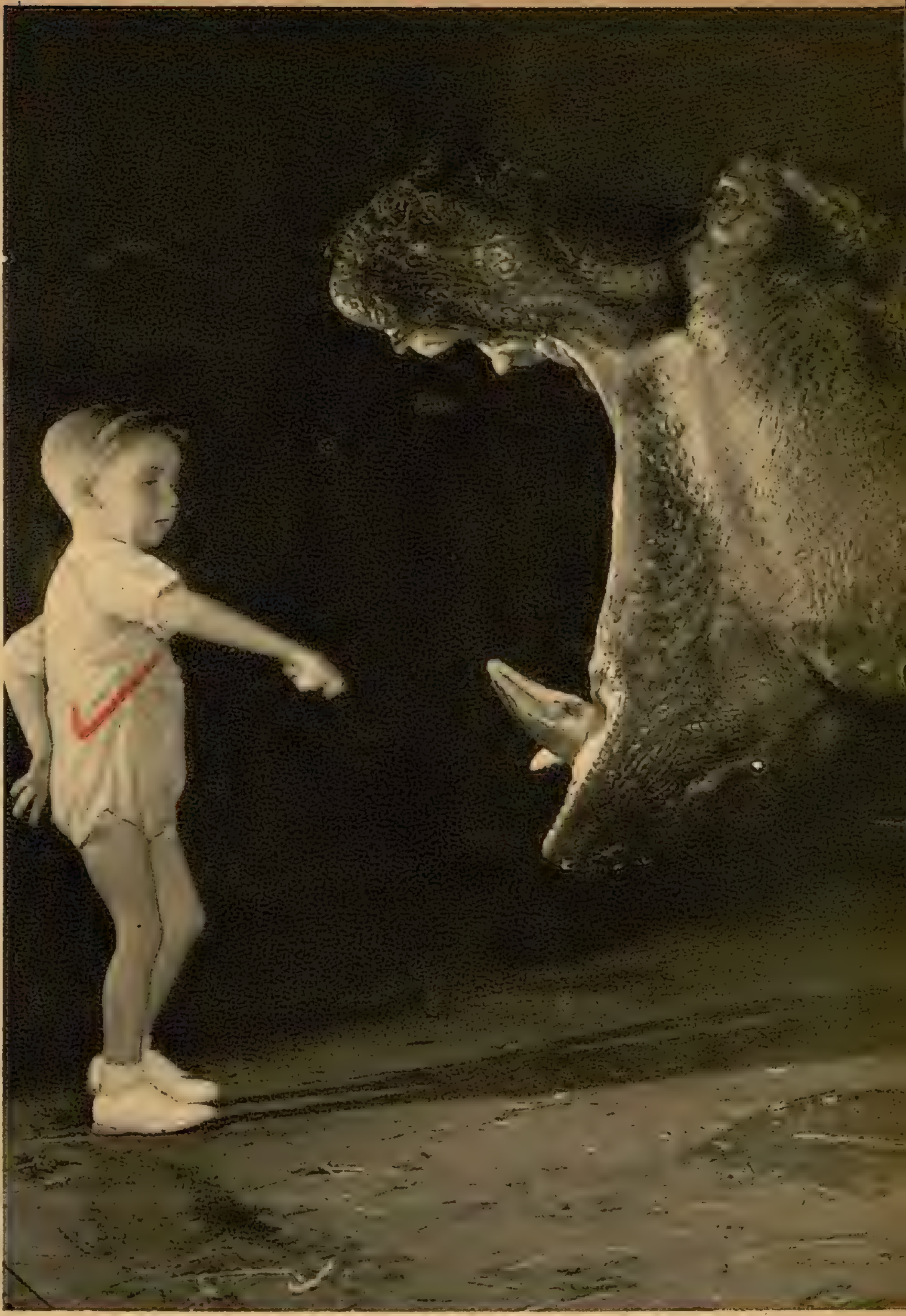
The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

IT'S ALL RIGHT, HE'S A VEGETARIAN—Pete, the 43-year-old hippo at the Bronx Zoo, has a stomach eleven feet long, but he still welcomes any tidbits that come his way. Three-year-old Jimmy Reilley is the son of one of the keepers, and Pete's his pal. ▶

INTERNATIONAL

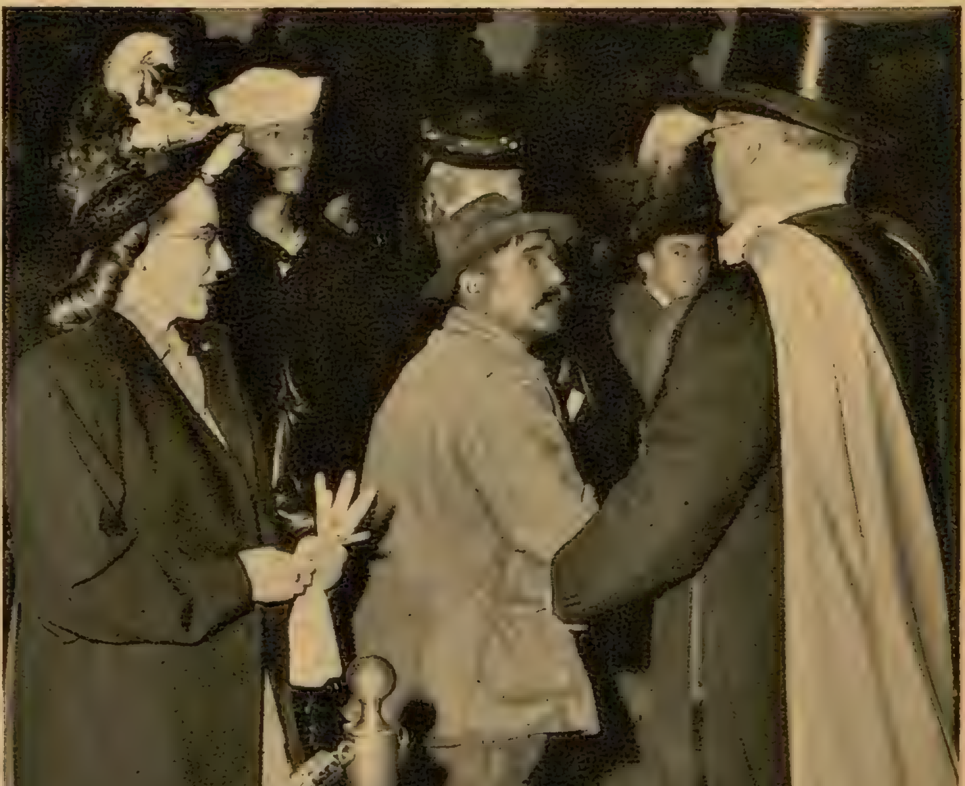


LINGUISTIC LINDA—They say Linda Christian can speak six languages, but with her figure—who cares?

PRESS ASSOCIATION

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA—He bought a ticket to Gary, but somehow he got into a befurred and bejeweled line at Chicago's Civic Opera. When an usher demurred, he asked, "Ain't this the railroad station?" ▶

INTERNATIONAL



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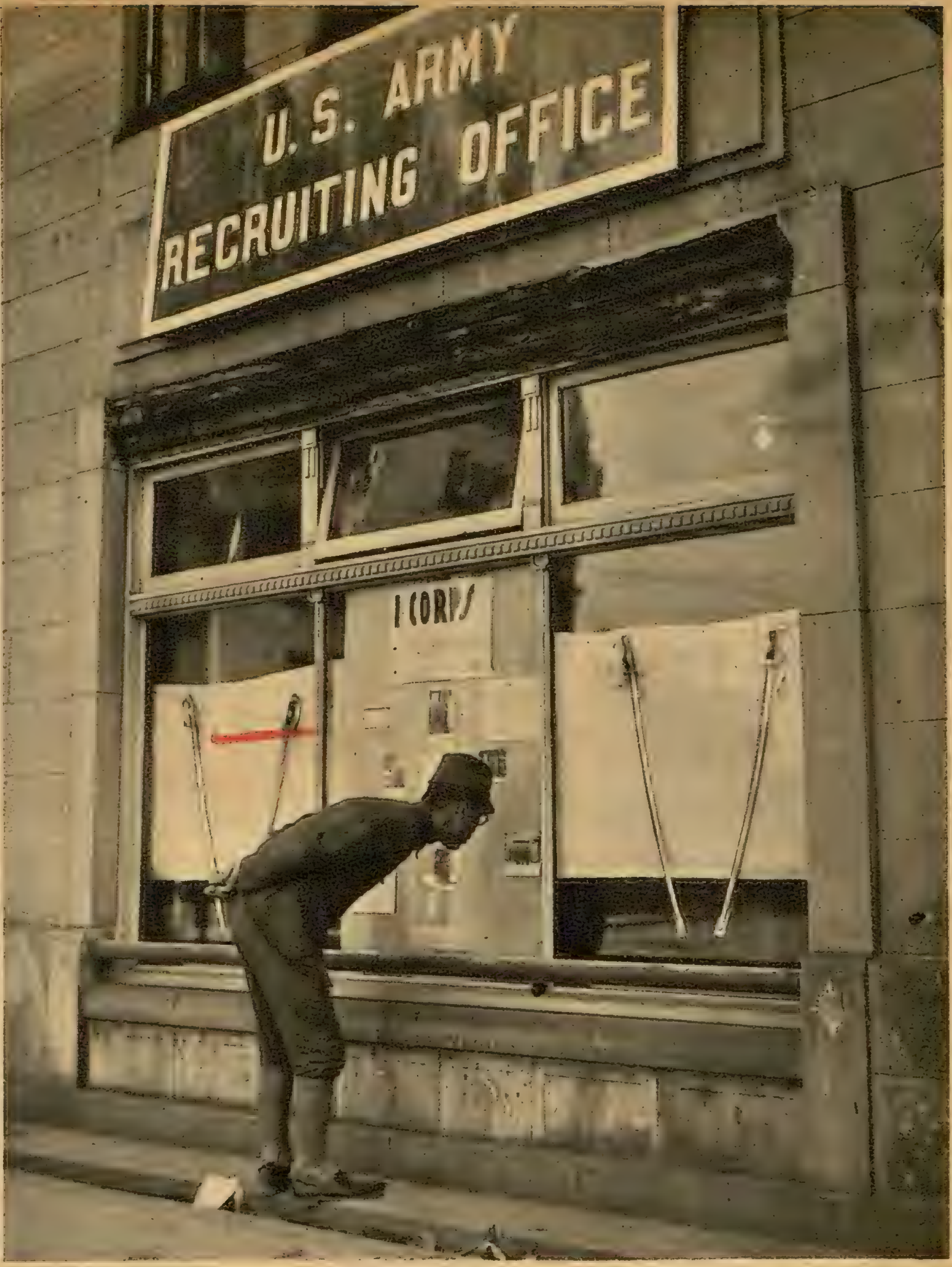


PROSPECTIVE G. I.?—Here a discharged Jap warrior, a bit on the myopic side, zealously studies a U. S. Army recruiting display in Osaka. Those Jap swords go to re-enlisted men who are homeward bound on furlough.

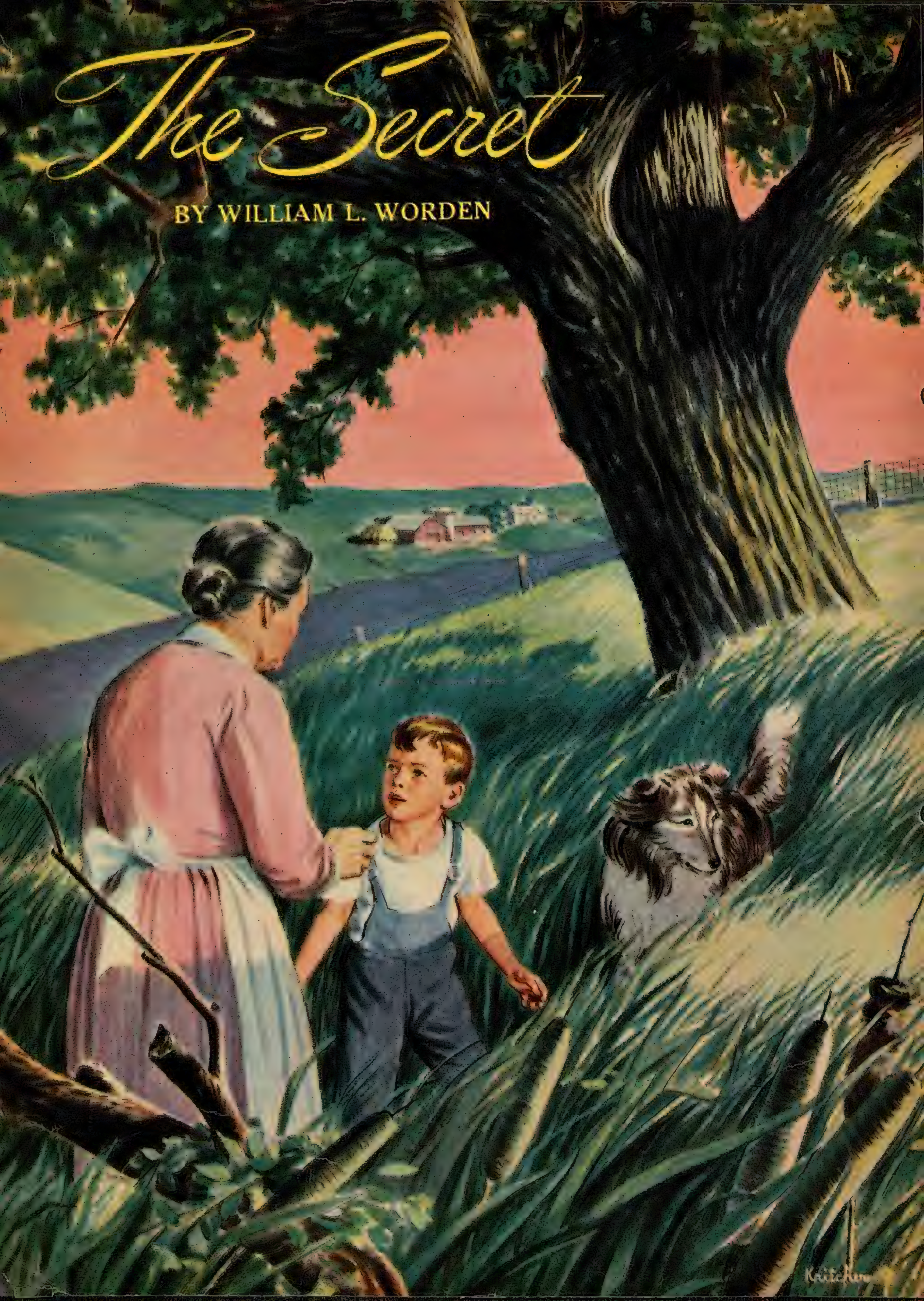
I. R. LORWIN PHOTO

free

OLD SOAKS AT FOAM—The room shortage had these Ritz Brothers all washed up when they made this picture to end publicity pictures. Seems that they'd lather be together, and dry humor's no good anyway.

The Secret

BY WILLIAM L. WORDEN



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FLORA and the boy, Marcus, went down to the fence to say good-by to the team of mules. Mark would be five years old on his next birthday, and he had some trouble lifting half an apple high enough so that the smaller of the mules could reach down over the top fence rail and encompass it with his long, loose upper lip. Even Flora, not greatly larger than the boy in spite of the sixty years' difference in their ages, had to reach high up with her half of the fruit for the second mule. Both animals took the gifts gently, being used to such favors from this pair, and solemnly consumed them.

Mark said, "I don't see why they have to go."

Flora muttered something foolish about the impossibility of keeping mules in town, and then was miserably silent in the face of that still-accusing look which continued until the horse-market buyer drove off with the two mules following his buggy.

She thought, I should have something to give him in place of the mules, something to take his mind off of them for a while.

Harry, her son, looking tired as always and limping ever since the war, told her the mules had not brought as much as he had hoped. Watching him cross the barnyard, Flora thought that defeat had come to stay with Harry. He carried bad luck in the slope of his narrow shoulders and would carry it, she was sure, in the midst of a bonanza. She thought, I should have been practical enough to give Harry a different outlook, to have handed him, somehow, a spark which would have been the difference between knowing that things are always bad and hoping that they soon will be better.

But she knew she never had known of anything she could give Harry.

The boy said, "Grandma, you didn't tell anybody, did you?"

She looked, and felt, puzzled.

He said, "I mean, about our secret." Here he stopped long enough to make sure no one was within earshot. "About our violets."

Flora said, "No, Mark, I didn't tell a soul."

Mark said he had not told anyone either.

Going back toward the side door of the house, which was the entry to the long, sunny kitchen she liked, Flora stopped once to pull a weed from the flower bed she had adopted in the winter and still had hopes for in the Kansas spring. That the flowers already drooped and were losing a battle against the chickens, she refused to see. Just as—she admitted this to herself—she would never be able to see, like Harry, that an alfalfa field was a ten-acre hell of work soon to be done. To Flora, it would always be a marvelous green thing, a carpet more gorgeous than carpetmakers could ever create, a wonder of stirring little things, quail, young rabbits, tiny mice living out their lives under a coverlet crocheted with blue flowers.

Mark said, "What are you doing that for, grandma?"

Flora looked at the weed in her hand. "Why, pulling the weeds makes the flowers grow more beautifully."

"I don't see what difference it makes," he said. "We won't be here when they bloom."

The weed, already limp, was an accusation. "No," said Flora, "you'll be in town; but there may be flowers there, too, and we'd want someone else to leave them beautiful for you. So we'll try to leave these beautiful for whoever comes here to live." The explanation sounded labored in her own ears and she wondered if he might be more able to understand than she had believed. She tried. "Besides, I'd like to think they were going to be beautiful even if nobody was here to see them."

She knew immediately that the words had been wasted. I wish I were more practical, she thought. I wish I could think of things the way other people think of them.

Mark said, "Prince and me are going down to the pasture."

A collie, displaying that understanding which passes between boys and dogs without the necessity for words or even whistles, rose beside the porch, stretched, and came to sit beside them. Automatically Flora knelt to work loose one of the dozens of cockleburs in his ruff while the dog sat silent, not flinching at the pulling of his hair.

From the porch, Louise said, "You can go, but be sure to stay away from the pond." Louise, plump and now red-faced from cooking over the wood range, said the sentence with no more feeling than she would have in saying "Hello" to a friend gone ten minutes. The words were from some matronly subconscious and she did not think about them.

The boy and the dog, one walking with supreme confidence in the importance of his mission, the other with unprotesting acquiescence, moved across the lawn, through the barnyard and down a path bordering the alfalfa. One clucking hen—lonesome now that most of the others were gone—stilt-walked out of their way, but nothing else moved.

Louise said, "It's sort of too bad about that dog. I don't know what Mark will do without him."

Flora repeated, "Without him?"

"Oh, we'll take him to town with us," Louise said, "but I don't imagine he'll stay. Those collies usually come back to the place they know. He'll probably just take up with whoever farms this place. Especially a grown dog. It might work all right to move him if he was still a pup."

Flora sat down. She said, "Oh, Louise, there must be something we can do about it. You just couldn't make Mark understand having Prince leave him. Isn't there something?"

The shake of Louise's head was definite. "Not that I ever heard of. I guess we could tie him up, but that ruins a dog. He'd just get mean, even if we could keep him tied."

Flora thought, I did this. I should have known about collies when I gave him the dog. I should have been more practical. But there isn't anything I can do about it.

A CLOUD of dust bloomed above the road on the hill to the east, along with the beginnings of a great roaring and clattering. Louise said, "That must be the Clagetts. Their automobile is the only thing around here that makes so much noise, except a threshing machine."

Flora looked at the dust.

"I think she might be interested in some of the furniture," Louise said. "I'd like to get rid of it. We can't use all that stuff in town." Already, in the round mind matching her round face, she was living in a cottage on a street where all the

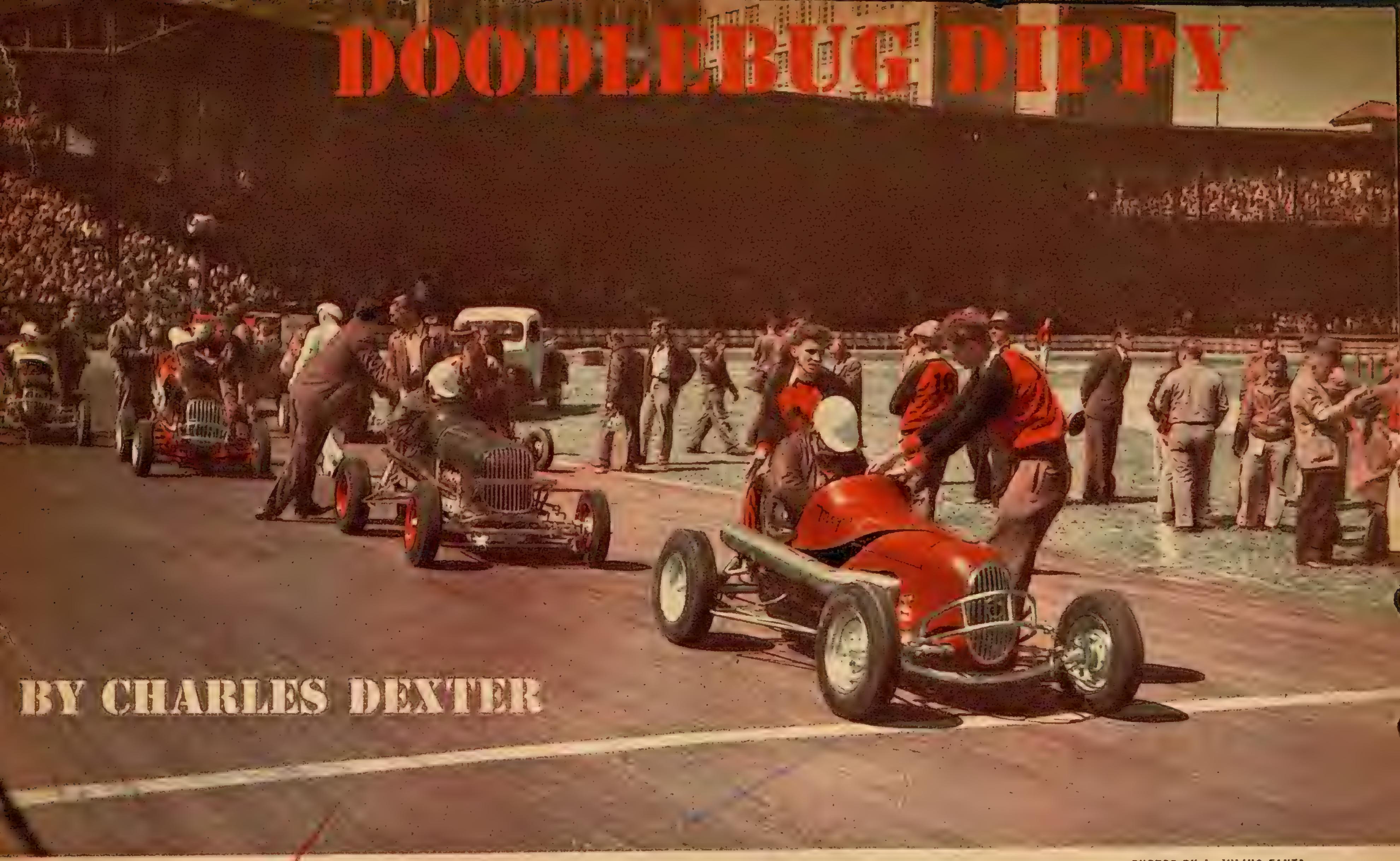
(Continued on page 67)

For everyone who has lost something precious in childhood—and everyone has—this will roll back the years

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

"See any enemies?" Flora asked. Mark said he did not. "You think it'll be all right to go on in?" he asked.

DOODLEBUG DIPPY



BY CHARLES DEXTER

PHOTOS BY J. JULIUS FANTA

Here they go into their starting lap at Paterson, N. J. Home-made and custom-made, they cost from $600 to $6,000. They smell of ether, alcohol, acetone, castor oil—even gasoline—but they'll bring that crowd to its feet time after time.

Midget racing cars, powered with anything from an outboard motor to Aunt Minnie's egg beater, are burning up the tracks again—giving the customers plenty of thrills, chills, and spills

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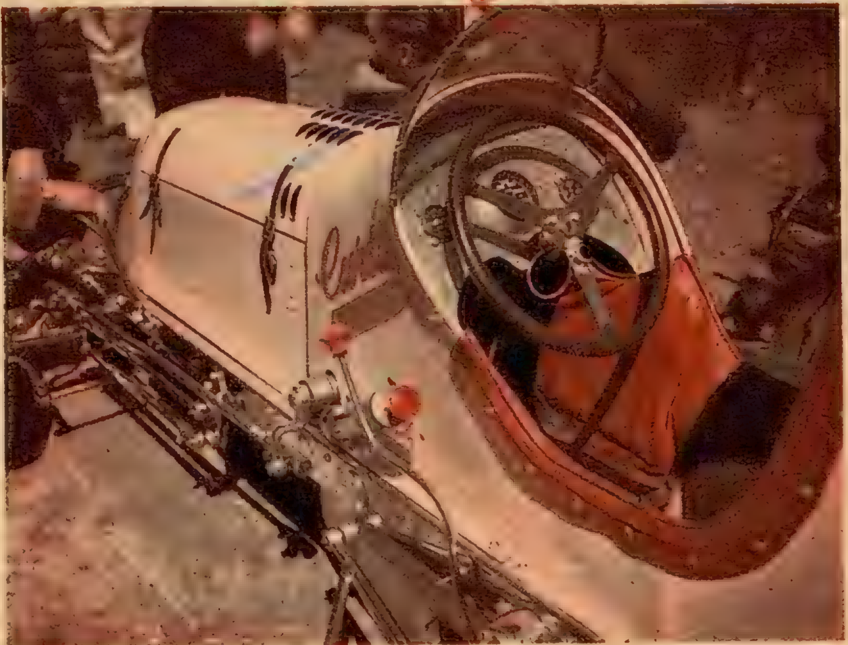

It's $6,000 worth of sweet design, but kicking one up to ninety is like riding a jet-propelled roller skate.

BILL SCHINDLER, one-time sectionhand on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, dropped into Mike Caruso's auto junk yard out on Long Island one day in 1933. Mike was stripping the motor from an ancient Saxon.

"What you goin' to do with that engine?" Bill asked.

"Sell it, of course," Mike replied. "Why?"

"I got a better idea," said Bill.

A week later, the first midget racing car in the East rose like a phoenix from Mike's scrap pile. The "dern doodlebug" looked like a tin can on roller skates. It had no starter, no differential, a dog clutch and one speed. A hand brake borrowed from a secondhand motorcycle applied pressure to rear wheels. But Bill swore the midget would go eighty miles an hour—and sometimes it did.

Such was the beginning of midget auto racing, a sport which attracted 9,000,000 spectators in '41 and which may draw 12,000,000 in '46. Doodlebug devotees, who had patiently waited for four years to catch a glimpse of the little machines in action, swarmed 65,000 strong into Los Angeles Coliseum for the opening program of the current season. Wartime suspension had whetted their appetites for thrills. Indeed, the doodlebug future would be bright enough to warrant the prediction that midget racing will soon be America's most popular mechanized sport, but for the fact that it's always been a zany game, played by foolhardy men who'd rather ride than eat.

What is a doodlebug? It is still almost any car small enough to meet the standards of the A.A.A. Contest Board. The best midget car in the country is the Offenhauser. No more than 100 Offys are in competition today. The most popular models are converted from Ford V-8 60s, Chevrolets, or "popsickles" built around outboard motor or motorcycle engines.

Tracks are located in small towns or, with few exceptions, on the outskirts of big cities. Promoters are still small fry who see no reason for expansion beyond the limited horizons of their communities. Many once were farmers, garage owners, mechanics, operators of bike and motorcycle tracks, or carnival impresarios.

With the renewal of midget racing

(*Continued on page 64*)

The Messenger

BY R.V.C.BODLEY

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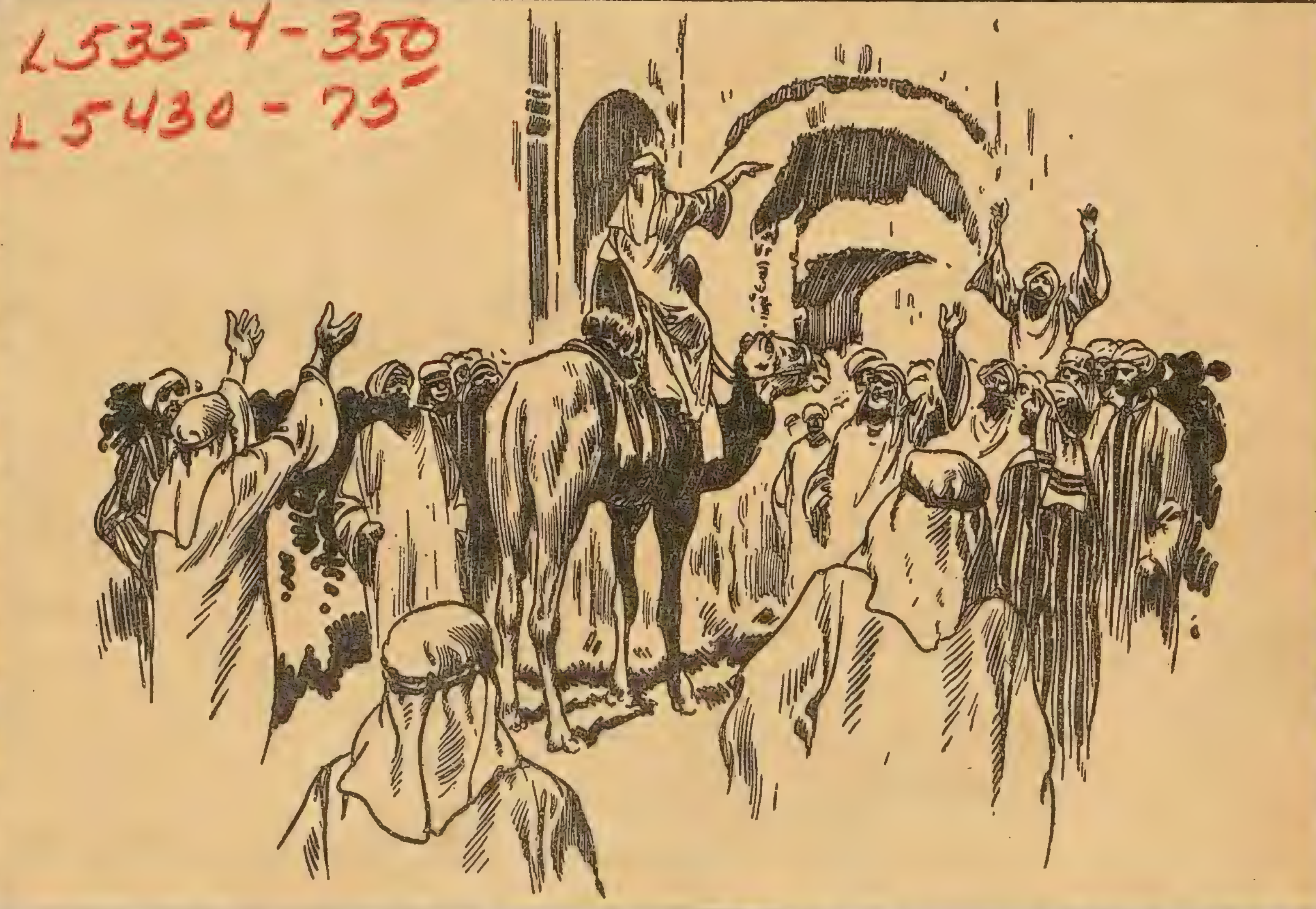

Mohammed, whose followers called him not God but his prophet, was intensely devout but vibrantly human. Here is the dramatic biography of the voice which guides three hundred million Moslems today. It's a thrilling story of the man who acquired a harem of twelve women, but not until he lost the wife he adored and to whom he had always been faithful.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION • *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

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ENFOLDED in the wilderness of Arabia Deserta, halfway between Yemen and Syria, in a land wasted by wind and seasonal rain, lies Mecca, the holy city of Islam. A savage valley, enclosed between two sharp and arid chains of rock mountains, makes its position so secluded that not until the pilgrim is looking down into its streets does he know that he has arrived. It is as if nature had co-operated with the Moslem faith to guard the secrets of this hallowed spot from the unsanctified.

It is an uninviting place in the midst of many little hills, stony and black and all of equal height. Except for occassional thorny acacias, everything living seems to have been blasted from this wilderness. The desolation is absolute. The only sound is the hissing of the breathless wind. The only relief to the monotony of the landscape is the sand columns whirling over the plain like angry djinns. There are not even mirages to lure travelers to their reflections of palms and cool gardens. There are no palms or cool gardens to reflect. Nothing grows in this holy city of the Messenger of Allah. Night is the only respite from the scorching of the sun.

The city itself is the same color as the surrounding country. Houses of all shapes and sizes, built of stone, climb up the steep sides of the valley, packed and crammed together like the cells of a honeycomb.

In the heart of the city is the Great Mosque, Beit Allah, consisting of an immense pillared courtyard in which are numerous sacred shrines. Beit Allah means House of God and is situated, according to Arab tradition, in the center of the world and immediately beneath the throne of the Almighty. Almost in the middle of the court, and in a depression, stands the Kaaba. The Kaaba is a windowless, cube-shaped, flat-roofed building made of gray stone, forty feet high. Enveloping it is a huge black brocade cover on which verses from the Koran are embroidered in gold. Every year the cover is renewed. The Kaaba is the focal point of Islam toward which all Moslems all over the world turn five times a day to pray.

The Kaaba has been an object of worship since the dawn of history, but its origins have been forgotten, lost in the mists of fable. Arab legends suggest that the first Kaaba dates back to Adam. That one was destroyed by the Deluge, and another was rebuilt by Abraham and Ishmael. After that it fell into the hands of idolators who built other editions until Mohammed came and restored its ancient dedication to one God.

Sunk in one of the sharp corners of the outer wall of the Kaaba is the Black Stone.

The Black Stone is really a number of fragments—twelve to be exact—united by dark cement and held together by a silver band. The whole is oval and about seven inches in diameter.

Tradition asserts that the original stone came from Paradise and was handed by the angel Gabriel to Abraham and Ishmael when they were building the Kaaba. At that time it was snow-white. Its present color is the outcome of having been kissed by the millions of sinners who yearly make the pilgrimage to Mecca.

Today the Black Stone is venerated as much for the sake of tradition as anything else. Before the acceptance of Mohammed's teaching, the Arabs had a frenzied cult for stones. The interior of the Kaaba was filled with all sorts of crudely hewn blocks of granite.

A Moslem of the seventh century, returning to the region of Arabia, between Mecca and Medina, where Mohammed lived, would find little to surprise him. The nomad Arabs in their black tents, the travelers on their camels, the pilgrims streaming over the desert would all be there as he had left them. So would the people's clothes, so would their physical appearance. The face and build of an Arab today, of thirteen hundred or of three thousand years ago, have not gone through those evolutions which refashioned the Anglo-Saxon and Latin races. The way of dressing has hardly altered at all. The seventh-century Moslem would even be able to recognize tribes pasturing around Mecca, with the same names as in the days of Mohammed. Among the tribesmen he would find men directly descended from the people of his time. If a truck did rattle past in a cloud of dust or an airplane whirred overhead, the reborn Arab would have no difficulty in attributing these singularities to djinns.

While only certain parts of the seventh-century city of Mecca remain, its aspect has little changed since the days of Mohammed.

The houses are still made of the local gray stone. They have flat roofs and enclosed balconies. The streets are winding and narrow. Some wander steeply up the sides of the hills which surround Mecca. Now, as then, they are never deserted. People seem to be always going on some errand or visiting friends or returning from a journey. Camels pad disdainfully over the rough cobbles, pushing aside the heavily laden donkeys and mules.

Although many of the original buildings have been destroyed by rains which turn the lower levels of the narrow valley in which Mecca lies into raging torrents, other similar structures have taken their place. Those, however, above the reach of floods still stand. Today Mohammed's birthplace and the home where he lived after his marriage are shown to pilgrims as the originals. This is not necessarily a stretch of pious imagination. In that dry climate, masonry resists disintegration much longer than in countries of fog and drizzle. An idol worshiper, therefore, of pre-Islamic times or one of Mohammed's contemporaries, returning to the Holy City, would have no trouble in recognizing landmarks in the streets.

Neither would he find the *way* of living different. The shops, the boardinghouses, the eating places are as they were thirteen hundred years ago, and earlier. By the sixth century Mecca had become important. Her Arabic was considered the most cultured. Her people regarded themselves as the most refined. Merchants and pilgrims came there from all over Arabia. It is much the same today. While other cities have developed as centers of fashion, the trans-Arabian caravans and the pilgrims continue to be the main sources of revenue for the Meccans. As then, they exploit them, fixing their rents and tariffs according to the number of people in the city. The speculation in rates of exchange, the monopolizing of commodities, the gambling on harvests goes on, as it has from time immemorial.

It was from these idolatrous, money-conscious, aristocratic Meccans, from these townspeople living in the midst of that hideous wilderness, that Mohammed sprang. He was not a nomad; his spiritual horizon was entirely different from that of the bedouins. Yet it was the nomadic tribesmen who became his staunchest converts.

ALL Arabs are divided into two classes, those who are sedentary and those who roam. The oasis or city people, the nomads or bedouins.

The oasis dwellers, or sedentary Arabs, have always been the scholars, the merchants, the administrators. It is they who have guided the political destinies of the Arabs in spite of being in a minority.

The nomad is the fighter, the wanderer, the pioneer who has carried Islam to the ends of the earth more from love of adventure than from a wish to inspire others with his Arab culture.

The oasis or city way of living is quite unlike the desert way. The oasis may be a vast garden of date palms and flowers in the middle of the wilderness, as Medina, or just a town which has sprung up round a desert well, as Mecca. Whatever kind of oasis it is, living there bears no resemblance to living anywhere else. It is rather like being on an island among people whose every thought is centered on that island. The oasis city folk are more stay-at-home than the inhabitants of any American country town. They have nothing in common with the nomads.

To the nomad warrior the vast expanses of the desert, with their dangers and privations, are essential. They bring out all his fine characteristics, his honesty, his sense of humor. His wandering life gives him little time to be anything but a man of unpremeditated action. If he loses his camel or his horse and is, in consequence, immobilized and has to become sedentary, he is humiliated and quickly degenerates. He does not despise the oasis dweller, neither does he fight him, but he considers him a subordinate and does not wish to be like him.

Although all Arabs were ruled by nearly identical codes and spoke the same basic language and had a kind of pan-Arabian patriotism, they were divided into independent tribes. Each of these tribes had its own particular customs, its own dialect, and was always ready to defend its own special group of tents. This goes on today and explains why there is no central Arab government.

That a desert man should have become the leader of these tribes to the extent of having them unite and die for his cause would have been astonishing. That this man should have come from among the city people was fantastic. In fact, until the appearance of Mohammed the nomads were so jealous of their freedom that they drove out anyone, bedouin or otherwise, who showed signs of monarchial tendencies.

The Arab in general, and the nomad in particular, is a socialist by instinct and tradition. The chief and the shepherd meet on an equal footing. In the tribal confederations there are opportunities for all. No one is better than anyone else, except by outstanding merit. The deserts of the Arabs are the only places in the world where democracy is really put into practice. But while the Arabs maintain these principles, they have always considered themselves the noblest of all peoples. They believe themselves to be the original race of the world.

Mohammed's Childhood

Outside of some extremely improbable legends, there are no mysteries surrounding the birth of Mohammed, no evidences that he was one of God's chosen, no premonitions by his mother, no visitations by angels. Mohammed was begotten and born like anybody else. His father and mother were well-to-do Meccans who belonged to an illustrious clan known as the Koreish. The Koreishites were, for the most part, merchants, and, like them, Mohammed and his forebears were all in business.

Mohammed's father was called Abdallah. He is reputed to have been the best-looking, the most charming, the most worthy young man in Mecca. It is said that when he became engaged to Amina bint Wahb the hearts of many young Meccan ladies were broken.

Abdallah had several beautiful sisters and eleven brothers. His father was a distinguished Meccan called Abd al Mottaleb. The name of *his* father was Hashim.

Hashim had money and position. He was a respected merchant and the official tax gatherer of Mecca. It was he who started sending out the two great yearly caravans, one in winter to Yemen and the south, one in summer to Syria and the north. It was Hashim who encouraged the smaller caravans to break their desert treks at the Holy City. It was he who made the trading safe by concluding treaties with the Byzantine Romans and with the Amir of the Syrian Arabs while, at the same time, establishing commercial agreements with the Persians and the Abyssinians. It was he who saw to it that the pilgrims were not pillaged of *all* they had, and received something in return for the money they spent.

Thus, in spite of its dust and heat and remoteness from other cities, Mecca was not stagnant or behind the times. It was exciting, it had movement, it was filled with contrasts. Great wealth and starving poverty, luxury and asceticism lived side by side. The merchant bankers, dealing in oils and linens and perfumes, in precious stones and slaves, had built up an aristocracy rather like that of Venice of a future age. They thought of little else but commerce and the gayest way to spend the money they made. Neither was this money-making a dreary office routine. The primary instinct of all Meccans was gambling. They speculated, selling and reselling goods which existed only in their minds or had not yet been delivered. They played the market on the rise and fall of commodity prices, on what the caravans might bring in, on the crops, long before the harvest. Firms made fortunes and went bankrupt overnight, adding to the excitement of the business.

WOMEN also had their fingers in the affairs of Mecca. Many of them were active participants in these commercial speculations. The majority, however, contented themselves with helping the merchants to spend their profits. In doing so they had the calculating attitude toward love of most Arab women. Their passions rose and fell with the market.

Abd al Mottaleb, Hashim's son, was a fine type of Arab. Like his father, he was a merchant, but he was also a warrior. Abdallah was Abd al Mottaleb's favorite son. He would undoubtedly have succeeded to his father's fortune and position in Mecca, but he died soon after his marriage. He never saw his son, Mohammed, who was born some months later in August of 570 after Christ.

Probably because his grandfather, Abd al Mottaleb, was still alive, Mohammed received none of the inheritance which might have been expected. In fact, all that the handsome Abdallah left him was a small house, five camels, a few goats, and an Ethiopian Negress called Baraka. This was not much for anyone to start life on. However, Amina, his mother, counted on the generosity of the family. This seems to have been intended. Seven days after Amina's child was born, Abd al Mottaleb gave a party in his honor. All the Koreish relatives and everyone else of note in Mecca were invited. Many of them, if they had had second sight, would have gladly strangled the baby then and there. But none of them had second sight, and they smiled complacently when the red-faced mite was carried into the dining room with the dessert.

The baby's birth name was Kothan, but, after giving thanks to the Kaaba gods for blessing him with a grandson, Abd al Mottaleb introduced him as Mohammed. The guests were surprised. The name was not unknown among the Arabs, but it was rare. One of them asked the reason for dropping the custom of using the family name. To which Abd al Mottaleb replied:

"May the Most High glorify in heaven him whom He has created on earth!"

This remark probably referred to the meaning of the word Mohammed—"The Praised." Whatever the reason, the baby was now Mohammed, a name which, in varying forms, has since been given to millions of little boys born into the faith which the son of Abdallah and Amina was destined to found.

The death of Amina's husband had made her very unhappy, so that her milk turned sour and dried up. The murderous climate of Mecca was showing its effects on the baby. Amina was in despair, but at length found the wife of a shepherd of the Sa'adite nomads called Halima, who agreed to look after Mohammed. So one morning the baby who was to rule Arabia was carried out to the grazing country of the Beni Sa'ad on the back of a donkey.

The life Mohammed led with his adopted family was altogether in the open air. With the nomads ever roving in search of fresh pastures, his tent home was rarely in the same place for more than a few days at a time. His food was the simple fare of the desert: camel's milk, rice, dates, occasionally a piece of mutton or gazelle. He learned to rise with the day and go to bed when it was dark. He learned to respect the sun and give thanks for the rain, to meet the sandstorm with his face covered. He learned the primitive lore of the nomads, the code of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. He witnessed the summary justice, the expulsion from the tribe which was tantamount to sentence of death. He helped the shepherds and cameleers with their flocks and herds.

Although the Sa'adite nomads declared that luck had been with them ever since Mohammed had become their guest, Halima decided that she must return her foster child to his mother. When he was six, therefore, she took him to Mecca and delivered him to Amina. Amina was glad to have her baby home, and pleased with the healthy change in his body. She decided that this would be a good time to show him to the other branch of the family, which lived in Yathrib, an oasis town about two hundred miles from Mecca.

Yathrib was a comforting contrast to Mecca, and for a month Mohammed enjoyed the cool air and played with his cousins. Returning to Mecca, once more mother and son sat in the swaying cradle on the back of the camel. The journey was delayed by sandstorms and burning winds. These were too much for Amina's never robust health. One night she died by the roadside. Baraka, the Ethiopian servant, transported the body to a nearby village, where it was buried. Then Baraka continued mournfully with Mohammed to Mecca, where she presented him to his grandfather.

ABD AL MOTTALEB was now very old, but he was glad to have his grandson with him. For two years the patriarch and the stripling kept house together. When the old man felt that he could not live much longer, he called his son Abu Taleb and bequeathed him Mohammed.

Abu Taleb kept an up-to-date clothing store and sold perfumes. The pre-Islamic Arabs were dressy and liked to turn out in elegant outfits which came from foreign lands. They also delighted in sweet-smelling essences, both for themselves and for their women. Abu Taleb, therefore, had business inside and outside the harems. But he did not let his activities hold him to the stores. He was a merchant by instinct and took a close interest in the caravans which his grandfather, Hashim, had initiated. Frequently he led the caravans himself. It was when Mohammed, now a boy in his teens, saw his uncle setting out that he longed to escape from the dusty streets and see what happened out there to the north and to the south.

One morning he accompanied his uncle to the assembly point of the caravans with even greater interest than usual. As Abu Taleb was mounting his camel, Mohammed suddenly seized his hand and begged to be allowed to come too. His entreaty was so sincere that the kindly Abu Taleb let Mohammed join him on his camel.

This first trip made a strong impression on Mohammed. His roamings with the nomad shepherds had never taken him very far, and they had always been in a country where there were wells and scrub pasture. Here, however, he found himself in the vastness of the waterless desert where any mistake in the route would lead to death from thirst. The landscape had that openness of the sea. Not a rock or a bush or a tree relieved the monotony of the horizon. There was no shelter from wind or sun.

Soon the caravan was crossing into what is now Trans-Jordan. The first long halt was made at Bosra, a trading place where Greek merchants came to barter with the Arabs. Near the Bosra market was a monastery of Nestorian monks—Christians. They knew Abu Taleb and offered him and his nephew hospitality. One of the monks, named Bahira, took a special interest in Mohammed. His inquiring mind, his eagerness for knowledge, his lucid thoughts impressed Bahira. He talked to the Arab boy as if he had been a contemporary. He told him about the creed of the followers of Christ. He denounced idolatry. Mohammed listened. All that this man was giving him was so strange, so different from what he had been brought up to believe.

The monk was not the only new influence at this time. One of the principal fairs in the neighborhood of Mecca was at 'Okaz. Here, in vast hostile confusion, converged monotheistic Jews and Christians, and idolatrous Arabs and fire-worshiping Persians. The rivalry and hostility, however, ceased with the opening of the fair.

Among the preachers was Kuss ibn Saida, Christian bishop of Nejran. Daily, from the back of his camel, he spoke of his faith. For hours he would talk of the futility of this life and of the glories of the world to come. Mohammed only listened to fragments of these orations, yet often in later years he preached from the back of his own camel and his sermons had many of the exhortations of this Christian prelate.

Mohammed was to have little formal school education, but he was learning more than any of the scholars who spent their days in classrooms. He had no wish for schooling, either. He had tasted adventure, and he wanted more. If ever a man was to have a longing granted, it was he.

Mohammed's Youth

Mohammed emerged from boyhood rapidly. Before he was sixteen he had done more traveling than most Meccans in a lifetime. The caravans were giving him a healthy joy of living. Every mile he covered increased his enthusiasm and made him want to go further. Arabia, from Yemen to Syria, Palestine and north toward Persia, had become as much of a routine as his contemporaries' visits to the Kaaba.

Mohammed soon found himself representing other merchants as well as his uncle Abu Taleb. His reputation for hard work and honesty had spread. Before he was twenty-five, he had become one of the most active traveling salesmen in western Arabia.

Where, however, he was different from the average businessman was that he was interested in things outside the filling of orders for linens and silks and sugar and rice. When the day's work was over he sat in the market squares or in a friend's house and listened. Here were musicians and storytellers and poets. Philosophers, too, and holy men who discoursed on the subjects of their faiths. As trip succeeded trip, Mohammed accumulated knowledge of the traditions and religions and history of these parts of Asia. He also acquired the kind of worldly wisdom which is characteristic of men who spend their time "on the road," whether on camels or in carts or in Chevrolets. Mohammed's contacts with foreign places and peoples made him think. Unlike other prophets, his thoughts were not limited by divine horizons. He saw the world and its problems as they were.

Mohammed was of average height, with a well-molded, strongly built frame, broad shoulders, and narrow hips. His head was large and well formed and set on a slender neck. His hair, glossy and black and inclined to curl, he wore long. Great black, restless eyes shone from under heavy lashes. A beard, which, as he grew older, was allowed to spread to an impressive size, was dark and curly. The mustache was kept clipped and did not hide the graceful, sensual mouth which had the ripe redness of a freshly cut pomegranate. He had a thin, aristocratic nose, Semitically aquiline. His face was lean and rosy, with a clear skin. As with all Arabs, his hands and feet were small and well shaped.

But with all these physical gifts and fine family background, there was no evidence, up to the age of twenty-five, that Mohammed would ever be anything more than a reliable traveling salesman. Then, when he was twenty-five, something happened which was not only to alter his whole existence but, indirectly, to have repercussions all over the world.

Living in Mecca at this time was a lady of middle age called Khadija bint Khuweilid. To be precise, she was forty. She was of the Koreish clan, and a distant cousin of Mohammed. Being, however, of an elder generation, she was unacquainted with her kinsman. Two husbands had predeceased her, both of whom had left her their commercial banking houses, which their widow had merged. The merger had been successful and had prospered under the new management.

However, being a career woman did not deprive Khadija of charm. While in Arab reckoning she was already old, in her reckoning she was as young as she felt. Neither had she any idea of giving in for a while. True, she was running to plumpness, but her skin was fresh, her hair was glossy and black, her eyes large and twinkling. She wore her dark robe and her rich cloth mantle becomingly. The silver-and-turquoise jewelry which adorned her hands and ears and neck was always in good taste. She was, in fact, still desirable physically as well as very rich. The only thing lacking was the right man.

Although Khadija's mind was as alive as her body, she felt that she needed someone experienced in business, trustworthy, and energetic to look after her affairs. Especially she wanted someone to take charge of her trading caravans.

Khadija had a nephew called Khuzaima who was about Mohammed's age. He had been his traveling companion on several trading expeditions and, like all those who came into contact with him, appreciated his ability and his integrity. He spoke to Khadija about his friend.

Mohammed accordingly entered the service of Khadija and, in so doing, placed his foot on the first rung of the ladder which would take him to the sovereignty of all Arabia.

FOR the next two years Mohammed traveled on behalf of Khadija to most places to which caravans had, at that time, penetrated. Damascus, Aleppo, Antioch, Jerusalem, Beyrouth, Palmyra, Baalbek—all were on his beat. Soon there were added other responsibilities: the management of the whole firm. When he was not on the road, he would be at the office looking after the administrative side of the business. Here would come Khadija to listen to suggestions from her handsome director which always led to increase of income for her trading concerns.

Gradually she found herself becoming less interested in the business and more interested in her charming and virile manager. She found herself no longer satisfied to wait in her house or office for the news of the arrival of the caravan. She would go up to the terrace of her home and look out over the barren hills for the first glimpse of the camels padding slowly down the rocky road. For the first time in her life, Khadija was falling in love.

But how could she convey these disturbing feelings to the object of her affections? How could she explain these violent emotions for a man fifteen years her junior? Not only that, but an employee of hers. And what would her family say about it? She knew exactly. Everyone would tell her she had been lucky enough to bury two rich husbands amicably, and not to experiment a third time with someone who was young enough to be her son.

Khadija sensed Mohammed's shyness toward her, and women in general, and decided to act herself. For this purpose she commissioned her slave Maisara. Maisara had accompanied Mohammed on many of his journeys, and had, therefore, no compunctions about talking informally on the subject of marriage.

How was it, he asked, that a man of nearly twenty-eight, with ability and good looks and a fine family background, had never married? Mohammed replied, with equal candor, that he had never thought much about it. He had been too busy. He was glad, too, that he had not; for how could a man who spent his life on the road, dependent on a salary and commission, establish the kind of home which would be expected of someone of his age and upbringing? Maisara countered this with the suggestion that he might "marry money." This amused Mohammed. How could a traveling salesman meet a wealthy woman, and if he did how could he even suggest marriage?

Maisara laughed. "But supposing a wealthy lady asked you to marry *her?*" and added, "A good-looking lady and of the best family?"

Mohammed was still more amused. Who was this dream creature whom Maisara had in mind?

He could not have been more taken aback when Maisara replied unhesitatingly: "Khadija!" and continued before Mohammed had time to recover from his astonishment. "If you'll leave it to me, I will arrange everything."

An interview was planned between Mohammed and Khadija. It took place in her apartments. Mohammed was shy, and she had to do all the explaining. When she had finished, Mohammed gratefully accepted the proposal. Everything seemed set for an immediate wedding. But not yet! Mohammed had been won, the family had not.

When Omar ibn Assad, the uncle and guardian of the bride-to-be, heard of the intended alliance, he flew into a rage. Then he said No with definiteness.

Though annoyed, Khadija was not discouraged. She had her uncle's obstinacy, and she also had her woman's wit. She let the storm pass. When everyone was off guard, when the atmosphere was serene, she gave a dinner. To it she invited all her nearest relations, including her uncle. She also asked two of Mohammed's uncles, Abu Taleb and Hamza, and several other important members of the Koreish clan. She asked, of course, Mohammed.

The dinner had been specially ordered and carefully cooked. With it were served quantities of imported wines and liqueurs. Soon everyone was in high spirits. Toasts were being drunk, speeches were being made, the warmth of a well-wined gathering was everywhere. The only diners who were completely sober were Khadija and Mohammed.

Choosing her time, Khadija made a speech herself. She spoke of Mohammed as the mind which had made her business prosper. She spoke of his integrity, of his noble lineage. She concluded that it would be an honor for any woman to marry such a man. All the guests applauded. More wine was poured. A cousin of Khadija called Waraka jumped up and seconded what Khadija had just said. There was more applause and more wine. Abu Taleb and then Hamza concurred with Khadija and Waraka. Before Omar ibn Assad knew what it was all about, he had made a speech himself approving of the engagement. Mohammed at once clothed the old man in the robe which, according to tradition, a son-in-law gave his father-in-law at a wedding. At the same time Khadija anointed her uncle's hair with perfumes. As far as custom was concerned, Mohammed and Khadija were married.

But Khadija was not taking any risks. She knew how much wine had had to do with this cordial spirit. She was familiar with the reactions of mornings after. So, while everyone was patting everyone else on the back and toasting and boasting, she had the lawyers come in. In the same friendly atmosphere the marriage contract was drawn up, the dowry arranged, and everything else settled. According to the laws of Mecca, Mohammed and Khadija were bound and tied as man and wife. When the party broke up, Mohammed said good night to the guests and remained with his bride.

It was the beginning of an extremely happy marriage. Khadija was passionately in love with Mohammed. Mohammed's feelings were more of affection and attachment for his bride. In a different way, he probably loved her more deeply than she loved him. He certainly cared more about Khadija than any other woman, perhaps more than any other person, in his life. During the twenty-one years they were married, she received his undivided attention, and that in a country where polygamy was practiced and recognized. Whatever may have been the bases of Mohammed's subsequent love affairs, Khadija was his first woman and, in his mind, she certainly remained his last.

The Call

Mohammed's union with Khadija did not immediately affect his way of living. He continued as head of the firm and did not give up his trips with the caravans. Nevertheless, the business of the house of Khadija did not improve. In fact, it deteriorated.

With the relief from the daily necessity to earn, Mohammed was finding time to think about all kinds of things which had been accumulating in his head. Sometimes, when he should have been signing a contract or assembling a caravan, his wife would find him lost in a daydream. Khadija, being a wise woman, sensed something of what was stirring in her husband. Being a tactful wife, she did not nag. She let him be. Thus she was helping to lay the foundations of Islam. In this she had an enthusiastic abettor in her cousin Waraka, who had backed her up at the wedding feast.

Waraka had been the only member of Khadija's family to take her side when she wanted to marry Mohammed. He was the first also to support Mohammed when he began to have ideas about a mission. Much of the knowledge which Mohammed had of the Torah and the Talmud of the Jews and of the Christian Gospels came from this man. It was the outcome of talks with Waraka, together with what he had picked up during his travels, which made Mohammed dream in his office and loll on his camel.

Up to that time, he had never seriously questioned the ritual of Kaaba. He and his wife were conventional idolators who prayed to Allah Ta'ala and his consort Allat, as well as to the other gods and goddesses. That they were made of stone did not particularly worry Mohammed. Now that he had the leisure to turn over in his mind what Waraka discoursed about, what the Nestorian monk at Bosra had said so many years ago, what the bishop of Nejran had preached about, the Kaaba and all that went with it seemed to lack something.

The great desert shrine was like an overcrowded hen coop after sunset. Three hundred and sixty rude stone figures encumbered its dimly lit interior. Statues of Abraham and Ishmael, which had been nothing more than reminders of the founders of the Arab race, had become part of the pagan worship. Mary and Jesus were there with divining arrows thrust into their cold hands as symbols of magic.

The absurdity of the whole thing surged over Mohammed like the dawn of a new day. It was impossible to reconcile the mystic thoughts which his mind was generating with this worship of grotesque and shapeless figures of stone. Still he had no solution. The more he considered the matter, the more baffled he felt.

After a while, which must be measured in years, the negative conclusions faded and rematerialized into constructive ideas, into ideas for religious reform. Vaguely, and then lucidly, Mohammed reasoned, and his reasoning was something on this order:

To Adam must have been revealed the bases, the origins, of all religions. These must have been simple and inartificial; they had had to do with one God. That God was still there? He must be if He was the God who had created the universe. The universe was the best evidence of God. Therefore, presuming that He was there, He should be worshiped, He should be consecrated as the source of everything now and in the hereafter. Neither did it require a great deal of thought to identify Him right there in Mecca. He was Allah, the Lord of the Kaaba, the God who was reverenced above all the vague deities whom the Arabs worshiped.

For twelve years after Mohammed's marriage, no one knew of the spiritual changes which he was undergoing except Khadija. The middle-aged wife was still blissfully happy. Mohammed's tenderness toward her had increased. At no time did he suggest insulting her presence in the harem by introducing a rival. Khadija did not know what exactly was going on in her husband's mind, but she did not ask questions or let the matter worry her. She did not really have the leisure. In addition to keeping her eye on the business, she was occupied by having babies. This comparatively old lady bore Mohammed two sons and four daughters.

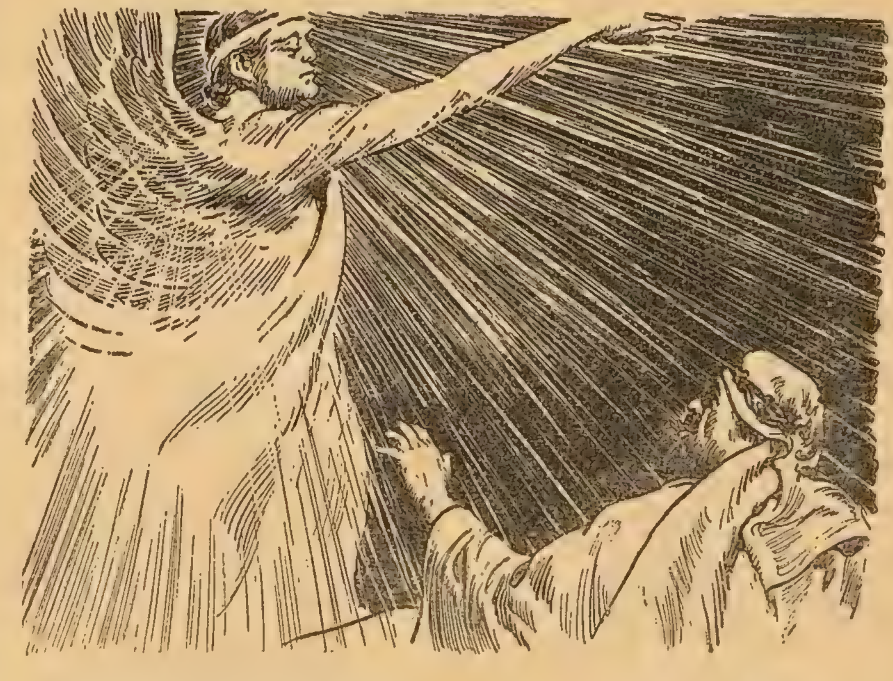
The eldest of the sons was Kasim. Kasim died, and his death drove Mohammed more and more into himself. The other boy died in infancy. All of the daughters grew to maturity, but three predeceased their father. Only one of the children survived him, Fatima.

Had Mohammed's sons lived, it is possible that his cares might have been quite different. But there were no little boys to bring up, so he continued to ruminate on his ideas for a religious reformation in Mecca. Again and again he went back over all he remembered hearing during the caravan days. These thoughts brought him to a second conclusion.

The primitive and pure faith of Adam had been corrupted by men. In order to counteract this, a succession of prophets had been sent to the world by God. Noah had been one of these, so had Abraham and Moses, so had John the Baptist and Jesus Christ.

These theories led Mohammed to further thought. Had not nearly six hundred years passed since the death of Christ? Was it not time for another prophet to appear to reform the world? The 360 idols cluttering up the Kaaba certainly suggested it.

The moment that notion took hold of Mohammed, all interest in business faded. Solitude became an obsession. The place he chose for his retreat was Mount Hira, a few miles outside Mecca. Mount Hira was really a gigantic rock polished by sand and wind and rent in the middle by a great cleft. Within its rocky side was a small, dark cave. Here Mohammed spent days, sometimes days and nights, in silent meditation. He ate little, he slept little, and gradually developed a nervous tensity which had nothing of the carefree businessman of a few years back.



These facts and vigils naturally affected the health of one who had been accustomed to plenty of food and exercise and a life in the open. Mohammed's rare sleeps became troubled with strange dreams, which he remembered vividly on waking and told to Khadija. Sometimes he lost consciousness and lay on the ground like one dead. Sometimes he went into convulsions.

According to contemporary traditions and the evidence of Khadija, shortly before he had his first revelation—that is, when he was thirty-nine to forty—and then on through his life, he was seized with violent trembling, followed by a fainting spell. This was accompanied by heavy perspiring, even in the coldest weather. On some occasions he would lie for appreciable periods with tightly closed eyes, moaning.

THE first of the divine revelations took place in the year 610 after Christ. It was during the month of Ramadan, a time of fasting, and Mohammed had gone to his cave on Mount Hira to pray and meditate. The sun had set on the night of Al Kadar. Al Kadar, according to Islam's holy book, the Koran, is the night which is better than a thousand months, bringing peace and blessing until rosy dawn. The Arabs say that on this night angels visit the world and Gabriel brings down the decrees of Allah from heaven.

Wrapped in his mantle, Mohammed lay on the rock floor of his cave half asleep. Suddenly a voice—a strange, clear voice unlike any he had heard before—roused him. Twice the voice called, each time more urgently. Mohammed, with his superstitions about djinns, tried to close his ears to the voice. But it persisted and grew louder. The effect was so disturbing that Mohammed fainted. When he came to, he saw a dazzling angel in human form standing before him. The same voice spoke once more: "Read thou!" it commanded.

"I cannot," replied Mohammed.

"Read thou!" insisted the angel. "Read thou, in the name of the Lord who created all things, who created man from a clot; read in the name of the Most High, who taught man the use of the pen, and taught him what before he knew not."

These words Mohammed, now strangely elated, repeated until he knew them by heart. When he had finished, the angel said:

"O Mohammed, truly thou art the messenger of Allah, and I am his angel Gabriel."

With that he vanished.

As soon as Mohammed had recovered from the celestial apparition, he thought of Khadija. So he gathered himself up from the floor of the cave and ran out onto the desert. Trembling and agitated, he tottered into Khadija's room and, waking her, told her of his vision. For a moment he remained staring at her, but before she could sufficiently recover from her surprise to say anything, he suddenly let out a cry of distress.

As her husband stood before her, haggard and questioning, Khadija felt a deep, motherly compassion for him. Laying her hand on Mohammed's arm, she said earnestly:

"God is my protection! Rejoice, dear husband, and be of good cheer. He in whose hands stands the life of Khadija is my witness that thou wilt be the Messenger of His people!" Then she added, "Hast thou not been loving to thy kinfolk, kind to thy neighbors, charitable to the poor, hospitable to the stranger, faithful to thy word, and ever a defender of the truth?"

Mohammed's strained expression relaxed. Then he smiled. Khadija suggested that he rest awhile. With that, she ran off to tell Waraka what had happened.

WARAKA was now very old and infirm and blind, but he roused himself at Khadija's news. Without hesitation he assured her that all Mohammed had said must be true, that her husband was God's elect. Khadija hurried back to Mohammed with her cousin's message.

She covered Mohammed with his cloak and watched beside his mat as he slept. Soon he began to moan and tremble. Beads of perspiration appeared on his forehead. Then he sat up, tense. He stared before him as if listening to someone. After a time, he spoke as if repeating a lesson:

"O thou, enwrapped in thy mantle! Arise and warn! Arise and magnify thy Lord! Purify thy raiment and depart from all uncleanliness!"

He turned to his wife.

"Oh, Khadija," he said, "the time of rest and sleep has passed, Gabriel has ordered me to warn the people and call them to God and His worship!"

With that, he rose and hurried off to speak to Waraka. The old man, after hearing Mohammed, confirmed what he had said to Khadija, adding:

"I swear by him in whose hands Waraka's life is, God has chosen thee to be the Prophet of his people. The great Nomos, the confidant of Allah, has come to thee. They will call thee liar, they will persecute thee, they will banish thee, they will fight against thee. Oh that I could live to those days. I would fight for thee."

Although comforted and encouraged, Mohammed did not quite know what to do next. Soon he began to worry. What if this had been a celestial practical joke? What if there were to be no more revelations? Anxiously he waited for the angel to give him a further sign. But no angel came. Mohammed became nervous, then frightened. Finally, desperate, he went back to Mount Hira. He decided that he had made a fool of himself. He had declared himself a soothsayer, he had let his wife believe him to be a prophet with a divine mission. He writhed with shame and climbed quickly to the top of the glittering crag. There was only one thing left for him to do. But, as he made ready to take the first step which would send him to some sort of eternity, he saw Gabriel, who halted him with raised hand. In those clear and unmistakable tones, the angel cried:

"I am Gabriel and thou art Mohammed, the Messenger of Allah!"

The angel vanished, leaving Mohammed rooted to the edge of the precipice. He tried to move, but he felt as if his limbs were paralyzed. His voice had gone.

Khadija knew that her husband was in a disturbed state of mind. When, therefore, he tramped out onto the desert, she had a notion where he had gone. Accordingly, when he did not return, she sent a man to look for him. The man found him in a kind of trance on the edge of the precipice and brought him home.

The Persecutions

There were to be other women in Mohammed's life but none for whom he had such genuine and sublime emotions as for Khadija. Her simple belief in the man she married, because she loved him, gives credence to these first stages of the faith which today claims one in every seven people of the world's population. Some of Mohammed's biographers cannot determine whether Mohammed began his career as an inspired enthusiast or a designing impostor. Khadija seems to answer that question.

It does not seem likely that a person like Khadija would have chosen as leader of her caravans, then as manager of her important business, and finally as her husband a man who was a designing impostor, or even an impostor who was not designing. Neither does it appear probable that an impostor with so much family influence would have made so little out of such obviously golden opportunities. Neither is it likely that such a character, having married his wealthy employer, would have remained faithful to her until she died or neglected the money-making aspect of their alliance for some intangible spiritual revelation.

The same writers who represent Mohammed as a designing impostor ridicule his visions. Against such ridicule nothing can be said, as proof or disproof to the contrary, except that in almost every chapter of the Old Testament and in many of the New, occurrences are reported which are no more peculiar than those which are supposed to have taken place on Mount Hira. Those, therefore, who scoff at Mohammed on Mount Hira must likewise scoff at Moses on Mount Sinai and Jesus on the hills of Galilee. They must scoff at Joan of Arc in her Domremy highlands and at Bernadette Soubirous in the Pyrenees. The accounts of the Transfiguration and of Michael speaking to Joan and of the Blessed Virgin appearing at Lourdes were all given in good faith. So were those about Mohammed and the angel Gabriel.

As a matter of fact, Mohammed was, to begin with, cautious about letting anyone know of his adventure in the cave. Only a few near relatives were let into the secret and made the profession of faith with their slaves. The reason why Mohammed had to be so cautious was on account of the Kaaba people—that is, the officials of the shrine, the administrators of the city. With them officially against him, he would have little chance of making any headway in Mecca.

Mohammed worked discreetly and slowly. During the first four years of his mission, he gathered no more than forty converts. But nothing remains secret for long in an Arab community. Although Mohammed did his best to change the places of the meeting of the converts from friend's house to friend's house, even to the desert, leakage of what was going on began. Soon the gatherings of believers were being broken up by rowdies and often degenerated into fist fights.

There were many who wanted Mohammed's death. Soon, to have anything to do with Mohammed meant running the risk of being killed. Accordingly in 615 he gathered a band of about one hundred converts and sent them to Abyssinia. The Abyssinians were Nestorian Christians and tolerant to other creeds.

In time a second immigration of converts to Abyssinia took place, and the story began to circulate that Mohammed was planning to have the Abyssinians invade Mecca. His death was demanded. The situation was beginning to look ugly until Abu Taleb, the Prophet's uncle, came to the rescue. Outside of Mecca, he owned a kind of family stronghold. In this, he had Mohammed and his partisans take refuge. Here they remained for some time in the greatest discomfort. The Koreishites tried to starve them out, and the only food and water they obtained was through the help of a few loyal friends who had stayed in Mecca. But as with all persecuted persons, their courage and determination to vindicate themselves grew stronger.

After a while the situation degenerated into a stalemate. There had been no invasion by Abyssinians. Neither Mohammed nor his companions had shown any signs of giving in. Before long Mohammed and his beseiged garrison were permitted to go back to their homes.

Soon after coming back to Mecca, Khadija fell ill. She had been worn down by the persecutions and hardships. During the three days of her agony, Mohammed never left her. She drew her last breath in his arms. It was the month of December 619; Khadija was sixty-five years old, Mohammed was not quite fifty.

The Faith

Over a seemingly harmless statement that he had been appointed the Messenger of Allah, Mohammed had stirred up more turmoil in Mecca than it had known for centuries. Before one hundred years had passed, the turmoil had increased and spread over most of the then civilized world. Today, thirteen hundred years later, that turmoil is still apt to bubble up whenever Moslems and non-Moslems are thrown together.

Why? What had Mohammed evolved in his mind during those ten years since the first revelation on Mount Hira which was so disturbing? Why did his doctrines spread so much more rapidly than those of the Jews or Christians? What was the difference in Mohammed's teaching and that of Moses and Jesus?

There is no one-paragraph answer. What can be, and will be, explained, are the main principles of Mohammed's new faith, and the name of which is *Islam,* not Mohammedanism.

To say that a man or woman is a Mohammedan is incorrect. Mohammed never, at any time, suggested that the religion which he preached was his idea. He never attributed to himself anything godly. None of his followers ever worshiped him. According to his lights, he was a prophet like Noah or Moses, sent by God to restore into the right path His people who, from time to time, strayed.

The thesis of Islam had little to do with Mohammed. It was founded on a ready-made theory of revelation which had resulted from the gradual development of the religious history of Judaism and from Christianity.

To begin with, Mohammed's conception of Allah was of something unimaginable. He was Rabb, the Lord, a remote God who exercised absolute dominion from afar. Then Rabb was used less frequently, and Allah *(Al-Illah*—The God) took its place. God was now closer. Gradually His presence was felt wherever man turned. Soon his personality came even nearer. Mohammed began to say:

"God is fourth when three are met together, sixth when five are met together. When praying there is no reason to shout. God can hear the lowest whisper."

Finally he declared that God was not only over all and about all, but in all people.

Mohammed undoubtedly thought that he had been made the messenger of the one God of the world to all members of the human race. He further believed that he would succeed in bringing to full realization the work begun by Moses and continued by Jesus.

He approached the Jews, appealing to their Scriptures, which, he assured them, he had not come to destroy but to fulfill. He adapted the fasts and feasts of his new religion to their model. He tried to make them enter into his views of a great catholic creed embracing Jews and Christians and Moslems. Until he could no longer hope for Jewish collaboration, he allowed Jerusalem to remain the point toward which Moslems turned when praying.

It would not have taken a great deal to make Mohammed into a Christian. Although not approving of some doctrines of the Christians, he never declared himself against them. He put no obstacles in the way of Moslems marrying Christians. The mother of one of his sons was a Christian. He undoubtedly hoped for a while that, somehow or other, Islam and Christianity would come to an understanding.

Mohammed was trying to impose a monotheistic faith on a people who had been used to worshiping a multitude of gods. The Christians seemed to have complicated their fine, simple dogmas with something unnecessary and incomprehensible. To Mohammed, the mystery of the Trinity and Incarnation appeared to contradict the principles of Divine unity. In their obvious sense, they introduced three equal deities and transformed the man Jesus into the substance of the son of God.

Then the Christian reverence for saints and images did not seem to be so far removed from the Kaaba with its 360 idols of stone. Mohammed hated images.

Thirdly, he considered making of God the father of Jesus a blasphemy. He insisted that God was unlike anything, and could not beget. Neither did he believe that God would have allowed Jesus, who was a superior being whether he was the son of God or not, to be put to death. He declared that another person took the place of Jesus and was crucified. This person may have been one of the disciples, perhaps Judas, who thus paid for his treachery. Jesus himself was carried to heaven.

However, outside the question of dogma, there was an even greater obstacle in Mohammed's mind to compromising with the Christians. Christianity, as he saw it in Arabia and the adjoining countries, had been tried and had failed. During the three hundred years that it had been known to the Arabs, it had been unable to weaken or overthrow the idolatry of the inhabitants. In this, Mohammed had every argument on his side.

Having resigned himself to the impossibility of fusing the three religions, he set to work on Islam. In doing this he kept only what was best in the ancient doctrines of the Arabs and selected what he thought good in the Jewish and Christian teachings.

ONE of the first problems was to come to a decision about the Kaaba. He sensed the dangers of Kaaba worship and thought of abolishing it. Then he remembered its remote traditions, its importance to his home town. Accordingly he did away with the idols and many of the pagan rites, but left in a few which are really out of keeping with Islam.

With regard to polygamy, he compromised. As the Old Testament tells us, it was a custom in the Orient dating from time immemorial. The Arabs had always been polygamous. Mohammed did not approve, but there was not much he could do. It was one of those things, the condemning of which would have cost him many followers without doing him or his cause much good. So he let the system continue and limited the number of wives.

There is no priesthood in Islam. There are Moslem religious teachers and preachers and mosque officials, but no intermediaries between the believer and God. There is no obligation even to worship in a mosque. A Moslem is in direct relationship with Allah, and his relationship is left a good deal to his conscience.

The Moslems appoint Friday as a special day for prayer, but it is not a day of sloth, of getting up late, of playing a round of golf or going for a swim. Work goes on as usual as soon as the praying is over.

Many of the other Islamic codes were brought into being by local circumstances. The eating of pork was banned because the pig in the Orient is an even fouler feeder than in the Occident. The Arabs did not know how to cure the meat and might not even cook it properly.

The restraint on drinking alcohol was due to the Arab weakness for raw alcoholic spirit made from the fermented sap of the date palm. Had Arabia been a wine country, it is possible that this prohibition might not have been thought of.

The removal of the shoes instead of the headdress on going into a mosque or holy place had a practical reason. An Arab turban could not be taken off like a hat, while the slippers without laces came off easily. The floor of the mosque was declared sacred ground and must not be soiled. But, before such decrees an Arab always took his shoes off on entering a building or a tent. He wanted to protect the carpets on which he sat and slept.

Making almsgiving a tenet of the faith would very likely not have occurred to a man living in a town among sedentary people. But it was difficult to levy taxes from the wandering tribes which came and went with the seasons. So the payment of a percentage on property or income toward the maintenance of Islam became a religious observance.

On a par with the absurd idea that the Moslem religion has chiefly to do with polygamy is the notion that the Moslem paradise is a place where the practice of polygamy has been perfected. As a matter of fact, nothing so tedious as marriage is mentioned as a phase of future life.

What Mohammed did offer to his followers was a final resting place where they would find all that they had missed on earth: rivers and lakes and green grass; and fruit trees with fruit always ripe; and wine to drink which exhilarated and did not intoxicate; plenty to eat too, without indigestion.

The inhabitants of this labor-saving home could recline indefinitely on couches, the linings of which would be made of silk. There would be none of that thirsty ceaseless toil of the desert, none of its hardships. Seventy-two houris, black-eyed girls of resplendent beauty, of virgin purity and exquisite sensibility would be at the disposal of every Moslem believer. Neither did this exclude women less resplendent or less pure from entering paradise. There are repeated declarations in the Koran contradicting the general opinion that Islam denies females the possession of a soul. Mohammed thought too highly of women to inculcate such a doctrine. So he declared that the gates of heaven would be open to both sexes. He did not, however, specify the male companions for the chosen ladies. He probably did not want to alarm the jealousies of the former husbands or disturb their happiness by a suspicion of an everlasting marriage.

Al Hijra—The Flight

Soon after Khadija's death, Mohammed did an unexpected thing. He married. He married twice! Neither of the unions was for love. One of the brides was a child of seven, the other a middle-aged, unattractive widow of an immigrant who had fled to Abyssinia in 614 and had died there. The reasons for both these marriages were primarily practical.

The child bride was Aisha, the daughter of Abu Bakr, a close friend, the first convert. The idea of such a match had nothing to do with Mohammed. He was too distressed at Khadija's death and overworried by his persecutions to think about women. The suggestion came from an aunt who pointed out that while, for the moment, the marriage of Aisha could be regarded as nothing more than a betrothal, it would insure the daughter of Mohammed's most faithful follower becoming a member of the family. Aisha, she added, showed every sign of growing up a beauty. Mohammed agreed, and the marriage took place. Although it was not consummated until some years later, this strange union of the aging preacher and the little girl was to have far-reaching effects on Islam.

The other bride, Sawda bint Zama, came into Mohammed's family circle more as a housekeeper than anything else. She was a large, heavy woman for whom Mohammed never had any emotional feelings. But she had been one of the first converts, and her husband had died in exile for the cause. She hardly ever lived with her second husband, and on several occasions Mohammed tried to get rid of her, but she begged to remain without privileges. She finally died in the harem, unmourned and unnoticed.

Ten years had now passed since Mohammed had been ordered to preach and make known the nature of his message to the Meccans. During those ten years he had lost everything which he had gained during the preceding forty. It looked more and more as if something were wrong with him or with what he had in mind.

THEN, one day, an important incident took place.

For many centuries the Jews in Arabia had been waiting for the Messiah. Especially was this the case in Yathrib. Yathrib is the old name for Medina, or more exactly, Medinat en Nabi, the City of the Prophet, and was the home of three important Jewish tribes, the Beni an Nadir, the Beni Kainuka, and the Beni Koreiza. They were under the Arab sovereignty of two bedouin groups, the Beni Aus and the Beni Khazraj, who had become sedentary people and settled in these Medina oases.

This belief of the Jews in the coming of a redeemer was known to these Arabs, and when, one day, some of the Beni Khazraj heard Mohammed preaching at a fair near Mecca, his words struck a familiar chord. Without hesitation they exclaimed:

"Surely this must be the prophet with whom the Jews are threatening us! Let us make haste and join him!"

The men spoke to Mohammed. They expressed their interest in what he had been saying and asked for more details. Mohammed arranged a meeting in the desert where there would be no risk of interruptions. There he talked far into the night. His sincerity and clear reasoning impressed the Medinese. They told him so, but pointed out that they could promise nothing on behalf of their fellow citizens until they had discussed it with them. This they did as soon as they reached their homes. What they said created quite a stir, and the following year a larger group of men proceeded to Mecca to hear Mohammed.

These Khazrajites of Medina came from the finest Arab stock. Their power and position in Arabia were unquestioned. If they accepted Islam, Mohammed would have backing which would take him a long way toward the realization of his mission. If they did not, it did not seem possible for him to struggle on alone. His task in Mecca had become almost hopeless. Every day his life and the lives of his disciples were getting increasingly precarious. In fact, so menacing was the atmosphere that he began to dispatch his people in groups to Medina.

The Islam month of pilgrimage began. From all over Arabia pilgrims flocked to Mecca. Among these were seventy Medinese converts. A series of meetings were arranged with Mohammed in the desert after dark.

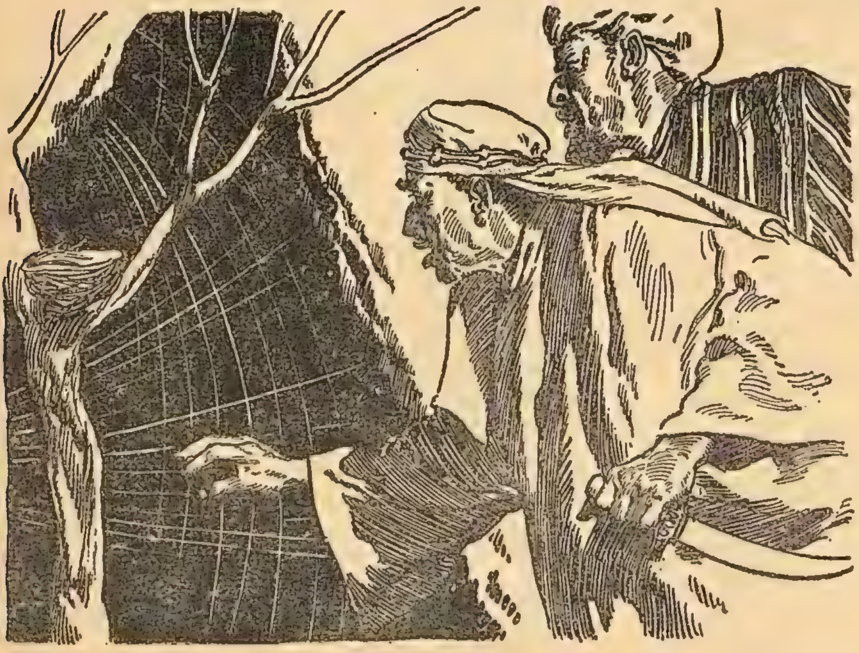
Somehow or other, the news of these secret meetings with the Medinese leaked out. Simultaneously it was discovered that practically the whole of the Moslem colony in Mecca had disappeared.

Abu Sofian was governor of Mecca. His hatred for Mohammed was intense. When these disquieting happenings were brought to his notice, he called a meeting of the city council. He said that this Mohammed controversy was getting out of hand. He added that if official action were not taken at once, anything might happen.

Abu Jahl, a Koreishite chief, whose loathing for Mohammed was on a par with Abu Sofian's, then spoke up. He said that there was only one way to settle the issue. Mohammed must be killed. He took a vote. There were no dissensions. He then advised that the execution should take place that night. To this also there was complete agreement.

However, in this case, too, someone had been listening who should not. Within a few minutes of Mohammed's conviction and condemnation, he had been notified. At once he realized that if he did not want to be killed and bring about the death of many others who had risked all for him, he must act quickly.

Summoning Abu Bakr, Aisha's father, and Ali, both devoted friends, he told them what was afoot. They both agreed that Mohammed must make a dash for it. Abu Bakr said he would go with Mohammed. Ali said he would stay in Mecca to look after the women and children. For the moment there was no time to lose. Already Abu Sofian and Abu Jahl, with their assassins, could be heard coming up the winding narrow street. Seizing Mohammed's cloak, Ali pushed him and Abu Bakr out of the door. Then he closed and locked it and went and lay on Mohammed's carpet, covering himself with the cloak.



The murderers reached the house but hesitated when they found that to get in they must use force. One of them managed to peep through the shutters. On the carpet he saw what he took to be Mohammed wrapped in his well-known mantle. It was decided to wait until morning and kill Mohammed as he came out of the house.

As the first white rays of the rising sun hit the flat roofs of Mecca, the door of Mohammed's house opened. The men stood ready to spring. Then they held back as their astonished eyes rested on the burly figure of Ali standing on the threshold carrying Mohammed's cloak over his arm.

After the first surprise, Abu Jahl asked Ali where Mohammed was. Ali replied that he had not any idea. He had gone out with Abu Bakr the evening before without telling where or when he was coming back.

Abu Sofian and Abu Jahl decided that Mohammed had started for Medina. Camels traveled slowly. They would be no match for horses. The would-be murderers hurried off to start a man hunt.

MOHAMMED had guessed what would be the reactions of the Koreishites when they found he had gone. He had, therefore, not started for Medina. He had gone on foot with Abu Bakr to Mount Thaur, about one hour's walk from Mecca. He had advised Ali of his plan and asked him to keep him posted as to what was going on.

The two fugitives reached Mount Thaur while it was still dark and concealed themselves in the innermost recess of a cave in the rocky hillside.

Soon after sunrise they heard the Koreishite horsemen galloping over the desert. When they had gone some way, however, and found no camel tracks, they realized that Mohammed had fooled them again. They, accordingly, began searching closer to Mecca. Some of them actually came to the cave where the runaways crouched. Abu Bakr was extremely frightened and said so. Mohammed was as calm as he always was. When Abu Bakr asked him, in dismay, what two unarmed men could do against a gang of blood-lusting warriors, he replied: "Do not worry, Abu Bakr, we are not alone. Allah is beside us."

It was then that what Moslems regard as a miracle occurred. At the entrance of the hiding place was an acacia. In this a dove had built its nest and laid its eggs. Simultaneously a spider had spun its web over the mouth of the cave. The horsemen, who were about to search the cave, saw this and concluded that it would be a waste of time to go inside. No one, they argued, could have possibly passed the entrance lately.

The Koreishites mounted their horses and rode off. The fugitives thanked God and did not move.

As night began to fall, friends of Mohammed came out to the cave. They left provisions for the two men in hiding. On the third night they came with two camels and a nomad whom they could trust. Mohammed mounted and, followed by Abu Bakr, rode into the night.

In order to avoid the main caravan tracks, the fugitives struck a diagonal course northwest toward the Red Sea. Medina is about two hundred miles from Mecca, and much of this distance had to be covered before there could be any question of being out of danger of capture.

On the seventh morning after the beginning of the flight, the oasis of Kuba, a few miles from Medina, was reached. The travelers found themselves among hills covered with tall date palms. About them were gardens in which grew oranges and lemons and pomegranates. Irrigation channels sent water gushing over the rich soil into which fig trees and apricot trees sank their roots. Mohammed made his camel kneel and dismounted. Then he gave thanks to Allah for having brought him safely to the end of his journey. After that he stretched himself out in the shade to rest and recuperate.

The Meccans who had immigrated before their leader knew that he would be soon on his way and had been watching for him. As soon as rumors of his arrival began to spread, crowds came flocking from Medina. They brought clean clothes and food. Mohammed accepted the gifts and the warm greeting gratefully, but, for a few days, he stayed in Kuba. He was extremely tired.

On the fourth morning after his arrival, he announced that the time had come for him to make his entry into the city which had adopted him. He assembled all those who had come to greet him and led the first Moslem prayer in public. This he followed by preaching his first uninterrupted sermon in daylight. After that he mounted his camel, an almost white dromedary called Al Kaswa, and rode toward Medina.

AS THE procession reached the entrance of Medina, the excitement and shouting gathered in strength. Mohammed's elation correspondingly increased, but, with that rare sense of timing and propriety, he called a halt. Dismounting, he turned toward Jerusalem and offered a prayer of thanksgiving to Allah for having given him this triumph. Then he remounted and, letting the rein fall loosely on Al Kaswa's neck, allowed her to go as she pleased. The camel wandered through several streets of deliriously cheering crowds and finally knelt in an open space under some date palms. Mohammed dismounted again and announced that where his camel had halted, he would build a mosque and make his home.

The only world state based solely on religion was at that moment coming to life in the green oasis of Medina. The date was July 2, 622 of the Christian era, known from that time as Al Hijra—(the year of) The Flight or, more precisely, The Emigration. Soon after Mohammed's death this was decreed to be the official beginning of the Moslem era.

Although the first few days in Medina were given over to resting and praising Allah, Mohammed's mind was planning. Islam urged him on now as impatiently as in the days of active persecution. More so. It had proved itself. Now he must prove it to all those who had believed and to all those who had scoffed. He must prove it to others who had never heard of it.

Before he could attend to this effectively, however, he must provide himself with permanent quarters. Within twenty-four hours of the Meccan refugees' reaching Medina, the ground had been broken for the first Moslem mosque, or *masjid,* which signifies "place of kneeling for prayer." So great had been the enthusiasm of the welcome that no one had noticed that the place Al Kaswa had selected to deposit her weary body was a graveyard. But no one cared. The people buried there had been heathens, so the bones were exhumed and thrown away to sort themselves on the Day of Judgment. The Palms which used to shade the tombs were cut down. The ground was leveled and foundations laid. Mohammed took part in these preparations as well as in the actual building. He was assisted by Medinites as well as by Meccans.

The first mosque was of the simplest design. The walls were made of sun-dried bricks resting on a base of stones. The roof was of palm-branch thatching supported by the trunks of the graveyard palms. The interior of the mosque was plastered over with mud. There were no ornamentations, not even a pulpit. Mohammed had to preach from the same level as his congregation. At night the lighting was effected by fires of wood splinters, which were later replaced by small oil lamps.

The present mosque has the same foundations as the original edifice, but that is all. Five mosques have succeeded one another on the old site. The last, which stands in Medina today, dates from the fifteenth century. It is an ornate affair with five minarets and a green dome surmounted by a golden orb and crescent. Under this dome lie the remains of the Messenger. Except for this, there is nothing about the place which is even slightly suggestive of Mohammed. In fact, it has everything within it and without which he would have disliked.

Mohammed's way of living was as simple as that of Jesus. All the tawdry interior decoration of so many churches and some mosques today is the work of successors who could not see how much more suitable were the simple settings preferred by the founders of the two great faiths. The only thing to remind Moslems of the origin of the building in which they pray in the 1940s is the name, Masjid al Nabi—The Place of Kneeling for Prayer of the Prophet.

As a kind of annex to the mosque Mohammed built his own quarters and those for his family. These consisted of a row of humble cottages, separated one from another by palm branches cemented together with mud. There were no furnishings or draperies. Mohammed slept on a mat and did his household work himself. He even mended his clothes and cobbled his slippers.

His principal meal consisted of gruel, dates, and milk. Sometimes there was a soup of meat and vegetables, perhaps some honey. Whatever it was, he ate it on a mat on the floor. His clothes were as simple as his food. Next to his skin, a rough wool or cotton tunic with sleeves. Over this, an ample cloak. On his head, a thick turban. On his feet, leather sandals. Toward the end of his career he sometimes appeared in Damascene silks and an embroidered mantle. But this was rare. He disliked finery and disapproved of his followers dressing up. The Negus of Abyssinia once sent Mohammed some trousers and a pair of long black boots. The trousers he did not know what to do with, and never used. The boots he wore occasionally, but they hurt his feet.

One of the first problems which confronted Mohammed was how to summon his people to prayer. The Jews called their congregations to the temple by blasts on trumpets; the Christians beat gongs. Mohammed considered these customs too inanimate for such hallowed purposes. He felt that the human voice could better communicate the inspiration and emotion which should be dedicated to the solemnity of the occasion.

To begin with, there was no set formula for this invocation. "To public prayer!" was deemed sufficient notice to the faithful. After a while, however, Mohammed decided that something more impressive was needed. He composed the lines himself. They are simple, they have rhythm, and, chanted from the minarets of mosques throughout the world five times a day, now as then, they carry a heart-stirring message which moves men of any creed. The words of the call are as follows:

Allah is most great.
I bear witness that there is no God but Allah,
I bear witness that Mohammed is the Messenger of Allah
Come to prayer,
Come to progress.
God is most great.
There is no God but Allah.

Mohammed's Marriages

Outside his building and preaching and attending to other problems, Mohammed had also family preoccupations. Living with him was the fat wife-housekeeper, Sawda, and two of his daughters. Aisha, his child bride, was still with her father and mother. Although she was only ten, she was developing with that rapidity peculiar to Arab women which causes them to become old in their late twenties. At the suggestion, therefore, of her father, Abu Bakr, and his wife, Mohammed decided to consummate the marriage.

The marriage of the fifty-year-old man and the ten-year-old girl has caused some of Mohammed's biographers much concern. This has been largely due to the writers in question looking at the matter from the angle of their own societies and their own communities. They have not considered that this kind of marriage was, and still is, the custom in Asia. They have not reflected that it is still the custom in eastern Europe, was normal in Spain and Portugal up to a few years ago, and is not unusual today in some of the remote mountain districts of the United States. And, outside the question of custom, they have not taken into consideration the particular circumstances of this particular case.

There is first of all Abu Bakr, the father of the bride. A well-to-do Meccan businessman, he had sacrificed all for Mohammed's cause. It was understandable that he would look for a stable political alliance with the leader whom he had supported during his darkest days. Moreover, he believed in Mohammed, he respected him and liked him. He was sure his child would be well cared for in his friend's home.

Then Mohammed himself must be considered. Up to that moment there had been nothing amusing or young or gay about his life. The drudgery had been ceaseless. He was deserving of a little excitement outside being persecuted or sentenced to death.

The third point is that Aisha, child in years though she was, was no helpless infant abandoned to the mercy of a licentious old gentleman. If ever a young lady knew what she was about, it was the large-eyed, tiny-footed, curly-haired Aisha bint Abi Bakr. From the day she established herself in that mosque harem, she ran it. When other wives were imported, she continued to have the biggest say in all domestic matters. When Mohammed strayed, she did not relax her hold. She knew that he would always come back to her.

Two years after his arrival in Medina, Mohammed married his fourth wife, a widow named Hafsa, who was twenty and as pretty as she was sensual.

This marriage was quickly followed by another which was more of a formality than anything else. The bride, also a widow, was Zeinab bint Khuzaima. She was a worthy middle-aged person given to good works whom Mohammed took into his harem more from kindness than anything else. She never bothered Aisha, the child wife, now fourteen, or Hafsa and, eight months after her marriage, she died.

The next marriage was a very different kind of alliance and caused the two younger girls in the harem much concern. The new wife, Umm Salama, was beautiful, proud, and nobly born. Her husband had been wounded in battle and died. Mohammed was attached to him and was troubled by his death. So was his wife, who loved her husband and had sworn that she would never remarry. On his deathbed, however, her husband told her that she must not consider keeping such a vow.

For such a fine woman, there was no lack of suitors. At an appropriate time after the funeral, Abu Bakr and then the Prophet's friend Omar offered to make a home for Umm Salama. But she refused. Mohammed let a little more time pass and then proposed himself. Again Umm Salama refused. She had numbers of excuses for setting aside this honor. She was too old, she had children, she was jealous and did not like harem life.

Mohammed pointed out that he was himself much older than Umm Salama. As to the children, he said he would be only too glad to father them. As for the jealousy, he assured her that, with the aid of prayer and Allah, this would be quieted. "For," said he, "jealousy eats up virtue as fire burns up fuel." After a great deal of persuading and courting, Umm Salama gave in.

Aisha and Hafsa reacted badly to the marriage. They received the new wife with the required show of courtesy, but made it evident that they could be just as happy without her. Aisha admitted to Hafsa that she was exceedingly piqued. She had heard of Umm Salama's loveliness and found, to her dismay, that she was even more lovely than people said. Hafsa comforted her friend by saying that, while Umm Salama obviously had looks, she was also obviously old. At that age, beauty faded.

THE next lady to catch Mohammed's fancy caused an even greater shock to the harem. In fact, she was a shock to everyone and became the object of criticism and the subject of gossip for people outside the family circle. Her name also was Zeinab.

This Zeinab had immigrated to Medina a little before Mohammed but had never married, in spite of being nearly thirty. Soon after the Hijra, Mohammed had betrothed her and wedded her to his friend and freed slave, Zaid ibn Haritha. Zaid was plain. He was short and flat-nosed. He was uncultured. Outside his devotion to Islam and his master and his great personal courage, he had little to offer a lovely and aristocratic creature like Zeinab. She went through with the marriage because Mohammed insisted, but she never took any interest in Zaid. Zaid himself was no lady's man and never discovered how to handle his spoiled wife.

One day Mohammed went to visit Zaid. As no one answered his knocks and calls, he entered the house. Here he came upon the lovely Zeinab, who was half undressed. This exquisite spectacle caused him such emotion that he exclaimed:

"Praised be to Allah who transforms the heart!"

With that, he hurried away in confusion.

Zeinab had seen the look in Mohammed's eyes. She had heard what he had said and noted the way he had said it. She appreciated what it might lead to. Accordingly, as soon as her husband returned, she told him what had happened. As she had anticipated, the first thing which Zaid thought of was his beloved master. He went straight to Mohammed and offered to divorce his wife. Zaid's self-sacrificing proposal touched Mohammed, but he told Zaid to go back to Zeinab and think no more of it.

Zeinab, however, had other ideas. She knew what Mohammed felt about women. She was fairly sure what he felt about her. She was also more than tired of Zaid. So she began to make Zaid's life such a misery that he *had* to divorce her.

Mohammed allowed the recognized period between divorce and remarriage to pass, and took Zeinab into his harem. Then the trouble began.

The two young ladies were its instigators. Denying that jealousy had anything to do with it, they passed it around that this was an incestuous union. Zaid was Mohammed's son, and marrying his wife was against all the conventions of the world. It was a scandal, a disgrace! Such a thing could not be tolerated!

Zaid, of course, was not Mohammed's son. He had been adopted and made Mohammed's heir at the same time as he had been emancipated from slavery, but he was no blood relation. Nevertheless he was referred to as his son, and many Moslems were unaware how he had become so. When, therefore, Aisha and Hafsa raised their voices in outraged protest, so did the mosque congregation. Mohammed was in a quandary. Then, quickly, he had a revelation. The revelation left no doubt as to the difference between an adopted son and one begotten. It further stated that the widow or divorced wife of an adopted son did not come within the forbidden degrees for marriage.

The young ladies were disgruntled. Aisha snapped at her husband:

"The Lord makes haste to do your pleasure!"

But that altered nothing. Zeinab was delighted. She told everyone that Allah had deigned to interfere on her behalf. He had probably arranged the marriage Himself. Aisha and Hafsa laughed, but they were seriously put out.

MOHAMMED'S eighth wife was Juwairiya bint al Harith, whom he captured in the course of a successful raid against a nomad tribe.

In the year 627, when the Meccans besieged Medina, Mohammed led the Moslems in a victorious battle against the invaders. He caused the massacre of eight hundred Jews who had sided with the enemy, but took captive a beautiful Jewess called Reihana. All her male relatives had died that day of general execution. Mohammed suggested that she find comfort by marrying him. This she refused. She also refused to embrace Islam. She eventually became the Messenger's slave and concubine.

There were several female Moslems living in Abyssinia, of whom one was Umm Habiba, the daughter of Abu Sofian, chief of the Koreishites and Mohammed's violent antagonist. She was the widow of Obeidallah ibn Jahsh, one of the original fugitives from Mecca. Obeidallah himself was a cousin of Mohammed. He was also the brother of Zeinab, whose divorce from Zaid and marriage to Mohammed had caused such a scandal. As if this were not an already complicated enough relationship, Mohammed wished to add further ties by marrying this kinsman's widow. He had also in mind to mortify Abu Sofian and, simultaneously, strengthen his position in Mecca. Abu Sofian might denounce this alliance, but he would have to admit that the despised preacher was his son-in-law. As a matter of fact, all that Abu Sofian said when he heard about the marriage was:

"That camel is so rampant no muzzle can retain him."

Umm Habiba, however, was pleased to marry Mohammed, and the marriage was conducted by proxy.

Mohammed dispatched a number of embassies to nations outside his realm in an effort to encourage them to become Moslems. Mukaukis, the Roman governor of Egypt, received the envoys courteously. He would not, though, commit himself on the matter of Islam. Before the messengers started on their return journey, he gave them valuable presents for their master. These included jewelry, Egyptian linen, honey and butter, a she ass, a white mule, and a thoroughbred stallion. To these conventional gifts he added two Copt sisters of great beauty called Miriam (Mary) and Shiren.

Mukaukis could not have selected a present which would have pleased Mohammed more or caused a greater commotion in his home. The moment he set eyes on Mary, a fair, curly-headed beauty, he lost his heart to her. For some reason, however, he did not marry her but brought her into the harem as a concubine. The uproar which greeted this was unanimous. Everyone from Aisha to Zeinab declared themselves outraged. Making a solid front, all the wives turned against Mary. In fact, life was made so unpleasant for her that Mohammed moved her to an apartment in upper Medina.

Mary appeared at a time when jealousies between wives had reached boiling point. To try and keep the peace, Mohammed had allotted one night to each wife in rotation. When he traveled outside Medina, he had the women draw lots for the privilege of accompanying him. This did not prevent him from always preferring Aisha, who knew it and used it to her advantage.

Mohammed took his next wife after the taking of the Jewish city of Khaibar. Safiya was an exceedingly good-looking girl and a scheming opportunist. The moment she was brought before Mohammed, she made it clear that she wanted to be friendly. Mohammed, who needed little encouragement with a pretty woman, threw his cloak over her, which indicated that he took her under his protection. When, shortly after this, he screened her from his soldiers, they knew that another wife was being added to the harem.

The eleventh and ultimate bride was Maimuna bint al Harith. Her age was twenty-six, and she was a widow. The young lady was nice-looking and brought with her Meccan connections which Mohammed needed.

Domestic Affairs

Contrary to general belief, Arab women have a great deal to say in all matters pertaining to the home. Locked away in their harems or segregated in their tents, one might imagine that they would cease to be anything but conveniences for their men. It is possible that the men imagine this, but, as is usually the case where women are concerned, the men are wrong.

Arab women, without the feminine liberty of their occidental sisters, without opportunities to stir up jealousies, or run away, or even wear exciting clothes, control their husbands, get around them, and fool them in a way which is nothing less than sorcery. Arabs pay much more attention and are more considerate to the ladies of the veil than the majority of Occidentals, who should have more reason to watch their womenfolk.

Mohammed was no exception. He had a family instinct and showed the greatest regard for his wives.

"Women are the twin halves of men," he used to declare. "A Moslem must not hate his wife. If he be displeased with one bad quality in her, then let him be pleased with another which is good."

In pre-Islamic days, marriage for an Arab was merely a means for producing sons. Unless there were men to tend the flocks, the nomadic tribe ceased to exist. Women had no status in these communities. A man could have as many wives as he could afford. The eldest son inherited his father's widows with the flocks and tents.

Mohammed gradually altered all that. He advocated the marriage of the physically fit, regardless of social position or wealth. He proclaimed marriage as a foundation of society.

The marriage rite, he decreed, was not to be a religious observance. Here again we have the desert influence. Nomads would not be able to find a functionary whenever they happened to want to marry or a mosque in which to perform the ceremony, so the necessity of an intermediary or a sanctified spot for the uniting of men and women in wedlock was dispensed with. All that was required was a written contract between the parties concerned. The contract covered everything: the man's dowry, the woman's dowry, and what should be done with dowries in case of divorce. These regulations gave more consideration to womankind than in any occidental country of the period.

Mohammed clearly laid down that a Moslem should not simultaneously have more than four wives. That he himself went over the limit, having eleven wives, as well as two concubines, was partly due to his wish to have a son and partly to politics. Although they plagued him enough, Mohammed could not have been harsh on women. For, in spite of the harem jealousies, in spite of Aisha's pranks and the other girls' exigencies, he enjoyed women from all points of view. He loved them physically, but he also respected their intellects. The last thing that he wanted was for them to fall back into the condition of more or less slavery in which they had lived but a few years back. In one way only does he seem to have been strict with women. He never spoiled them. His harem life was as ascetic as that of his successors, a few centuries later, would be luxurious.

Although Mohammed took great care of his person—he tinted his eyelids with kohl, he perfumed his body, he dyed his hair when it began to turn gray—his eating and drinking and living were very simple. To that main meal of dates, bread, and milk and occasional meat, there was little variety. Cucumbers and pumpkins were eaten in season, but beyond these there were few extras.

These frugal habits were not due to Mohammed's despising good fare. On the contrary, he liked it. As Aisha related: "The Messenger loved three things—women, scents, and food." The ascetic attitude toward meals was mainly due to being badly off, to the amount spent on other people and given away.

It must not be supposed that because Mohammed had much of his leisure plagued by his women, he was a hen-pecked husband. He handled his wives with skill. He really knew a great deal about women. He said:

"Be charitable to the women sprung from your ribs. If you try to straighten a rib you will break it. Accept women as they are with all their curvatures."

He was not like his old friend Abu Bakr, who, in spite of having married four times, used to say:

"Women are an evil, but the greatest evil of all is that they are necessary."

The Last Pilgrimage

Mohammed's founding of a home in Medina, his building of the mosque gave him cause for a comfortable conscience. It gave him a foundation for the establishing of his religion. It did not give him security. It did not give him the wherewithal to live. Except over the sincere believers, it gave him no authority.

For thirteen years now he had been enduring insult and injury, the only reward for which had been more insult and more injury. Even in Medina he knew that it would only be a matter of months before his old enemies were on his heels again. After thirteen years of turning the other cheek, he suddenly decided to hit back.

That he was, to all intents and purposes, a starving outcast was due to the Koreishites. The only way to remedy the situation was by putting the Koreishites in their place. Furthermore, there appeared to be no point in living on starvation diets and working for pittances when there was plenty of plunder to be had from these Koreishite folk merely by going after it. The acquiring of this plunder, which was to most Arabs a legitimate source of livelihood, could, moreover, be combined with revenge on the Meccans.

So Mohammed had the right spirit with which to embark on the next phase of his policy. He had also the right material. These Arabs, the nomads, as well as the oasis people, were not uncultured. They were as fond of poetry and music as of war and loot. They were not, however, fond of work and avoided it if they could earn enough to live on by any other method. It was clear to Mohammed, therefore, that these gentlemen of the sword would make admirable soldiers to convince the Koreishites that, so far from being defeated by persecution, he was ready to carry the war into the enemy's camp.

There were other motives for Mohammed to assume the offensive. He had no money, neither had any of the well-to-do immigrants. Their business, their flocks, their homes had all been confiscated. In order to develop Islam, in order to keep the people contented, it was essential that they should be remunerated as well as fed and occupied. Raiding solved both problems.

As a result of this policy, the years between Mohammed's arrival in Medina, in 622, and his triumphant return to Mecca ten years later, were eventful ones for the Messenger and his faithful. Mighty battles were fought against the Koreishites; there were long periods of warfare with the Jews. In 627 the Meccans laid siege to Medina, but were unsuccessful in their effort to destroy the Moslems. The next year a peace treaty was signed between the warring factions, permitting Mohammed's followers to take part in the annual pilgrimage to the sacred Kaaba in Mecca. Mohammed then chose envoys to spread Islam through distant lands.

In 629 the treaty with the Koreishites was fulfilled. That year the Prophet led two thousand pilgrims to Mecca, and large numbers of Koreishites were converted to Islam. At last, in the year 630, Mohammed took over control of the city of his birth. One after another the 360 stone idols in the Kaaba were destroyed.

When the pilgrimage of the year 631 was in its final stages, the Messenger's adopted son Ali called the Moslems together and made known Mohammed's latest decree, which amounted to a denunciation of all infidels. Idolaters who refused to accept Islam were to be put to death. Jews and Christians did not have to forfeit their lives. They were to be warred against, but, on making submission to the Moslems and paying tribute, they were to be allowed to continue in their faiths.

When Ali had finished speaking, the pilgrims dispersed. As they made their ways to their homes they spread the news that, from now on, Islam was the faith for every part of Arabia. From the end of this ninth year after the Hijra and the six hundred and thirty-first after Christ, no one who did not believe in the inspired teaching of Mohammed would be permitted to set foot within the sacred area of Mecca.

This order is still enforced in 1946, thirteen hundred and fifteen years after it was promulgated.

THE Moslem faith unreservedly recognizes Christianity. Again and again Mohammed recommended tolerance toward the faith which so resembled his own. In all his treaties with Christians, he invariably guaranteed their liberty of worship.

The quarrel between Islam and Christianity is really a quarrel between near relations, and, like most quarrels of that kind, is based chiefly on misunderstanding. Nothing will be achieved by trying to discredit Mohammed. Nothing will be gained by dismissing the Koran—his holy book which combines a code of laws, ritual, moral, and civil; a book of common prayer and a narrative of biblical events—as a lot of incoherent nonsense. Much will be attained by studying Islam impartially.

Today there are 300 million Moslems in the world. Ninety-five per cent of them practice Islam as laid down by Mohammed thirteen hundred years ago, when he was about to make his valedictory pilgrimage to Mecca.

Before setting out on this last pilgrimage, Mohammed had to receive deputations from rulers who, if they did not all embrace Islam, recognized Mohammed's temporal rule. These rulers saw the handwriting on the wall and interpreted it correctly. To be safe in Arabia depended on the good will of Mohammed.

To Yemen, at the southern tip of Arabia, Ali was ordered to go and convince the inhabitants that a time had come when they should cease to regard Mohammed and his people merely as traders. When Ali returned to Medina, he drove before him prisoners and camels and sheep and goats. He also assured Mohammed that Yemen was part of Islam.

From another southern state, Hadramaut, came princely envoys to join the Islamic cause. The people of Hadramaut belonged to a rich, civilized race which lived in splendid cities overlooking the Gulf of Aden. They were great travelers and traders. Their attachment to Islam caused the faith to spread outside Arabia. It was they who carried it to Malaya, Java, and the Philippines.

No Jew or Buddhist or Christian ever saw his faith grow before him with such miraculous rapidity. No other religious leader was ever so rewarded in his lifetime. With the exception of Brigham Young, no other man of note has since attempted to set up a new creed.

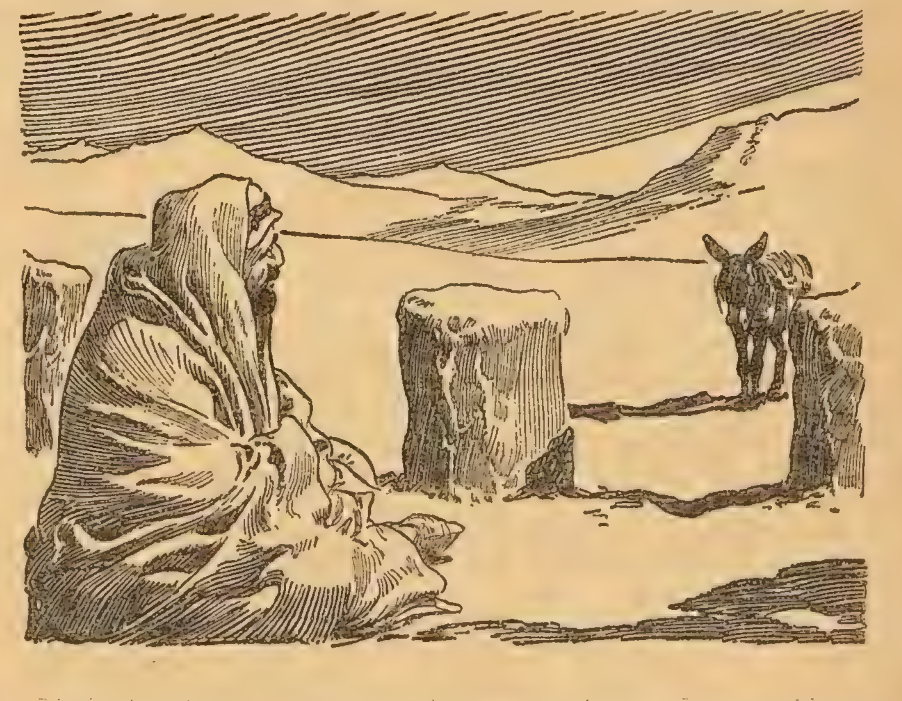
MOHAMMED was beginning to feel the strain. He probably had no definite premonition of his approaching death, but he did not want to be caught unawares. He accordingly made preparations for a full-dress pilgrimage to Mecca.

Early in March of 632 he mustered his men. Forty thousand answered the call. The nine surviving wives were also on parade in their camel-borne litters.

The great procession moved by easy stages across the desert. Sarif, a few miles from Mecca, was reached on the tenth day. Here the pilgrims bathed and rested. On the following morning the cavalcade wound its way down the rocky slopes of the barren hills which guarded the Holy City. As the sun rested its first rays on the Kaaba, Mohammed passed through the gate by which he had entered as conqueror on the last visit.

Not feeling strong enough to make the customary seven circuits of the Kaaba on foot, he did so on the back of his camel. During the succeeding days he performed the rites of the greater pilgrimage which have been observed with the same detail ever since. In fact, when, for certain uncontrollable reasons, and nothing to do with the cult, Mohammed had to hurry certain ceremonies, these hurryings were noted and are continued today!

Three days were allowed for the Medina contingent to recuperate before returning home. The atmosphere was cordial. Relatives met relatives, friends recognized friends without that watchful glance for the concealed sword that had marked previous pilgrimages. The brotherhood of which Mohammed had preached was put into practice.



MOHAMMED was happy. His mind was at peace. He had completed the pilgrimage and established a ritual which he knew would continue. But, although all the official ceremonies had been attended to, he had a private rite to perform before he could return to Medina completely satisfied.

After the last evening prayer had been said, he slipped away from the crowd. Mounting his mule, he rode out of Mecca through stones and scrub until he came to a tomb. He dismounted and sat beside it. Beneath the hard, arid ground lay his beloved wife Khadija, his first convert, the only woman for whom he had really cared.

Silently he prayed. Then he wrapped himself in his cloak and remained motionless, lost in meditation. He seemed to see his life racing before him.

His childhood with the nomads of the desert, his youth. His first wonderful journeys into foreign countries, his first realization that there were other landscapes than the desert, other people than the Koreishites. Then the unforgettable day when Khadija had put him in charge of her caravans. This had been the end, so to speak, of Mohammed's carefree career. From then on—with the marriage, with the new leisure—the thoughts accumulated during the voyages had had time to sort themselves. Gradually everything had changed.

He saw again the cave on Mount Hira and heard the awful words of Gabriel. He felt Khadija comforting him and listened to friends pledging their trust in him. He heard the gibes and insults of the Meccans, followed by the threats of death until he was obliged to flee for his life. The Medina scenes surged toward him. The first mosque, the first home, battles, his following growing until, once more, he saw Mecca. . . .

Mohammed closed his eyes as the incredible triumph which had been his loomed up in the night. He felt overwhelmed by what God had done for him and his people. It was staggering! Then his senses seemed to travel on into the future, and everywhere the triumph continued. He saw many of the old faces as the Moslems sped to north, south, east, and west like great rays of light. Wherever they went, they followed his teaching, until Persia and Egypt and Mesopotamia knew his name. Then the old faces faded and new ones took their places, but they all looked forward with the same purpose. On and on went the banners of Islam, across North Africa to the Atlantic; northward, after that, through Spain and into France, East they went too. Across the Persian Gulf to India and China. In Malaya and in the Indies, in East and West Africa, what he had taught his people here in Mecca spread relentlessly.

Gently Mohammed touched the ground which covered Khadija. It was due to her that all this had happened, due to her that all this would be.

The Death of Mohammed

Mohammed died according to tradition. To within a few hours of ceasing to live, he was ministering to his people. . . .

Soon after the return from the Mecca pilgrimage, Mohammed set about organizing an expedition against Syria. The army marched on the faternoon of May 27 and camped that night at Al Jurf. This was as far as it got for some time. Before "Fall in" had sounded the following morning, news came that Mohammed had been taken seriously ill.

No one has stated definitely what was the cause of Mohammed's fatal sickness. Some suggest that he died of malignant malaria. Or was it typhoid?

During the course of his sickness, he ran a violent fever. He had acute intestinal and back pains. He sickened with great rapidity.

Aisha was then barely twenty. She had never nursed a sick person before or been close to death, but Mohammed wanted her beside him then. She rose to the occasion and devoted herself to the last days of her dying husband. Mohammed reacted vigorously to the affection which this girl showed him. His strength began to return and his thoughts to clear. He called for water and, having bathed, dressed and went into the mosque. The congregation had just assembled for the general prayer. Mohammed led it as usual.

The journey to the mosque and back tired him, and he spent a restless night. In the morning he did not feel able to lead the prayers. He accordingly gave Abu Bakr orders that he should lead them. This was the nearest he ever did to appointing a successor. It is, nevertheless, clear that this was what he intended. By singling out the trusty colleague, by choosing Abu Bakr's daughter Aisha as his nurse and her quarters as his sickroom, Mohammed manifestly indicated that he meant the caliphate to pass to Abu Bakr.

During the next few days the fever took such a hold on the Messenger that he could not leave his mat. At times he was delirious, but on the whole his mind registered all that went on about him. He complained little. He recognized his old companions as they came to see him. He even gave instructions that any savings which he possessed should be given to the needy. Then, like the last flame of a dying fire, he was feeling better.

Water and clean clothes were brought and he had friends help him into the mosque. He reached it when Abu Bakr was in the middle of the prayer. The murmurs of joy and surprise which rippled round the congregation made Abu Bakr turn. He immediately stopped the prayer, but Mohammed signed to him to go on. When he had finished, Mohammed again spoke to the people.

"I have heard that the rumor of my death filled you with alarm, but has any prophet before me lived for ever? Everything happens according to the will of God, and has its appointed time, which is not to be hastened or avoided. I return to Him who sent me, and my last command to you is that you remain united, that you love, honor, and uphold one another, that you exhort one another to faith and constancy in belief, and to the performance of pious deeds. By these alone, men prosper. All else leads to destruction."

With an effort he forced himself to his feet and said: "I do but go before you. You will soon follow me. Death awaits us all, let no one then seek to turn it aside from me. My life has been for your good, so will be my death."

Slowly, supported by Ali, he walked through the silent ranks and back to the sickroom.

Once more with Aisha, he laid himself wearily on the carpet. For a while he rested, clasping her hand. The fever was intense, but he did not complain. As Aisha wetted his burning face with a damp cloth, he smiled. Slowly words broke from his throat.

"O Lord, I beseech thee assist me in the agonies of death. . . . O Gabriel, come close to me, come close to me."

This he repeated several times. Then, after a period of silence, strength ebbed back. He said clearly:

"O Lord, grant me pardon and join me to the companionship on high. O Allah, be it so among all the glorious associates in paradise."

His limbs relaxed. His head fell back on Aisha's lap. The hand she held lost its burning fever. For a minute there was rigid silence. Then, gently, Aisha laid her husband's head on the pillow. She closed his eyes. She looked down anxiously, almost hopefully, at the dear face. Its calm banished any idea that Mohammed was in a trance. The faint suggestion of a smile which relaxed her husband's lips did not belong to this world. Holding back her tears, she quickly kissed the forehead of the first man she had ever known, of the only man for whom she had cared.

WHEN the time came for the burial rites, it was discovered no one had a clear idea where Mohammed's tomb should be. Some wanted the grave dug beneath the pulpit in the mosque. Others said that the most appropriate place was under the spot where Mohammed took up his position to lead the prayers. Abu Bakr solved the problem by announcing that Mohammed had once said that a prophet should invariably be buried where he had died. As no one could contradict this, this site for the grave was agreed to.

A deep hole was, accordingly, dug under Aisha's room. Upon its floor was placed Mohammed's green mantle. Onto this the shrouded corpse was gently lowered. A vault of unbaked bricks was built over it, and the rest of the grave was filled in with gravel and sand.

Thus, on June 9, 632, in the eleventh year after the Hijra, Mohammed was left to rest in peace for the first time during the sixty-two arduous years of his tumultuous life. Today he still rests in the same tomb. It is no longer visible to the public. An ornate mosque surrounds the one-time humble living quarters of the harem. Over the actual burial chamber a superb dome has been built. Here, from all over the world, men and women come to pray within sight of the place where the founder of their faith lived and died. In so doing, they are disregarding Mohammed's repeated injunctions that his tomb should never be regarded as an object of worship. They are helping to establish the legend that he belongs to the company of saints and angels. They are doing him a disservice.

Mohammed's unique position in religious history is due to the fact that he inspired all he did without being a saint or an angel, without having any attributes which were not strictly human. Outside his tremendous personality, he had nothing in life to distinguish him from other Moslems—neither titles, nor riches, nor a different mode of living.

THE END

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

CLEVER satire is rare in contemporary fiction, and **Francis Steegmuller's** brilliant and sparkling **States of Grace** breaks a long, painful drought.

Its hero is young and very likable Father Philip. Fresh out of Monhegan Seminary in New England, his first church is St. Patrick's-in-Egypt, the nucleus of an expatriated colony of raffish Americans and Europeans, as deftly characterized as those unforgettable lost souls in South Wind. St. Patrick's is dominated by Mrs. Brennan, formidable sister of Father Philip's bishop whom she so strongly resembles that the first time he sees her: " 'Good Lord!' he'd had to keep himself from exclaiming. 'That's His Grace's sister, all right. It's the old boy to the life! The Bishop himself in a big white hat!' "

Francis Steegmuller

Conditions at St. Patrick's worsen when Mrs. Brennan takes the veil and becomes Mother Mary Immaculata, Superior of the Convent of St. Patrick's-in-Egypt.

Father Philip finally triumphs, and while his methods may be a little shocking to the overly pious, his victory will delight everyone. Helping him were Freddy, the weak and amorous son of Mrs. Brennan; Max, her beautiful and amoral daughter-in-law; an Italian Mother General whose only English phrase was, "Raisa the bid!" and the French proprietress of an Egyptian pension.

By this gay and good-humoredly malicious novel, Steegmuller takes his place among the foremost American humorists.

Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. Price $2.50.

ELMA K. LOBAUGH, author of **The Devil Is Loneliness**, once lived in Gary, Indiana, where steel is king. Mrs. Lobaugh has written a book as powerful as the machines that are built from steel and as grim as the great mills that lacerate the smoky sky.

"The Babe," heroine of The Devil, is from a small Southern village. At first Lake City, the mill town, fascinated her. Eventually it overwhelmed her: "Her face was gray, like the faces of all the women coming from the mills," writes Mrs. Lobaugh. "Dark around her eyes. . . . None of the women were much to look at. Dirt had ground itself into their skins. They walked heavily from being tired. Their bodies moved ugly and loose under the checked shirts, the pants. . . . You could smell sweat, and the iron smell. Almost, Babe thought, you could smell their tiredness."

Elma K. Lobaugh

The Babe was "a good sport"—she necked a little, drank a lot. In time she fell in love with Andy Stevens, one of the plant bosses, and caught a glimpse of what life might be like. There is, however, no happy ending for girls like Babe, and Andy Stevens goes back to his own kind, leaving her lonelier and more bewildered than ever.

The Devil Is Loneliness is not a pleasant book but it is an unforgettable one.

Current Books, A. A. Wyn, New York. Price $2.50.

HOUSE IN THE UPLANDS is a complete panorama of **Erskine Caldwell's** version of the South. Here is the decadent aristocrat, the poor white, and the downtrodden Negro. Despite the obvious "overdone" quality of the book, Caldwell has succeeded in presenting an effective picture of a man brought up to live in one economic age and forced to exist in another.

Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York. Price $2.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

2/6/46

P	U	N	G	E	N	T	■	G	R	O	M	Y	K	O
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L	E	A	T	H	E	R	■	B	I	G	E	A	R	S

Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Martial miss

4 Who was Mrs. Hiawatha?

12 119.6 square yards equal one what?

13 To give the high nose

14 Name a Spanish-sounding Russian river

15 What's the border of an object called?

17 What "food" did the G.I. most despise?

19 What's and in Rome but not Brooklyn?

20 The Hagiographa of David would be the whats?

22 Hotfoots it

24 Prohibitionists' broadsides

26 The enigmaticackle of the Sphinx left an enigmatic what?

28 Name Japan's classical drama, now undergoing changes

29 The moon shone over what city in a recent song hit?

31 What kind of machine's called a one-armed bandit?

32 The Boy Wonder of the New York Giants was who?

34 The Columbia U. football teams are nicknamed the whats?

36 Harem sitting room

37 What's the grandest thing you can make at bridge?

39 Night (comb. form)

41 Square of body of type size

42 A sissy basso would be a what?

44 Who has run for President more often than any other American?

46 A carrier for a pair of runners

48 Women are once again going waspish in the whats?

50 Complete: ——, —— a little bit higher. Oh my, the moon is on fire!

52 Carl Sandburg owes everything to what woman?

54 Complete: Go to the ant, —— sluggard

55 What Berg once caught for the Boston Red Sox?

57 Bag factories produce what when using sulphite?

59 Compass point

60 Nylons may throw what things out of work?

61 Kind of screw

VERTICAL

1 A predatory diplopterous hymenopteron would be a what?

2 Name a great Greek philosopher

3 What tree thrives on Lebanon?

4 An original what often sells for more than its reproductions? (abbr.)

5 I tan skin (anag.)

6 Conjunction

7 Who was Lamech's son and Ham's dad?

8 Suite (anag.)

9 Complete: —— valorem

10 A potato hook is a form of what?

11 What Civil War battle ended in a draw?

16 What ancient land is also called Susiana?

18 Give England's great river phonetically

21 1149

23 Oils (anag.)

25 What Utah senator was once accused of sanctioning polygamy?

27 From what mineral was the magnet originated?

28 Quack medicines are usually called whats?

30 The measuring caterpillar's commonly called the what?

33 Strikes a low in a child's education

35 Oats from a suthn Greek grocer's (anag.)

38 Talpid insectivorous mammal

40 Fail to include

43 Rower has to oar again

45 Shakedowns in the furnace racket

47 Flat surface between base and surbase molding

49 Name a favorite English pudding

51 What's alleged by Hawaiians to be made of wallpaper paste and fish?

53 Maxwell Anderson wrote High what?

56 The Avenue of the Americas in New York once sported a what? (abbr.)

58 Name an extinct troop (abbr.)

1	2	3	■	4	5	6	7	8		9	10	11
12			■	13					■	14		
15			16	■	17				18	■	19	
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37			38	■	39				40	■	41	
42				43	■	44				45		■
	■	46			47	■	48					49
50	51	■	52			53		■	54			
55		56	■	57				58	■	59		
60									■	61		

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

A GIRL CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL

Continued from Page 17

marriage with Ollie. Is it your big blue eyes Walt goes for, Ollie? Is it your new henna rinse? Don't kid, Ollie. You know darn well it's not. It's because his wife has gone to Reno again, this time for good, he hopes. And Ollie knows the drive-in business. In a pinch, Ollie could fill in for manager while the real manager is away playing some of that second-rate golf he's always talking. If it's golf.

You can keep on working or not, Ollie, just as you please, is the way he says it last night. The old malarky. You can have your own little coupe.

Think it over, Ollie, he tells me. You don't have to tell me tonight. Take two or three days, if you want.

I'm taking my time now. I'm coldly scientific. I'm counting up all the good things. He's got that seven-room house, Ollie. It's pink stucco, and you wanted white. The trouble with you, Ollie, you want the world and Van Johnson with a fence around them. What if Walt hasn't got Yale shoulders, Ollie? The drive-in takes in over seven hundred bucks every twenty-four hours?

JUNIOR Happy Hightowers is still shining glassware, because the electric drier has blown a fuse.

"Look, Junior," I tell him, "they're just glasses, not diamonds. Why the high shine?"

His brown eyes light up. "The high shine," he tells me proudly, "is my extra."

I keep waiting for him to finish, but he goes on shining them. I'm nonchalant. Just to show him how it's done on the production line, I polish a few glasses myself. I do three to his one.

There's something about his glance. Happy-like. Confidential. His glance lets you in on a secret. "When you make a sundae, you put a cherry on top, don't you?"

"So what?"

"That's the extra." He smiles, flourishing his dish towel in a grand manner. "Just knowing it's there makes all the difference."

"Difference—to whom?"

"To the one who puts it there," he says.

I think that one over. Maybe he's not nuts after all. I polish the next one a bit more careful. But when you do it all day . . . "Add extras in a place like this and you go broke fast," I tell him. I don't mean it for a dig, but that's the way it comes out. To cover up, I try to add something nice. Quick. "Is that grin of yours extra, too?"

"Sure." He gives it a workout now. He keeps watching my mouth. "Say," he asks, "will you do me a favor?"

Here it comes, Ollie. The touch.

Here's why PCA specifies Champion Spark Plugs

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FOLLOW THE EXPERTS . . . DEMAND DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS

Will you lend me five till payday? "What?" I ask, cautious.

"Smile. Smile just once."

Under the circumstances, it must have come easy.

"I knew it." He's happy. He looks just as if I had handed him a bag of diamonds. "You *are* beautiful—when you smile."

Junior looks on, approving. "Do something else for me," he says.

"What?" I'm thinking can I spare a five? Yes, but I won't go over ten. Fifteen bucks is my absolute limit. Then he knocks me in a tailspin.

"Smile that way at the next six customers," he asks of me.

"Why?" I inquire.

"Just do it, Ollie. The smile," he explains, "is your extra."

O.K. Maybe Junior Hightowers is slaphappy. But do I mind? I'm smiling. I don't even bother to count the tips. I don't even bother to count the smiles. That's because I'm beautiful. Why be stingy with it, Ollie? Smiles aren't rationed.

I'M in a trance. I'm in a high happy state. I get the customers' orders mixed up. I give chocolate for strawberry, and strawberry for chocolate. I give the one with onions to the old dame who orders bicarbonate of soda. But the customers are sweet. Even when they bawl you out they're sweet. Smiling is the easiest thing I do. Smiling is my extra.

When Happy Hightowers asks me do I want to see Van Johnson at the Beverly, I say, "I'd love to!"

We go see Van Johnson at the Beverly. I don't kiss him that night, though he wants to. Do I look common? I ask him. And he's sorry. He's sweet when he's sorry.

It's just before the big Van Johnson love scene when I'm taking inventory. I'm calculating. I'm coldly scientific. Ollie, do you want all your kids to be dishwashers? I ask myself. Then comes the big love scene. Oh, well.

I know how he is about money. There's no excuse for it this next time. I know why he's broke now, why he's washing dishes. It seems he and this college pal of his, Jack Clipper, both have some money saved. They're taking their vacations together, when all of a sudden Jack decides to get married. So what does he do? He borrows all of Happy Hightowers' money. *All* of it, mind you. Why doesn't Happy go home to his folks? Because he hasn't got any folks. All he's got are these snooty cousins and the uncle who sends him an allowance, the one who's so strict. Only, the uncle's in Europe.

"Jack will pay me back some day, Ollie," he tells me. And adds, wistful, "I hope."

I know how he is. But it's Saturday night and he's just been paid. So we go to Ocean Park.

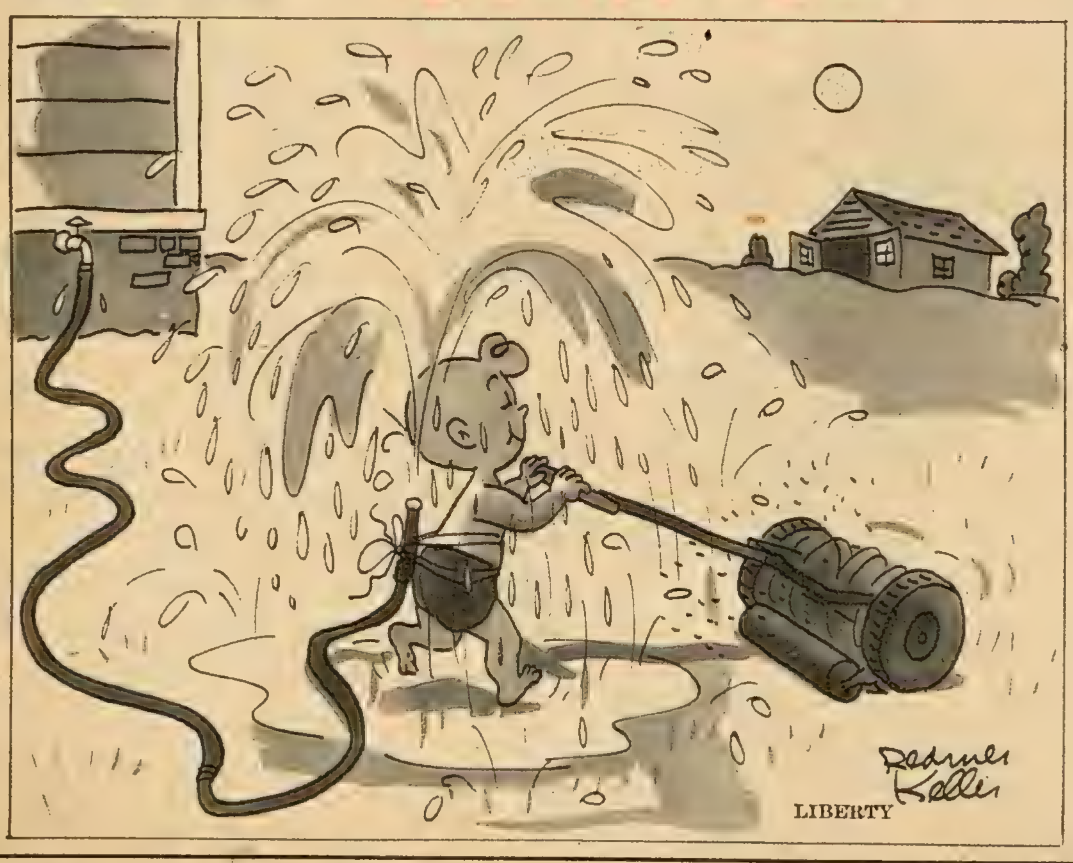
I know him better now. I know him too well. Just one more big fling, Ollie, I promise myself. Something to tell your grandchildren about in that pink stucco house. Because Monday I've promised to give Walt his answer, and I know what the answer is. It's not the little bitty breathless moments in life that count the most, Ollie, my mind tells my heart. It's the long slow easy breathing ones, where you have time to stop and stare. Ollie, my girl, you're ambitious and clearheaded.

SO we go to Ocean Park. We dance to Harry James. We eat hot dogs and chile and ice cream and then shrimp cocktails and cotton candy and popcorn. On the Scenic Boat Ride he kisses me.

Again I'm beautiful. Only this is homogenized. Stardust and dreams and milkweed sap and one rainbow. Then mix in the atom smasher.

HARDTACK

L 5 YK 3 - 30



High, crazy, and beautiful. That's us. That's us when we go on the Sky Ride. The Sky Ride is a thing like the long arm of a derrick, with a padded cage on the end that throws you high in the air and then sticks there, upside down. Only you're strapped in. And while you're stuck the seat revolves, sort of lopsided. The pads are so you won't bruise.

We're hanging there on the Sky Ride like a couple of monkeys, heads down, and the peanuts are spilling when he asks me to marry him. "Ollie," he says, casual-like, "why don't we get married and settle down and raise us some babies?"

It's the most beautiful moment of my life. We're locked in each other's arms, because that's the only way you can ride the Sky Ride. But Ollie, he's a dishwasher, but a darn sweet dishwasher; and, Ollie, you know how he is about money.

FOR a while the bluebirds win. On the Sky Ride they win. But after we're back at my hotel again, standing there on the curb where it's windy, and the waiting taximeter clicking, reason is back, but big.

I don't want the taximeter to keep clicking, but he won't let it go, so I want to get it over with fast, but at the same time I don't want to be heartless, and I'm beginning to see what a mess I've let myself in for. "Good-by, Junior," I tell him. And I hold my lips up. "It's been sweet."

"Good-by?" he says. And then he kisses me. The taximeter clicks again. "Won't I see you tomorrow?" he asks, anxious.

"Junior," I say, speaking my little piece, "it's lovely but it's mad. It can't go on, because what do we know about each other?"

"Why can't it go on?" he asks. "We know we love each other, and I've already asked you to marry me. Isn't that enough?"

"No," I tell him, "it isn't." And this hurts me worse than it does him. "Because I can't go on hopping cars forever, especially with babies; and, Junior, how are we going to support our family?"

"I'll work harder, Ollie," he promises. Then he laughs. "I'll just wash more dishes," he says. He thinks that's funny. But I don't.

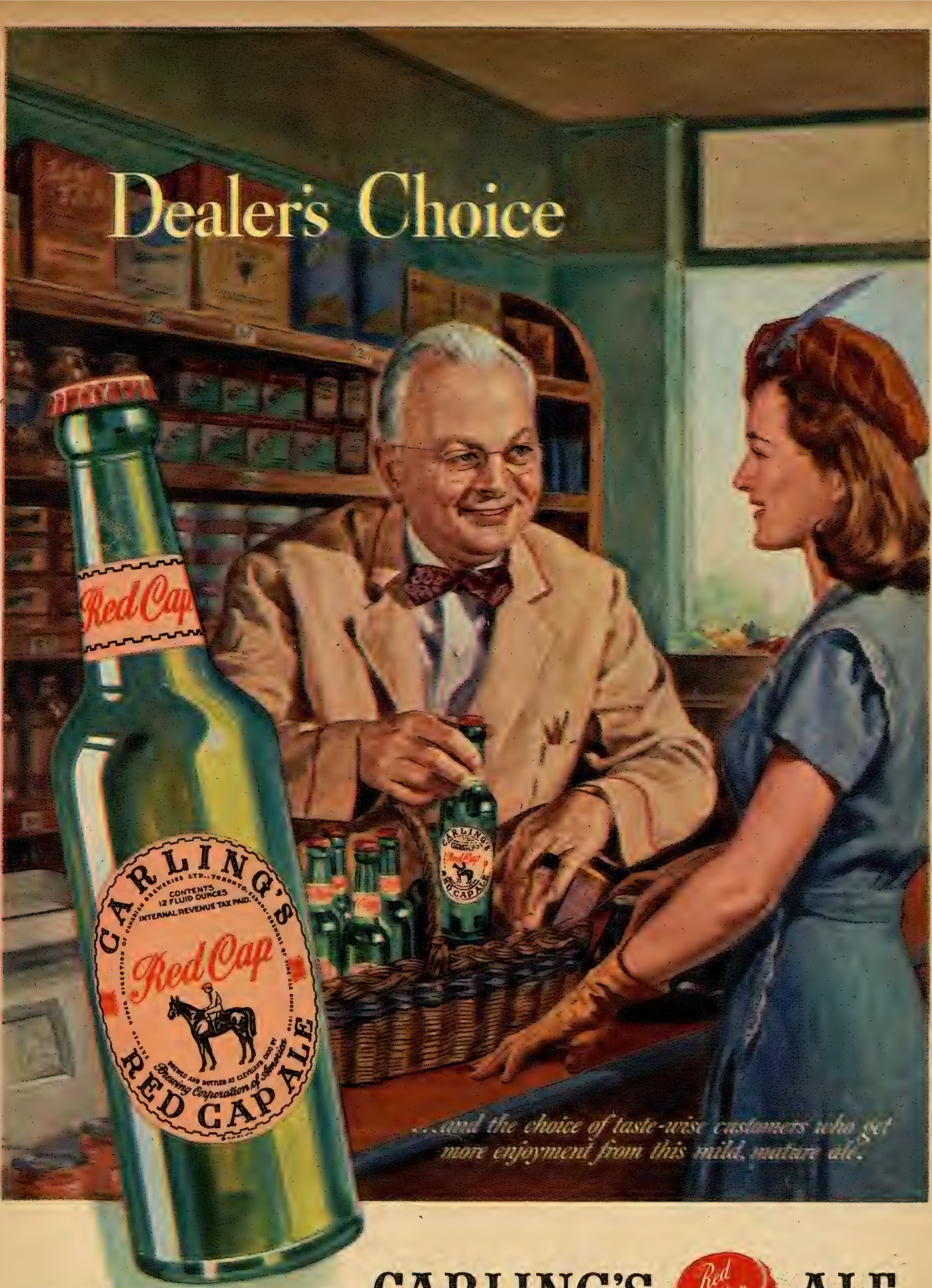
"Junior," I say, "look at you. A college man. What if the war did interrupt? You've got a mind, haven't you? All right, then. Put it to work. Earn something."

"Ollie, I'm earning seven dollars a day right now," he tells me.

And what am I seeing? I'm seeing how this week's salary is gone. I'm seeing next week's dirty dishes and all those cars to hop. Only I'm the one who's getting out of it, because I'm taking the Easy Way. I don't mean to hurt him. Honestly. I'm just trying to wake him up. I'm just trying to make him see what he's doing is bargaining for pennies, while all the time it's a solid-gold mind that

(*Continued on page 52*)

original cartoon returned to Keller [illegible]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INTERNAL REVENUE TAX PAID
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...and the choice of taste-wise customers who get more enjoyment from this mild, mature ale.

Since 1840... Quality that never varies

CARLING'S ALE

BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA • CLEVELAND, OHIO

5331-50

(*Continued from page 50*)

he's got. So it comes out all wrong.

"If you had a job, Junior, an income, something to depend on. But washing dishes—"

You see. Ever since that day his ears got red, I know he's sensitive, so I've avoided mentioning it. But here it is. "Since when," he asks me, "are car hops listed in Who's Who?"

I'm seeing how much I really love him. I'm seeing I can't ever let him go. Dishwashing or not— "Junior, I didn't mean—" But he's in the taxi. The door slams. He's gone.

I'm standing there on the windy curb, alone. I'm seeing how beautiful and crazy it was on the Sky Ride, and I'm crying. That night I cry myself to sleep.

Sunday is my best day for tips, but I don't go down on Sunday. Gladys will substitute, she says. I'm getting my strength back for Monday—Monday, my day off, the day I give Walt his answer.

Walt calls, but I'm out. I'm out to Walt, but I'm home to Junior. If Junior calls, I'll tell Walt no, tomorrow. But Junior doesn't call.

Heartbroken or otherwise, a girl must eat. About 5 P.M. I wander by the drive-in casual-like. I'm wearing my nylons, my black crushed crepe with the girdle, and the hat from the Bandbox. I know Junior Happy Hightowers gets off at five thirty.

Mayme is in a dither, trying to wait twelve tables, because Gladys went home sick. "Boy, am I glad to see you!" Mayme says. "Look." She points to this sinkful of dirty dishes.

"Where," I ask, nonchalant, "is your dishwasher?"

Mayme shrugs. "You know how they are. They come and they go."

WALT calls again that night, but I'm not in. Don't be a fool, Ollie, I tell myself. That night I make up my mind to marry Walt.

Pretty soon it's Monday.

Monday I decide to go down to the drive-in after all. I want to work, seems like. I want to apologize to Junior Happy Hightowers. I want to tell him about Walt.

Mayme's looking rested, with a flower in her hair. "We went to the Wiltern last night," Mayme says. "Too bad you missed your phone call, Ollie."

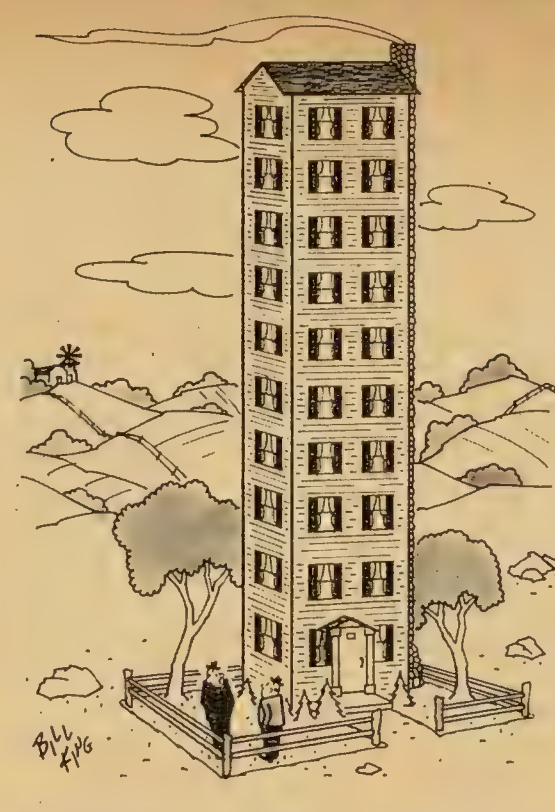
I'm suddenly alive again. I'm supercharged hope and champagne bubbles. "For me, Mayme? Who?"

"Slaphappy." Mayme cut cake as though it doesn't matter. "Four times he called. Said he tried your hotel, but you were out. Anyway, he's gone."

"Where, Mayme?"

"He didn't say. It didn't make sense. He said he got this telegram, and he had to leave. But he'd be back soon as he can support his family. I didn't know he had a family."

"He hasn't, Mayme." I'm happy again. The world's all rosy. I don't mind the waiting. I'm hopping cars, I'm smiling, everyone is beautiful again.



"Wouldn't it have been a good idea to spend a little more on land?"

LIBERTY

Then Walt drives up in the big black car. Walt's eyes are a little puffy. "I thought this was your day off, Ollie?" His eyes are accusing.

"It is," I tell him. I might as well tell him sometime. So I tell him now. I tell Walt no, and Walt fires me. O.K., so I'm fired.

I get a job at the Ambassador because I've wanted to work in a swanky place. But the Ambassador has this redheaded female boss with a lot of lifted faces who thinks she knows it all. After three days I tell Red where she can go. Next I get a job in Beverly Hills at Jerry's Malts. But tips are poor and I can't live on malts. I get this drive-in job at Long Beach.

Mayme has promised to relay all telephone calls, but maybe she loses track. For a while I telephone Mayme daily, then I telephone every other day, then twice a week, then once a week. The answer is always the same. No word from Junior.

This letter I wrote to the address he gave the drive-in comes back "Unclaimed." I get a room at Long Beach. I get letters, but none from Happy Hightowers.

It's worse than having a man in service, because with a man in service you have an address to write to. A girl can't go on living on memories forever, or can she? First I try memories, then I try dates. Then I go back to memories again.

NONE of my jobs seems to last long. It's always a wolf boss or a jealous wife. It's always something. After six months I find myself asking for a job at this drive-in just a mile from Stanford University campus. I meet a college girl who's working part time and she tells me about the registrar's office. Maybe I would have thought of it sooner, but being dumb, I've never been to college.

There were Hightowerses from away back, but none named Happy. I'm in love with a man, but I don't know his name. I pick out the ones who seem nearest Happy's age and write three letters. Pretty soon I get a letter. It's from Happy's cousin, a lofty guy who signs himself Barnard W. Hightowers, a name I'll always love. Happy is not enrolled this year, he writes briefly, but if I will write in care of a certain Jack Clipper . . . He encloses the address, Palmdale. I look it up on the map. Palmdale is not fifty miles away!

Am I nervous? Oh, no. It's only after I'm on the bus to Palmdale that I remember I left all my tips in my uniform. Oh, well. It's a lovely ride. The scenery is wonderful.

AT Palmdale I meet this taxi driver. I give him this address. Sure, he says, he knows where the Happy Clipper is. The Happy Clipper? We arrive, and this is one for Ripley. The Happy Clipper is another drive-in!

There's a redheaded freckled soda jerker in a white coat, young. I order a cola, though I can't touch it. Does he know a Mr. Hightowers?

"Do I?" says the freckled one. He grins, turns toward the kitchen. "Hey, Happy. Someone to see you. Someone special."

Am I sitting there, quietly waiting? I'm behind the counter, I'm in the kitchen. Happy is standing there at the sink, soapsuds up to here, and this apron he's wearing has big grease spots on it.

He sees me. "Beautiful!" he says, dropping a saucer. Dripping soapsuds, he holds his arms wide.

"Junior!" I'm saying. "Oh, Junior!" I shut my eyes. All that happened on the Sky Ride, I'm seeing now, was just kid stuff. But this is real.

"Junior," I keep saying, "you didn't write. You didn't telephone, did you? After that day, I mean."

"No, Ollie," he tells me. "I swore I wouldn't till I had something to offer you."

"It's all right, Junior," I tell him. "I don't care if you're just a dishwasher. I went by the drive-in next day to tell you how sorry I was, but you were gone."

"Hey, Jack," Junior calls to this redhead who keeps standing there, grinning, "did you hear that? She thinks I'm a dishwasher." They're laughing.

I'm looking at that sink.

"The regular guy didn't show up," he explains. "You know how they are, Ollie. They come and they go. We own this joint. Meet Jack, my partner. Jack's father-in-law helped us get started, but we got all that paid back. Ollie, I was going to wait till I had five thousand saved before I told you. But you know how it is the first year. New equipment—"

"Hush, Junior," I say. "Kiss me."

THE END

DIVIDE AND RUIN

Continued from Page 15

was fair enough. And of course the dismantlement of war factories was necessary. It was also important to disarm the Germans and get rid of the Nazis. But just how 65,000,000 Germans suddenly left jobless were going to eat while they were being reformed — well, that wasn't mentioned. Nor was it decided just what brand of democracy the Allied schoolmasters would offer the jobless — Churchill's or Roosevelt's or Stalin's.

Here was the root of the matter. Added was the tragedy of divided control.

According to the Potsdam Declaration, all Germany was to be treated as one unit by its conquerors until a satisfactory German government could be set up. Meanwhile, by mutual agreement, Americans, British, Russians, and French were each to administer their separate zones under identical controls from Berlin. But ever since Potsdam, Germany has been treated not as a unit but as four conquered countries—five, if you include Poland's German territory.

Beneath the varieties of administration lies the deep cleavage in the definition of "democracy" between the Russians and the Anglo-Saxons. Only in securing reparations, in getting rid of Nazi officials, and in trying war criminals has there been real political agreement among the Big Three.

In the economic field even more disastrous differences have arisen. True, Germany's war-making ability has been reduced to zero, but where German economic life itself is concerned—and its effect on Europe—the disaster has become almost complete.

The Russians, for example, decided at once what German factories were obviously war industries. They shut these down and then announced everything else could operate. There was a joker in this, naturally, because all dealings with the rest of Germany were shut off and only rarely was an industry locally self-sufficient. But it was a sensible way of handling a pressing situation.

THE Americans, however, did just the opposite. They closed everything in sight and then slowly picked out those industries which they thought could be safely reopened. The result was tragic. Even when a "safe" factory was allowed to reopen, it usually found itself tied up tight, either by a still unlifted ban on another plant on which it depended for part of its product, or by its inability to deal with the rest of quartered Germany.

From beginning to end the Russians have acted one way, the Americans another. Sometimes the British have followed Russian practice, sometimes American. In the Russian zone today things are beginning to hum—for Russia! Russia is supplying some raw materials and taking 50 per cent of the products made. But in the American zone outside trade is forbidden and applications to go into business are still required, even if you want to sell a few pairs of shoes. AMG is still overwhelmed with paper work, even though its local headquarters have now been withdrawn from all towns except the capitals of the three *Lands*—states—under our control: Bavaria, Württemberg, and Hesse.

There is no incentive for farmers or small village folk to take their food or produce to town. All they can get in exchange is dubious paper money, and they already have stacks of that. Other commodities are almost nonexistent.

The unpleasant truth is that for Germans everywhere the Allied occupation has resulted in economic disaster. And because of the failure of Allied policy, the American taxpayer as this is written is helping to feed the Germans through Army appropriations, while the rest of Europe waits for food through UNRRA. The bitterest wisecrack in western Europe today is: "Oh, to be occupied by the Americans!"

The American Army cannot be blamed for this failure. From the day the Army entered Germany its record was little short of magnificent.

"It nets you more pleasure!"—says HI to HATT
There ain't no whiskey blended wot can match smooth Kessler's thrill
Yer net enjoyment's greater 'cause you get a smaller bill!
HI
HATT
KESSLER'S Private Blend BLENDED WHISKEY
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"
KESSLER'S BLENDED WHISKEY
True Pre-War Quality

KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 75% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

Amid a hostile population, American soldiers got order out of chaos. Everywhere our Army touched civilian life, it acted as if it had suddenly become a Red Cross disaster relief crew. Only in military disarmament was it tough.

The job of Military Government, however, was to carry out the decisions made at Yalta and reaffirmed at Potsdam: de-Nazification, education in democracy, and industrial rehabilitation. Experienced, fresh from Italy, the first AMG men worked with a will. Leading local Nazis were arrested at once. Those not arrested were blacklisted against any and all employment.

Then the famous *Fragebogen* was used. To each important male German was handed a questionnaire to be filled out. As detailed as a Treasury income-tax blank, the *Fragebogen* stressed party affiliations, jobs, service, belief, and record—political as well as business.

Every German of any consequence was thus questioned under penalty of punishment for perjury. The answers were checked and cross-checked. Less than 1 per cent could prove definite anti-Nazi beliefs or records. From this group burgomasters were picked, and under them were installed all the officials and bureaus that go with a well-run German city.

Except for the repeal of laws directed against Jews, gypsies, and foreigners, new German officials began running their own half-destroyed towns as before. The only difference—and it was a large one—was that all factories were closed, all industrial life came to a standstill. No one had a job; except in the almost untouched country, no one could eat; in town, no one could even reopen for business without a license.

In this situation, American education officers began the attempt to root out Nazi teachings while German newspapers were banned and public meetings were forbidden. In this environment, MG men began the destruction of Germany's war potential and the attempt to reopen the rest of German industry under anti-Nazis. In this chaos, the experiment of showing the Germans the splendors of democracy was undertaken.

Inevitably the now familiar stalemate developed.

Gradually it became clear that all distinction between Nazis and anti-Nazis—granted that such extremists were still alive—was a distinction that had stopped at the borders of the Reich. The vast majority of the Germans—even some of those who had been in concentration camps—had been and still were our enemies. The 1-per-cent poll held good. Football fields could not replace Hitler for Nazi youth. K rations could not take the place of a job glorifying the *Herrenvolk*. Hatred of the conqueror was the one real bond between all four zones of Germany.

Today the Germans are disarmed all right—disarmed both by reparations and by the destruction of their war potential—but the industrial problem drags wearily on, the educational program is at a standstill, and the political problem grows insoluble.

Meanwhile, the pre-Yalta bogey that underlay Anglo-Saxon insistence on teaching democracy is dead. Communism in Germany has proved so feeble that the Russians are now welcoming into the fold all and sundry, including former Nazis. The device used is a merger of the Communist and Socialist parties. To help this good work along, the Russians are prepared to wait and hold the Germans in a vise as long as necessary. Not only have they reopened trade between their zone and Russia—ahead of the Western powers—but their military officials are bringing in their families, picking out permanent homes, and preparing to dig in for many years.

Capitalistic, democratic success in western Europe is not on Stalin's agenda.

Our own AMG men, however, feel differently—both the men who originally worked so hard in Germany and those who have now replaced them. These men are beginning to admit that what has so far defeated them is not the Germans nor their own admitted mistakes. It is the Allied policy under which they must work—a policy which will defeat any set of Americans, no matter how good, who take their places. Only a new, realistic policy and a single control can get us and our allies out of the mess.

Al Pearce has a new twist on an oldie.

Question: "Who was the lady I saw you with the other night in that sidewalk café?"

Answer: "That was no sidewalk café—that was our furniture. We're living there."

—*Des Moines Register.*

Precisely what, then, should such a new realistic policy seek to accomplish?

First, in the opinion of impartial observers, we should immediately abandon the four-power occupation of Germany with its attempted political conversion of the Germans, and substitute for it a reunited Germany and a single Allied general manager in Berlin to carry out a single, unified internal economic plan of recovery.

Second, to back up this single economic control, we should gradually withdraw all four-zone occupation forces and substitute for them a single Allied control from without, with periodic inspections, supported by a mobile international military force.

Third, once this is accomplished, we should draw up an import-and-export plan for Germany which will shut off from her the raw materials of war and still allow the Germans to live.

Finally, we should tear down the present Chinese Wall around the Germans and seek a European agreement which would readmit a securely hobbled Germany to a European economic life where her nonmilitary products are badly needed and her market for food and raw materials is a necessity. The vital need for this last step is well understood by all Europeans.

The German problem today is basically part and parcel of the general problem of Europe's ability to make a living taking in its own washing, while it buys abroad such things as bananas or coffee or articles others can make cheaper.

Of course there are difficulties in the way of getting a basic European agreement. French fixation on internationalizing the Ruhr and Russian lack of interest in a strong western Europe are two of these. The question which European nation gets what will bedevil whatever group of experts tries to solve the problem. Suggestions that the United Nations settle the matter are already in the air.

Nevertheless, loans from the United States are needed by the nations of western Europe most interested. And we want a peaceful, capitalistic western Europe which includes a Germany which cannot attack the world. So a trade might be had.

In fact, it is to our advantage to make one. For not until the proper basis is laid for all Europe's economic progress can we perfect a working control of Germany from without which will allow us to withdraw our 300,000 troops from Germany and at the same time effectively hobble the Germans.

Hobbling the Germans permanently will emphatically require control of Germany's imports so she can no longer pile up the supplies and raw materials necessary for her to make war. A basic economic agreement is a prerequisite to such a control.

To make such a control doubly effective right now, five additional safeguards are also suggested: (1) Prohibit German purchase of foreign assets; (2) prevent German sales abroad that can be used to finance German personnel and propaganda in foreign countries; (3) prevent German membership in cartels; (4) prevent German technical research in other countries.

The fifth safeguard is the most important of all: confiscation of all now-hidden German assets abroad.

If all this is done, any future attack by Germany on the world will be impossible. Shorn of the industries which can arm and supply a German war machine, periodically inspected from without to prevent the making of everything from airplanes to atomic bombs and securely hobbled by an import-and-export control which shuts off the raw materials of war but still allows the Germans to live, Germany will be impotent but a part of Europe.

Briefly, this is one realistic way out of the present mess. There are others, of course. But all are based on a recognition of the fact that the Potsdam Agreement has failed, and the time has come to treat Germany as a unit so she can be hobbled and still do her share—not leave her split into four quarters, requiring expensive remedies for the next fifty years.

Naturally, such a change in policy calls upon us to lay aside our childish faith in the teaching of American democracy—or Stalin's democracy—to Germans who supported Hitler. It assumes that government of the people, by the people, for the people is built slowly, generation after generation, not overnight by foreigners.

It asks us to realize, politically speaking, that all that can be said with certainty about ersatz German democrats is that, even if they came to power, they would in all likelihood want to pursue foreign policies precisely like those of Bismarck or the Kaiser.

THE advantage of this particular plan, however, is that it frees Americans from playing Russia's game of divided control and allows us to begin to use our economic power—not as Santa Claus, but to induce western Europe to put its house in order, including a securely hobbled Germany.

What will this plan cost us? An admission of our errors and some long-term loans to our erstwhile allies in Europe—loans we may have to make anyway. What will we get out of it? A speedy clean-cut military departure from Germany plus a western Europe, including Germany, which will be an asset instead of a liability to the capitalistic Western World.

To put it baldly, the need for loans—to buy American products and rebuild the industrial power of western Europe—already underlies the whole European picture. Ten to one, we will have finally to lend Europe money anyway.

In return for beginning to make such loans now, realistic observers suggest that we hand back to the Europeans their own headache in policing and administering Germany, thus getting down to the root of what is in reality our own problem: how to permanently fit a reunited, securely hobbled Germany into the economic rehabilitation of the Western World.

The only question left open is: Who in Washington will pick up this hot potato before the President has to?

It's mighty hot right now.

THE END

BIG FOOT
LITTLE FOOT

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GRIZZLY
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
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Big Foot or Little Foot, light car or heavy truck, both can rely on smooth, sure braking action when brakes are safety-lined with Grizzly!

Hazards are ever present . . . be sure *you* take every precaution to avoid them! Have your brakes inspected frequently, and when your brake service man advises relining with Grizzly, you know *he* knows his business!

He's tipping you off to brake linings with thirty years of brake engineering behind them . . . amazing freedom from adjustment with all around superior performance. For Big Foot and Little Foot, it's Grizzly, of course . . . and *every* time. Grizzly Manufacturing Company, Paulding, Ohio.

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BRAKE LINING
WHEREVER BRAKES ARE SERVICED

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Hollywood-bound author Claudette takes a romantic detour.

WITHOUT RESERVATIONS

(RKO)
Claudette Colbert, John Wayne, Don DeFore

THIS is a cross-country comedy—roughly the same sort of expedition Claudette Colbert took in It Happened One Night. Now her traveling companions are two marines, John Wayne and Don DeFore.

A Hollywood-bound author, Claudette wants Wayne to play in the screen version of her preachy novel about war vets. Because low-brow Wayne pans the book, she doesn't admit to being the author. The lady then falls in love with him somewhere between New York and Chicago, and in pursuit of both business and pleasure, raises hob with the railroads.

She misses one train, gets so tipsy that she's tossed off another and finally ends up in jail. Wayne learns who she is and sulks handsomely until go-between DeFore helps the author solve her own vet problem. Claudette also makes use of some very unliterary advice given her by a predatory female (funny newcomer, Anne Triola), who chases servicemen.

Director Mervyn LeRoy got some perfect type casting by ringing in Louella Parsons, Cary Grant, and himself for the Hollywood scenes.

CLUNY BROWN

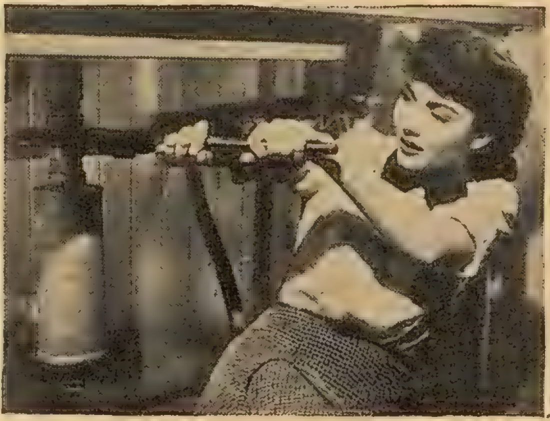
(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Charles Boyer, Jennifer Jones, Peter Lawford, Helen Walker

ADAPTED from Margery Sharp's best seller, Cluny Brown is the story of a daffy English servant girl who is too busy looking down drainpipes to realize people are looking down their noses at her.

Cluny (Jennifer Jones in her first comedy role) has a passion for plumbing which charms a Czech liberal on the lam (Charles Boyer) but horrifies everyone else.

Most upset by Cluny's handiness with a wrench are her middle-class suitor (Richard Haydn) and his mother (Una O'Connor), who adroitly uses a cough in place of a carload of lines. These two receive some of producer-director Ernst Lubitsch's slyest caricature.

Cluny Brown, unlike most movies, was shot in sequence, which may have had something to do with its consistently top-drawer quality.



That Jones girl can plumb, too.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

MAKE MINE MUSIC (Disney Productions through RKO). An animated variety show where Benny Goodman, Nelson Eddy, etc., are heard but not seen.

SO GOES MY LOVE (Universal). Don Ameche does some more inventing, with Myrna Loy as his ever-loving wife.

THE STRANGER (International). A postwar spy thriller with Orson Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young.

THE BRIDE WORE BOOTS (Paramount). Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Cummings indulge in entertaining horseplay.

TO EACH HIS OWN (Paramount). A tear-jerker that spans two wars and gives Olivia DeHavilland a chance to emote.

EASY TO WED (M-G-M). Van Johnson and friends sing and dance their way out of a Technicolored marital mix-up.

STRANGE STOWAWAY

Continued from Page 27

him. We can hear him. *We're* looking through the door, too. We'll be going with him. He's come for us. . . . Funny how natural it seems. Mr. Gray is somebody I've known all my life, without thinking too much about it. I've known he'd come for me some day. I'm not ready to go yet, but he's somebody you can talk to and reason with."

"Yes, Hughie," Mr. Gray said. "We make an occasional exception for those with a good reason."

"You talk so soft and gentle," Hughie said. "That explains it, sir. Nobody wants to die, but they all go peacefully, right at the last, after they've fought against it. I guess this is why. A man sort of has confidence in you, sir."

"Thank you, Hughie," Mr. Gray said.

"What the hell are you all jabbering about anyhow?" I broke in.

I STRAIGHTAWAY marched Mr. Gray back to the general. "Sir," I said, "I must report a stowaway."

"Oh, hello, Jake," the general said. "How's Fred coming? Anything I can do?"

"Sir," I said, "this civilian stowed away on the plane. You remember you woke up when I was kicking the boxes, trying to find—"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Gray was here talking with us while you were up forward," the general said casually. And to Mr. Gray: "Won't you have a seat, sir?" The general edged his bulk over to make room.

"Thank you, general," Mr. Gray said. "I think I'll talk with Captain Brooks right now." And he went up to the front seat.

I blinked. Things were coming too fast. I might have expected Leo and Hughie to go overboard, but not the general. None of the other passengers seemed the slightest bit surprised at Mr. Gray's presence. Major Harper had got his calfskin zipper case from the overhead luggage rack and was busily going through some papers. Old Colonel Aldgate was staring moodily out the window at the gray ridges of the black sea a few feet below the belly of the plane. Leo had come back with his fiddle and was sitting on one of the big document boxes on the left side, playing something dreamy. The general began talking about his past campaigns. Captain Brooks was relaxed in the front seat, saying something to Mr. Gray. I had the curious feeling that the captain should have died from his heart attack but was waiting for the rest of us. I went up to hear what he was telling this civilian who had everybody so screwy, but Lieutenant Gebhardt pulled me into the seat beside her, kissed me, and said, "Darling, it's silly, but I want you with me every minute for as many as there are."

(Continued on page 58)

It's a Secret!

Because if you had a rendezvous like Annie did—you wouldn't want the whole town to know, either. But you can't blame them for *wanting* to know—because it's *very, very* funny!

Rendezvous with Annie

starring

EDDIE ALBERT
FAY MARLOWE
GAIL PATRICK

with Sir **C. AUBREY SMITH**
Raymond Walburn · William Frawley
James Millican · Wallace Ford

Screenplay by Mary Loos and Richard Sale
Based on their magazine story
Associate Producer and Director ALLAN DWAN

A
REPUBLIC PICTURE

L5533-25

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

CONTRI-BREW-TION: Giving away beer (but not today).

TERRORTORY: Peril-ized state.

IM-PAY-TIENT: Fidgety creditor.

PA-RED-DISE: Russian heaven.

P-ARSON: Incendiary reverend.

RE GAL.: Gasoline for royalty.

UN-A COMMA-DATING: Printer who *punk*-tuates.

DOCILE-LOT: A tame ocelot.

EUROANCA: As in "Paddle euroanca new."

KNOCKLES: For rapping on doors.

(*Continued from page 56*)

The general, behind us, broke off in the middle of his campaign with the Philippine Scouts, and said, "Lieutenant Gebhardt, I feel this is a time when we should remember our position. I don't approve of an officer carrying on with an enlisted man at any time, and especially during the last hours of life."

She said, "Sir, this enlisted man happens to be my lawfully wedded husband."

The general blinked. "Good heavens! This civilian army! I'll be glad when we shake it down to the old Regulars again. Women, even."

Gebhardt snuggled close to me.

IN the seat ahead, Captain Brooks was saying to Mr. Gray, "Sir, I'm hardly halfway through life. There's a girl back home waiting for me. She's the kind of girl that happens only once in a lifetime. I've never loved anyone else and neither has she. We didn't get married, because of the depression. Then the war came and I got into the Army. We could have married then, but I was going overseas and I didn't know if I'd be back. We're going to be married next month. As soon as the report is through channels. I'm thirty-six and I'll never have enough time to catch up on the things I've missed out on. I can't die, sir. Not now. I can't do it."

"Yes, captain; I have it all here," Mr. Gray said, checking his little notebook. "But there have been so many like you. And they had to go along when the time came. I can see no good reason for an exception in your case. . . . Go to sleep now, there's still a little time. I won't make a special trip for you. I'm taking you all together."

Mr. Gray went through the forward door. I said, "Chubbins, I'll be back in a minute." I went into the forward compartment. Mr. Gray and Hughie were having a talk. I said, "Look here, Mr. Gray, Hughie is supposed to be working on that radio. Our lives may depend on it. Now you go back and sit down."

"Just a minute, Jake," Hughie said. "I've got to tell him something."

I swore, and edged past Fred in the aisle. He seemed to be sleeping. I leaned over the co-pilot's shoulder and said, "How we doing?"

Flight Officer Ingram nodded at the instrument panel. "That engine's hot. She's getting hot. How's Hughie doing with the radio?"

"He's talking hocus-pocus with that civilian. I'll throw that guy's gray pants out of here."

The lank Texan grinned briefly. "You're a card, Jake."

I turned back. Mr. Gray was looking at his loose-leaf notebook and Hughie was talking. "You see, I've known all my life that I had a message for the world," Hughie was saying. "It's something inside me, sir, and sometimes a little of it comes out and I write it down. But I'm not prepared. I'm reading all the great books, all the great thinkers and philosophers and religious leaders, the great minds of all time. I've got to know everything that's been thought in the past before I try to add to it. And it's a long road, sir. A lifetime is scarcely enough. I have a little income, not enough to marry on, but enough to keep me and buy books. It's a mission with me, sir, you understand? Something I have to give the world. Something the world needs badly. Isn't that a reason why I shouldn't die now?"

Mr. Gray said, "I'm sorry, Hughie. Great ideas are like great inventions. They're the outgrowth of things that have gone before. Other men have your mission in life. And you, Hughie—I'm sorry—you would not be the first nor the best."

Hughie put his face in his hands. "I thought I was alone," he muttered. "I thought I was alone."

Mr. Gray turned to me. "Well, Jake?"

"Go roll your hoop. I'm not so sure I'm going to die. And if I *was* I see no reason for beating my gums to you. . . . Hughie, pull yourself together and get to work on that radio. That might save us. Don't listen to him. You still can write that book. Get cracking."

Hughie picked up a screwdriver and went to work. Mr. Gray was up front talking with the co-pilot, Ingram. I was curious to see if the lank Texan would actually open up.

FLIGHT OFFICER INGRAM was looking straight ahead, hat on the back of his head, cigarette dangling, with Mr. Gray at his shoulder.

"I want to see Texas again," Ingram said.

"I'm afraid that's impossible," Mr. Gray said. He turned to me. "Jake, if you've nothing to say to me, you'll be the first man of my experience."

I said, "Well, you don't want to get in a rut."

"You're a strange man, Jake."

"It's going!" Hughie cried. "The radio's working again!" He began calling: "Flight two-two. Flight two-two. Aircraft nine-nine-nine. Aircraft nine-nine-nine. Mayday. Mayday. Come in, please. Come in, please. Come in, anybody. Come in, anybody. Mayday. Mayday."

"The plane's too low," Mr. Gray said. "The signals won't reach anybody. There are no ships in the area."

"Well, don't be so damned self-satisfied about it!" I snapped.

I went back and sat with Gebhardt. I put my arm around her and she put her head on my shoulder. Her soft tan hair was against my face. We didn't say anything. Mr. Gray came through the door and began talking with Leo, who put his fiddle under his arm and went through the same thing I'd seen with the others, talking with all his might.

"Your attention, please!" Major Harper called. "As a lawyer, I must advise you there are certain things you should take care of while there is time. We've got to have a bottle, or there won't be any possibility of anyone ever finding our last wills and testaments—"

Gebhardt and I ducked our heads below the seat and laughed. It was good to laugh again. Harper kept on about the importance of the last will and testament until the general said, "Leave us alone, Harper. Nobody in the old army ever had anything but his silver and linen. My wife will take that."

"Yes, confound it, Harper!" Colonel Aldgate blustered. "I haven't said my prayers in thirty years, and you have to beat your gums about wills when I'm just working up steam! Make your own confounded will and leave the rest of us alone!"

"Mr. Gray," the general said, "don't you think you ought to ar-

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"Let's see your fishing license."

range your conferences in order of rank?"

"Rank?" Mr. Gray said gently. "Rank?"

"I don't want to be sticky about this, sir. We will all come together in death and all that, I realize. But, you see, it's this report we're taking back. I'm responsible for it, and it's very important—"

"I know all about your report, general."

"Impossible. It's top secret. . . . At any rate, sir, I'd like to know exactly how I stand with you. You of course know my record."

"Yes," Mr. Gray said, leafing to a page of his notebook. "It's all here. I have it all. Don't worry, general; there'll be enough time. I'll get around to all of you." And he turned back to Leo.

"You see, I'd never had any childhood," Leo was saying to Mr. Gray. "I'd never lived. I was set to practicing at the age of four on a quarter-size fiddle. An hour a day. By the time I was seven years old it was six hours a day. Practice, practice, practice. I couldn't play at anything which possibly could injure me. I was never allowed a tool set, for I might injure my hands; I was forbidden to touch a sharp knife or an ice pick. I couldn't box or play baseball or row a boat or climb trees. Only the very special muscles of fiddling could be developed."

SO this was Leo, happy-go-lucky Leo, who got so much fun out of everything. I remembered him in coveralls, grease to the elbows, helping with an engine change at Frankfurt. He'd flown eight missions in B-17s before the war ended and had been shortstop on his squadron baseball team, risking his hands.

"And you were a great violinist," Mr. Gray said.

Leo shrugged. "A child prodigy, yes. But I knew and the critics knew what was wrong. My playing was technically perfect, but that was all. There was nothing behind it." He grinned. "But now I know what music is, now. What it means to common people. I can put heart into it now, and that's what counts. And now I'm ready. In a few years I could be a great violinist. That's something, Mr. Gray."

"Yes, it is. It certainly is, Leo. But the difference between the greatest and the next greatest is a subtle thing only a few specialists can divine. And music will go on without you."

Leo suddenly put the fiddle under his chin and began playing. He played a simple minuet. I don't even know who wrote it, but it's the one you hear passing any house where a child is beginning on the fiddle. I'd never heard it like this—as a great violinist played it for the last time in an aircraft skimming the North Atlantic on one engine.

"Say, that was pretty, Leo," Colonel Aldgate said.

Leo put the fiddle in the case and snapped it shut.

Mr. Gray was talking now with Major Harper. "It sums up," Mr. Gray said, "that the reason you want to live is that you've got a good career ahead of you. You've developed into an expert on international law in the Army, and you'll use it as a steppingstone to get into politics."

"I gave the wrong impression, sir," the major said. "My concern is for world peace—"

"Secondly," Mr. Gray said.

"Well, it follows that if I weren't an important man I couldn't do important work, doesn't it?" Harper argued.

"But the world can stand the loss," Mr. Gray said. "There are others like you—too many of them." He passed by the general, purposely perhaps, and said to old Colonel Aldgate, "And you?"

The colonel shook his head. "My business is war," he said, "where a man takes his chances. If my time is up, I don't whine about it."

Mr. Gray smiled and consulted his little notebook. "How about the young people you're sending through college?"

"How did you find out about that?" the colonel said blusteringly. "Well, they'll have to get along somehow, I guess. You have to take what comes."

"No plans for the future?"

"Of course I've got plans. I was going to retire and raise begonias. Crazy about begonias, and what can you do in the Army, always moving around? Go on, Mr. Gray. Leave me alone."

IT was the general's turn. He was primed and waiting. "Sir, I've been in charge of this mission and the preparation of this report which will play an important part in making war impossible in the future. I'm not afraid to die, sir, but for the good of the world I should survive to do what has to be done. There's channels, sir, and the report is only as good as the man behind it, fighting it through."

"You have an excellent Army record," Mr. Gray admitted, consulting his notebook. "You're a good poker player, you married right, you know the right people. You don't talk out of turn and you've been careful never to present an original idea. You're a stickler for red tape and you've never com-

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mitted the unpardonable crime of cutting channels. When it was humanly possible to say no, you've never said yes. A fine record, general; a good man."

Colonel Aldgate, in the seat behind, exploded with a guffaw. "He's got you cased, Stinkie! He's got you taped! The both of us, for that matter—except I talked out of turn once, in that Billy Mitchell business. That's why I never got my star."

"Colonel Aldgate," the general said stiffly, "you will observe proper military courtesy before subordinates."

"Yes, sir."

"I WOULDN'T have missed all this," I said into Gebhardt's ear. "Whatever happens, it's been worth it. This guy Gray is terrific."

"Darling, you shouldn't talk about him that way."

But the general wasn't squelched. Not that old war dog. He came back strong: "Exactly, Mr. Gray. Exactly, sir. I'm a red-tape expert, ultraconservative, a safe man. I know every cubbyhole in the Pentagon; I know every ramification of every channel. I know how to get things done in the Army. When I back something, it goes through. Everybody knows that when Winfield Scott Gailbraith is behind something, it's Army—solid, safe, *right*."

"Except for one thing, you're absolutely right, general."

"And what's that sir? I can adapt and compromise. I've had long experience at it."

"I'm speaking of the report itself, general," Mr. Gray said. "It won't have the results you think it will."

"Grounds for a reasonable doubt, I admit," the general said gamely. "I can't even now and even to you divulge its contents."

I admired him. He was Army to the core. Top secret meant top secret until Mr. Gray showed him a paper of authorization. He wouldn't reveal a military secret, literally, for his life.

And then, amazingly, Mr. Gray sketched the substance of the report (which, of course, I won't be able to quote on this wire recording). That shook me. It really did. "You see, general," Mr. Gray concluded, "your report has the same basic flaw of so many other military schemes throughout history. It attempts to preserve peace by force of arms, law, regulation, and the preservation of the *status quo*. It looks backward at yesterday's conflicts, not ahead to tomorrow's. But, more important, it deals with things, rather than people."

"Well, sir, you can't change human nature," the general said.

"No? Some have tried. A man called Christ, for one."

"But I'm a military man."

"That's just it," said Mr. Gray.

The general took it cold. He'd made his play and lost. He said to me, "Jake, quit mooning with that WAC officer long enough to do something around here. You waterproofed that report, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir. And the three cases of documents. Double wrapping of tar paper and all the seams covered with sealing wax. I saw to it personally."

"Good. Get Leo to help you. . . . Leo, listen to this. . . . You two get about four Mae Wests, inflate them, tie them together, and fasten my briefcase to them. . . . I can't go all the way with you, Mr. Gray, on that report. Human nature. . . . Tie the Mae Wests with the briefcase onto the life raft and throw it out. That will save that report. There'll be a search party. They'll pick up the raft sometime. Bound to."

If he had pulled out an Army .45 and pointed it at my head I wouldn't have been more surprised.

"Yes, sir—but how about *us?*"

"Us?"

"You mean," I suggested "—you mean, sir, that we do that when we ditch?"

"Ditch? We're not going to ditch. What do you think Mr. Gray is here for? The plane probably will explode when it hits the water. Now you two get busy."

"Sir, that raft is our only hope for life. We're going down. We're bound to. We can't make it. And that raft is all we've got."

"Jake," the general said, "have you gone crazy?"

"Sir, I was going to ask you the same question. This guy Gray has put the framus-framus on everybody here! I'm not ready to die and I'm not so sure this civilian has anything to do with it. Have you seen his papers, sir? Do you know for sure who he is? He's just a stowaway to me until I'm shown differently?"

"Jake, are you an atheist?" the general asked. "But no, that wouldn't make any difference. I've seen too many men die. They've all got one religion when they die. . . . Never mind that. Do what I tell you."

I snapped to attention. "I'm sorry, sir. For the safety of the passengers I must refuse to throw out that raft before we ditch."

"That's an order."

"Under the circumstances I consider you temporarily incompetent, sir, to give the order."

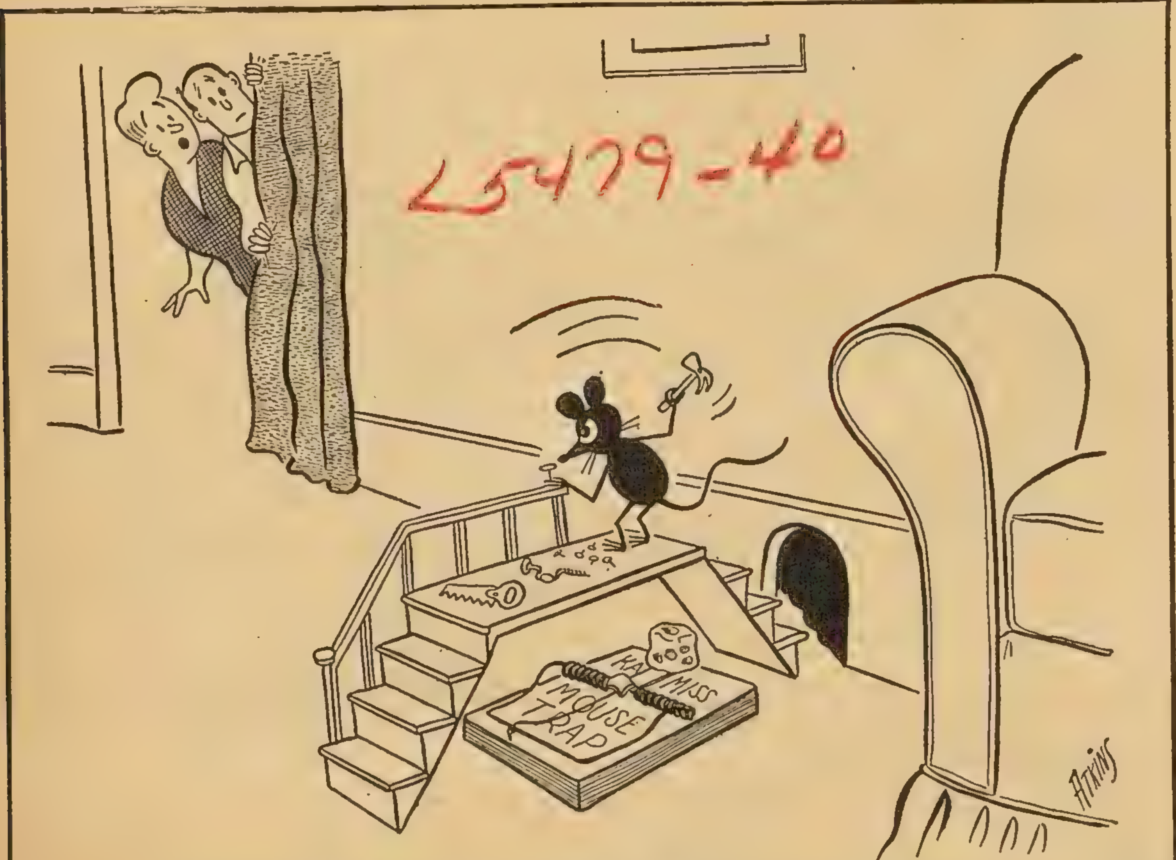
"You're under arrest, Sergeant. Take your seat."

"Furthermore, I will resist any attempt by anybody to carry out that order."

What happened was so surprising I still didn't believe it while I was slumped in the seat and Gebhardt was making crooning sounds over me. The general had simply come up from his chair and with one motion hung his fist on the point of my chin. Generals just don't do that.

With Major Harper, Colonel Aldgate, and Leo, the general was unlashing the yellow life raft, laying it out, tying the briefcase and Mae Wests to it. The raft sprang into shape, filling the rear of the plane. They had a hard time getting it out the door, Leo holding the door open against the slipstream. Once Leo almost fell out. The raft gave suddenly and popped out, the door slammed shut, and we were tied to the plane for whatever was to happen.

ANYHOW, that gave me an idea. I began toting the luggage to the door and throwing it out. We should have done that when the engine quit. I had the devil of a time with those three cases of documents; nobody would turn a hand to help me. I had the door open with my shoulder, the wire recorder in my hand swinging it for the black water rushing below, when I got the idea of telling everything that had happened, putting it on a spool or two of that fine wire.



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"Do you think we'll ever catch him? He seems pretty smart."

LIBERTY

And so I'm sitting here now, talking into the mike while the wire unrolls past the magnets. Gebhardt is beside me. Mr. Gray has made his rounds once more and now he's coming to talk with me. I'm going to cut him in on this, and it will all go into the little wire. If he's what everybody thinks he is, it's the first time there's ever been a recording of anybody in his position. Personally, I think he's a phony. Here he is. . . .

(*Brief silence in recording.*)

Well, that was Mr. Gray. Whoever you are, whoever plays this spool back—you might possibly, just possibly, be the first man to hear a voice beyond the grave, and live. . . . "Put your notebook away, Mr. Gray. Frankly I take no stock in the whole business."

"Now, darling, please don't be like that. I think it's wonderful of you to be brave, but we might as well face it."

That was Gebhardt—a lovely voice. . . . "O.K., Chubbins, if it'll make you happy. This is no time for a family quarrel. . . . What do you want, Mr. Gray?"

(*Brief silence in recording.*)

"This? Why, this is a wire recorder, Mr. Gray. Your voice is going down to posterity."

(*Brief silence in recording.*)

"Your voice won't record? That's what you think, Mr. Gray. Those magnets and that little wire don't care who you are. If you want me to play it back for you—"

(*Brief silence in recording.*)

"Jake, for heaven's sake! Eight minutes! If Mr. Gray says there's only eight minutes left, I'm sure he knows. Quit playing with that silly recorder and be serious."

(*Brief silence in recording.*)

"No, Mr. Gray. I'm afraid I'm just an ordinary girl. There's no reason I should live, except for Jake. And —well, his baby."

"What? Hey, what was that? Chubbins, you didn't tell me that! A baby! You're going to have a baby! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, darling, I haven't been sure very long. And it seemed—well, we weren't supposed to be married at *all,* and meeting at odd moments, slipping away— I was going to tell you when we got back and were out of the Army and had a home and—well, *looked* like we were married."

YOU should see Gebhardt blushing. . . . "Well, Mr. Gray, there's one thing I'll bet you haven't got in your little notebook. But I guess you've got everything else—almost."

(*Brief silence in recording.*)

"As for me, Mr. Gray, there isn't much to tell. Except maybe about my father. And then I never knew him, really—except through what my mother said."

(*Brief silence in recording.*)

"Mother said people called him a nut. He'd been a working man, a section hand on the railroad, until

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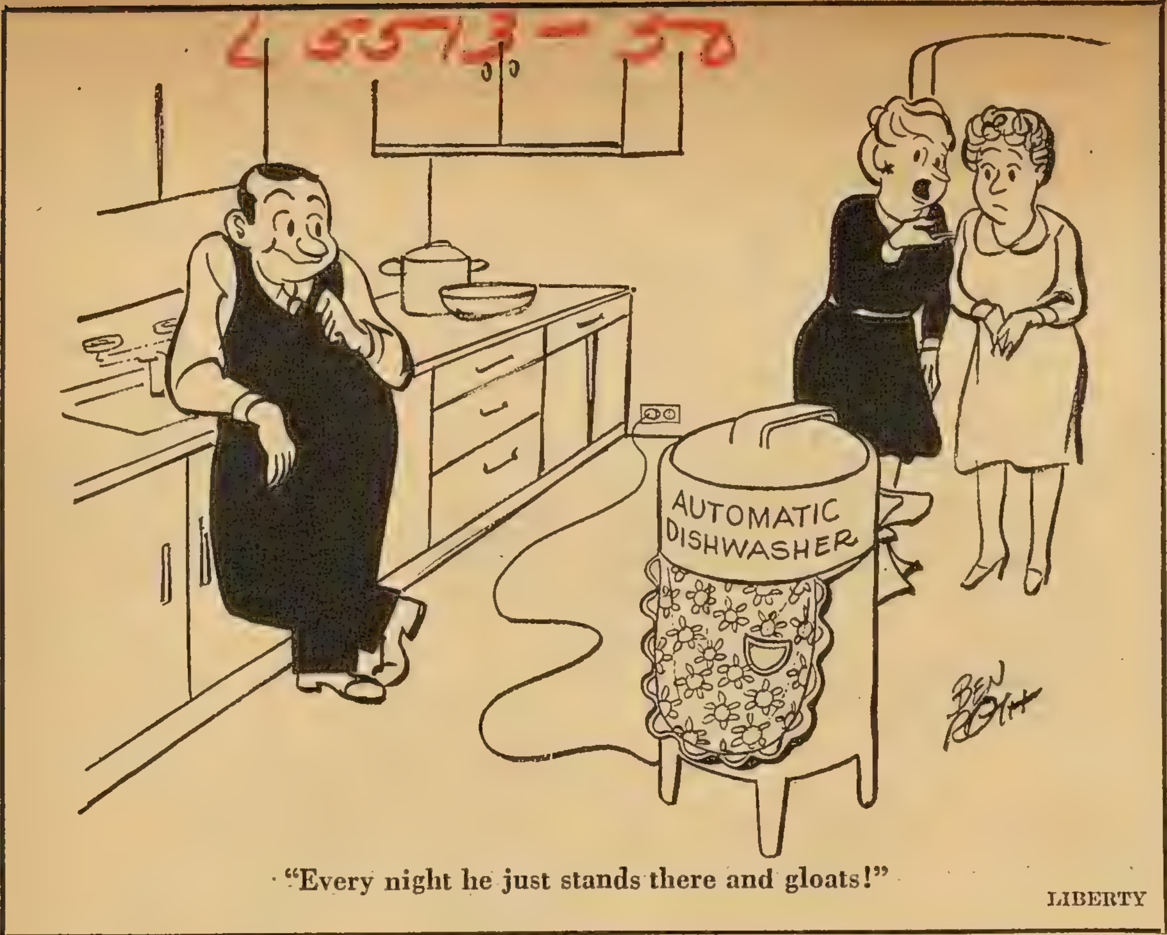

"Every night he just stands there and gloats!"

LIBERTY

he was almost forty, and then one day he just walked off the job and started preaching, traveling and preaching. My mother met him when he stopped off in our town to preach. She said he didn't preach religion, or what we call religion now, or Communism, or anything that we've got a label for. In fact, she didn't remember what his message was, except that hearing him changed her whole life, and the lives of people everywhere he preached. They got married and she wanted only to have a child who would carry on with whatever it was he had. She said she knew that had been her mission in life. Especially, she said, since he died the day after they got married."

(*Brief silence in recording.*)

"He was killed, Mr. Gray. It was during the time of the first World War, when people weren't themselves, as they weren't during this past war or any other war. Some super-patriots claimed he was obstructing the war effort and putting the wrong ideas into people's heads, so a mob beat him up and he died. And mother said she was terribly thankful he didn't die without issue—that was me. She felt it was terribly important that his spark shouldn't go out. And that's worried me some, too, since she told me, because I'm just a common man."

"BUT, Jake, so was your father, until he was a lot older than you are. A man has to ripen and mature before he begins a thing like that. It has to grow in him, little by little, as he grows, until suddenly—"

"Chubbins, you're biased. I'm just an ordinary Joe. I'm going to get out of the Army and go back to work in the Buy-Rite Market, and maybe someday I'll be manager. I shouldn't have spilled all this. I've never before in my life—"

(*Ninety-six-second silence in recording.*)

Well, Mr. Gray's gone. Funny thing. I never had anything like this happen and I still don't know whether or not I believe it. It's on the wire, anyhow.

YOU heard the things he said, whoever you are, whoever fishes this spool out of the sea and plays it back. You notice that for once Mr. Gray got excited. Muttered something about heredity. Something about a spark that would somehow and sometime ignite and cleanse the world if it were preserved. Some line that shouldn't be broken. A gift for good. A great vision carried from generation to generation. A bunch of strange stuff like that. He said my father thought he'd died childless—why shouldn't he? But you heard him, whoever you are who hears this. He sure got excited, and he beat it through the door in front. I went up there and couldn't find him. Hughie and Flight Officer Ingram said he didn't come in there. So he just disappeared again—a neat trick. You figure it out.

And now I think I'd better tie this spool with the other one onto a Mae West and toss them out. Ingram told me the engine was ready to konk out any time.

We've barely got flying speed, and there are a lot of icebergs floating around.

So I guess that's all.

War Department Bureau of Public Relations Release #11,711.

The War Department today announced the loss of a C-47 transport plane on a transatlantic flight from Prestwick, Scotland, to Bolling Field, Washington, D. C. Search parties found wreckage of the plane on an iceberg a hundred miles off the east coast of Greenland. Bodies of eight of the ten personnel aboard have been recovered. The life raft was picked up, floating empty except for a briefcase. Names of passengers and crew are withheld pending notification of next of kin.

SUBJECT: Report of Investigating Board, *re* crash of C-47 A/C #86,999.
TO: CG/G-2.

1. There were six passengers on A/C #86,999, at the time of the crash, and a crew of four, making a total of ten personnel aboard. Evidence of an eleventh man (see Enclosures 1 and 2) is not of a nature to be assessed by this Investigating Board. The Board has corroborated the incident at Iceland wherein Captain Brooks claimed to have encountered a stranger aboard the A/C. However, after this incident, General Gailbraith made a personal inspection of the A/C before takeoff and made certain no unauthorized personnel was aboard. Because of its cargo of highly classified documents, the A/C was under guard at all times when not in flight.

2. Cause of crash was ascertained to be mechanical failure of the port engine. There was no evidence of pilot error.

3. The extraordinary conclusions embodied in Enclosures 1 and 2 are forwarded without comment. They deal with matters beyond the province of a military investigating board.

For the Commanding Officer:
/s/ Fielding N. Gossard
/t/ Fielding N. Gossard
Lt. Col. AC

2 enc:
1. Wire Recording.
2. Depositions (2)

(*Depositions by Second Lieutenant Gebhardt and Staff Sergeant Zimm, taken after their rescue on the Greenland coast, where they had been living thirteen weeks with the natives, following the crash of the C-47 A/C #86,999.*)

(*Staff Sergeant Zimm's deposition:*)

There's not a hell of a lot to tell. I was asleep when the crash came. The plane broke up and I was thrown clear. We'd hit an iceberg. What we were doing down that low I couldn't say. The plane was burning and I couldn't get near it. I guess everybody was dead inside, anyhow. I was lucky.

I THOUGHT of that top-secret report we'd all been working so hard to get, and how it was going up in smoke, but I couldn't do anything about it. And I thought of Lieutenant Gebhardt, because we'd been married secretly for several months. But I couldn't do anything about her, either.

I was pretty dopey from the shock. I wandered around on the iceberg. It was just getting dawn, and cold as hell. And I found her lying there on the ice. Gebhardt. She'd been thrown clear also. Funny, isn't it, just us two out of all the passengers and crew. Two out of ten, and we happen to be man and wife. That's one for the book. She came to pretty soon, and I helped her to the burning plane, to keep warm. We sat on the ice with our fronts to the fire awhile and then our backs, to keep warm, and wondered what we'd do when the plane was all gone and nothing to do but freeze to death.

But here came along a boat paddled by some Eskimos. Don't ask me what they were doing out there; that's their business. They followed the fire. They took us back to the coast. It was a long trip. We lived with the tribe until a plane came over one day, off course I guess, and I signaled it.

Yes, I've heard the wire recording. It sounds like my voice, but a man's voice never sounds the same on a recording. And who else would have made it? I can't explain it. I certainly wasn't drunk.

I'LL tell you how much of that story I know. The part about Iceland is O.K. Captain Brooks did come running to the mess hall exhausted and acting like he was off his nut. Everything happened just like the recording, until we get to the place where I'm supposed to see this guy Mr. Gray. That's where it goes haywire. The recording says that I came back from talking with the pilot after the engine quit, the left engine, and then saw this civilian. Well, that's impossible. Nobody could have got on that plane. I don't remember a thing about that. I came back and went to sleep. We had only one engine, but staying awake wouldn't help. I went to sleep, and the next thing I knew the crash woke me up. But I admit that's a mighty fancy yarn, a flossy job. The only trouble is that it didn't happen. I wouldn't forget a thing like that, would I? Say, is this whole thing a rib? I'm a practical man.

(Staff Sergeant Zimm refused comment on his parentage. His medical record showed no evidence of past emotional instability.)

(Deposition by Lieutenant Gebhardt:)

I have heard the recording and seen my husband's deposition. I fell asleep before the one engine quit and did not wake up until after the crash, when I found myself lying on the iceberg. That is what I remember.

AS to the rest of it, the part about Mr. Gray, I do not know. I do recognize my own voice and my husband's voice on the recording. I feel it is significant that Mr. Gray's voice did not register on the wire. I am certain that the wire recording tells of actual events which were erased from our memories.

If everything happened as the recording says it did, certainly we two who lived through it would not be allowed to remember it, for this is something experienced only by those midway between this world and whatever is beyond. That is why Mr. Gray's voice did not record. It was on a frequency inaudible ordinarily to human ears.

If it is all true, I am glad we don't remember it, for that means we're not halfway through the door. It means we have our lives to live, and it means that I am especially proud to be carrying my husband's baby. My husband makes a great to-do about being a practical man. Most everybody thinks he is.

But he is far from an ordinary person. I know.

THE END

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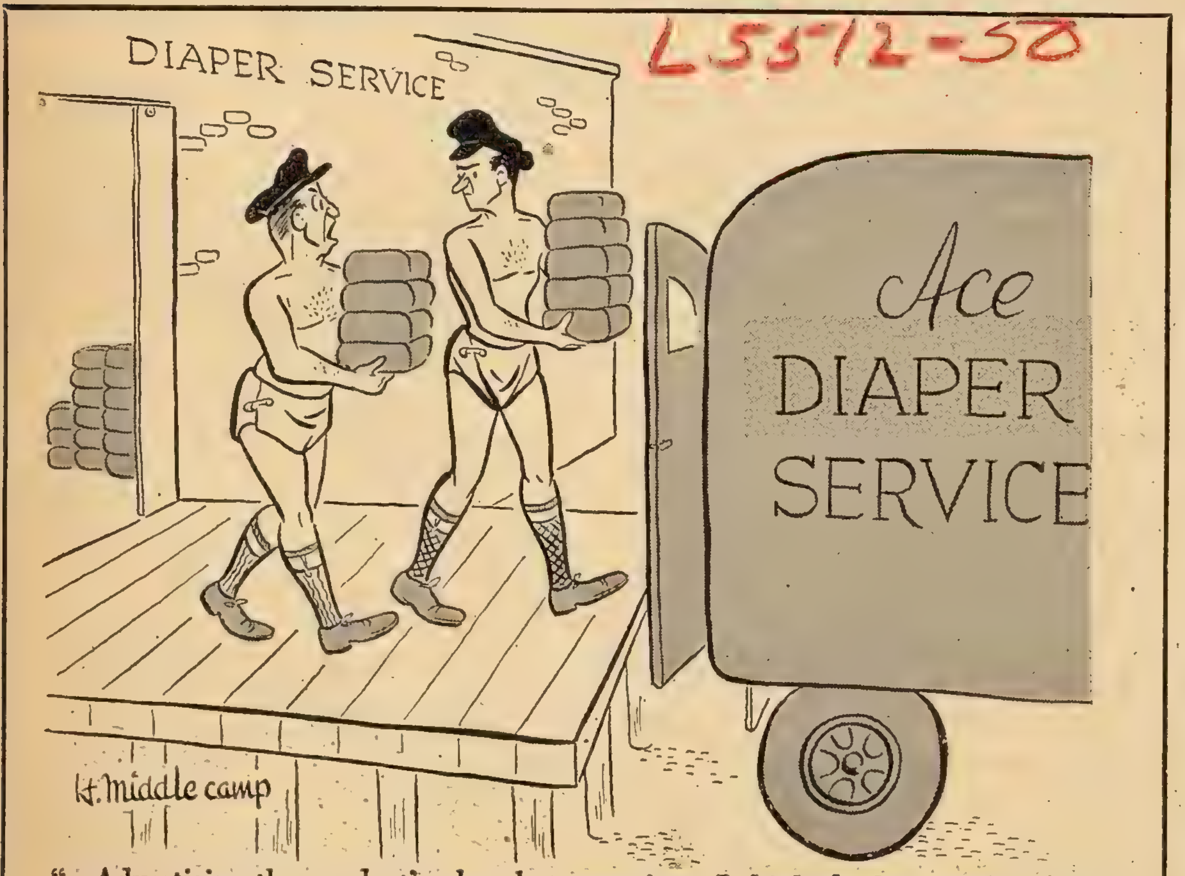

"—Advertising the product's okay but sometimes I think the boss overdoes it!"
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Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK

NO FAIR!—With all due respect to the average husband who has the wearing job of bringing home the bacon, I still think the wife is handed more than her share of those recurrent chores that really get under the skin. It's *her* job to telephone a would-be hostess and break a date for dinner when Pop decides he just won't go. It's her job to keep the maid, if any, mollified when her mate is late for the evening meal; and if there's no maid, it's up to Mom to keep a delayed supper edible for her lord and master. She also has to write all thank-you notes for Pop as well as the preschool kiddies. And when the tadpoles insist on getting up at 5.30 A.M., as most of the very young do, it's Momma's job to rise and shine, no matter what time the guests left the night before. Burning with envy, she brews breakfast and keeps the kids quiet, so hard-working Daddy may have two more hours of sleep. If Baby needs attention during the night, it's Mom he yodels for, and it's Mom's slumber that gets shot full of holes. At parties, even those hatched by Poppa, it's Momma's duty to make conversation with the stiffer guests, and concoct all the jolly little canapés and sandwiches. Then she must manage to ease out, in a cozy way, the guests who linger too long. So give the little girl a hand, and be charitable on those days when her disposition shows unmistakable signs of wear and tear.

COMPLAINT TO THE MANAGEMENT: Many New York stores indulge in a deception, particularly goat-getting because it's so easy to see through. I wish they'd all stop that nonsense of pricing print dresses and matching jackets separately, when they cannot be purchased except as ensembles. A recent advertisement brazenly reads, "Oh, welcome return of the print town *suit*"—thereby conceding the fact that it *is* a suit. But the follow-up is, "Dress, $45.00; Jacket, $25.00." Lately this trick has been carried to even more illogical extremes with the pricing of the bolero top, pants, and skirt of a play suit separately, and the top and bottom parts of bathing suits separately. Hey, listen, merchants! We women can add, you know.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE PLUS: Two enterprising sisters, Ruth Butler and Eleanor Sadowsky, have established what they term the New York Circulating Library of Paintings, with the idea of renting fine pictures to art lovers who cannot afford to buy them. They have some 800 canvases, which were acquired by their father, who has spent much time and money in accumulating his collection of oils and water colors. Contemporary American and nineteenth-century European and American painters are represented, among them such artists as Walt Kuhn, Maurice Utrillo, Edgar Degas, and Ernest Lawson. Rental on each painting is based upon its value, and a picture may be rented for a single month or for as long as a year. A portion of the collection is available for purchase, and rental fees will be applied to the purchase price.

DOWN WITH THE DICTATOR!

I am *not* a John L. Lewis fan.
John L. Lewis is *not* a ladies' man.
Coal strikes *prove* he has no soul,
For nylons *can't* be made without coal!

HOW TO HOLD YOUR HUSBAND: According to Louis Diat, chef of the Ritz-Carlton for more than thirty-five years, men like good food, "So if you want to keep your husband home, learn to be a good cook." At a luncheon given in Mr. Diat's honor on the publication of his new Home Cook Book with the intriguing subtitle, French Cooking for Americans (J. B. Lippincott), this king of the kitchen was toasted most entertainingly. Among the speakers was Malcolm LaPrade, vice-president of Thomas Cook & Son, who said he, like Mr. Diat, was brought up in a kitchen. Born in the south of our own U.S.A., Mr. LaPrade reminisced of a mammy who "cooked by ear" and who said, when asked for her recipe for corn muffins, "Ah takes enough meal to make enough bread and then Ah puts in enough of everything else."

DOODLEBUG DIPPY

Continued from Page 32

this year, however, drivers have begun to take matters into their own hands. Eastern daredevils of the quarter-mile bowls organized the Auto Race Drivers Club, 300 strong, back in '39. Now they are seeking to unite smaller clubs in other parts of the nation. Later they hope to push doodlebugging in the larger cities and to bring to it the popularity hitherto monopolized by the "big cars."

A circuit has been formed on the East Coast with one-night stands in the suburbs of Washington and Philadelphia; New Haven, Danbury, and Avon, Connecticut; Springfield, Massachusetts; and at Dexter Park in Queens Borough, New York City. Local tracks are scattered through the country; in Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, Oklahoma City. But only in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Oakland is midget racing regarded as a big-time sport. The California cities provide tracks in large stadiums and the races attract crowds equal to those at baseball or football games.

TOWARD dusk on summer evenings, the fans jam the miniature bowls from coast to coast. Many are dyed-in-the-wool midget maniacs, a cynical breed of cold-blooded sensation seekers. They seldom bet; no bookies trail them to their splintery seats in open stands. They're there for one reason—to be in at the kill.

Drivers are arriving, too. They come in "teams," usually sharing space in passenger cars. The cars pull the trailers on which their precious doodlebugs are transported from track to track. The pygmy racers are more than mere metal. Some are artistic creations over which their owners have sweated and dreamed. Others are flimsy, tatterdemalion contraptions, literally held together by wire, glue, and rubber bands. Here's one with a hood refashioned from a beer-parlor sign. Here's another with an outboard motor snatched from a seagoing craft. This one, slick and bright, is Wild Bill Holmes', with its two-cylinder Harley-Davidson motorcycle engine. Wild Bill won the 1939 championship in just such a speedster.

Ted Toppet drives a ninety-five horsepower "Offy." Bill Schindler, the Barney Oldfield of the teacup tracks, has a Caruso that has been pieced together by Mike, the junkman of Freeport, Long Island, with a chassis from Marion, Indiana, a rear end from Louisville, and odd parts from the Lord knows where. Other drivers will ride behind Ford or Chevrolet motors pepped up to eighty-five horsepower.

Down to the pits the drivers roll their racers. None weighs more than 950 pounds. Here's a baby which tips the scale at 650. Wheel bases

L 5-686-12,12

Thanks for the Memory

TWENTY-ONE years ago a Chicago Tribune headline read: ILLINOIS 24; PENN 2; *GRANGE.* That was Harold "Red" Grange, who could do everything on the gridiron but perform on the cello.

Against Michigan in 1924, "Red" handled the ball exactly five times and scored five touchdowns on runs of 95, 67, 56, 45, and 15 yards.

Old C. C. (Cash & Carry) Pyle grabbed Grange and exploited him like a breakfast food. Grange played pro football until 1934 and made $200,000, but was quickly relieved of it. Today he is a prosperous insurance broker in Chicago. Harold no longer packs the pigskin, but when old "77" used to carry the mail, it was just "Dear Joe, that's all she wrote."—*Allan H. Witwer.*

are restricted to 76 inches, tread width to 46 inches. Twelve-inch tires are recaps which seldom last longer than one race.

A sandy-haired youth pours liquid gold into his tank. "What have you got there?" asks a rival. "None of your business!" is the reply. Fuel mixtures for the midget cars are guarded as closely as atom-bomb secrets. Some use blends of standard high-test gasoline. The Offy has a cultivated thirst for dyanax, a mixture of alcohol and a petroleum derivative. Schindler's Caruso purrs as it consumes a cocktail of alky plus a few drops of acetone. Other drivers experiment with charcoal and ether.

AS motors tune up to a thunderous roar, black smoke billows above the floodlights into the night. The acid odor of castor oil, used for lubrication, pervades the countryside. Those living in the neighborhood of a track dislike the noise. Some even bring the law down on promoters who insist that unmuffled motors add to the excitement. But the doodlebug fan is deaf to noise and eats smoke. He pays his eighty-five cents, leans forward as overalled crews guide cars to the track, and exchanges statistical information with other fans. For instance, one recalls the famous anecdote about Al Miller. Al's tire blew in front of the judges' stand one night. Out rocketed Al, landing on his back. And off flew his left leg in another direction. It lay there on the track like real flesh and blood. Half a dozen women fainted. They never knew Al had lost his real leg in a smack-up years before.

And in a jargon all their own the drivers chatter as they get ready to race. "Last night a balloon-foot shoved his jap into a gilhooey," complains one. "The jerk split a bucket. He had to fork up fresh gallopin' irons. Lucky he didn't do a dump. He had oughta been ridin' a clunker!"

Translated, he means: "A clumsy driver, afraid to step on the gas, sent his English-built Prestevich into a spin. The imbecile cracked a piston. He had to buy new rods. He was lucky he didn't spill. He should have been riding in a homemade car."

Then a novice driver asks, "What kind of track is this?" An old-timer replies, "This track's asphalt. It's O.K., except on rainy nights. Dirt surfaces are treacherous, too full of ruts. Indoor board tracks are riskier, but I'm all for 'em—I do better time on the wood."

Tonight's card lists thirty entrants. They will compete in ten-lap trial heats, in groups of ten each, on the quarter-mile oval with its high-walled curves and 360-foot straightaway. Two by two they are pushed to the start, one hand on the steering wheel, one on the brake. Crewmen shove, motors respond, pistons pound—the race is on!

Hub to hub the doodlebugs race. Twelve cars are eliminated as the trials end. Survivors check gas, oil, change rubber or gears. They start the semifinals in reverse order to their finish in the trials—a handicap to speedier cars, an advantage to "popsickles" or "clunkers."

"I wouldn't have a chance if it wasn't for the reverse start," confesses a small-fry. "I can't afford an Offy—they cost up to six thousand dollars. My job only set me back seven hundred."

Real money—as much as fifty dollars—awaits the winner of the semifinals. Excitement is intense. "That's Dutch Schaeffer leading!" cries the announcer over the amplification system. Dutch almost laps his opponents, who jam hazardously for

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California Sunkist

L 55 14 - 50

Irwin Caplan

"Bobbie's too young to walk yet—but she crawls everywhere!"

LIBERTY

second-place money, a mere twenty-five dollars. Toward the north wall a car streaks, followed by another which twists in and out, seeking an opening, then cuts off its rival.

"Foul!" shouts the crowd. Judges raise a yellow flag. The offender slinks into the pits, disqualified for the night. Fouls are rare; punishment swift. The guilty fear reprisals. Last fall an unruly driver flagrantly wove in and out of the line. His fellow doodlebuggers called a meeting. A spokesman said, "You've been set down for tonight. That's good. If you ever pull that stuff again, we'll drive you through the fence ourselves. You might have committed murder!" The "criminal" apologized.

GRUDGE duels are feared by all. When two cars pace each other, weaving and blocking, judges watch closely. If they have quarreled, cooler heads intervene, for an act of personal vengeance may lead to a fatal pile-up.

Tonight, however, the semifinals proceed smoothly. Ray Nestor, the Bronx Terror, nabs one, Bill Schindler the other. As Schindler nears the finish, a woman screams. A young driver, eighteen-year-old Al Noon, badly lapped, tries hard to finish in the money-winning first six. High on the wall a rod snaps. Noon's homemade "clunker" zooms out of control, topples over the wall.

A siren howls. An ambulance threads its way through a dirt path to the adjoining field. Noon's car lies on its side. The stunned youth clambers to his feet. Later, in the hospital room, a doctor examines him. "You'd better not race again tonight," warns the doctor. Al smiles wanly. "Couldn't with this headache —and besides, I'm out of the running." Groggily he makes his way through the crowd, finds a seat in a corner of the bleachers.

Twelve cars, two abreast, line up for the grand finale. Here are the stars: Schindler, Nestor, Georgie Rice, Schaeffer, Toppet, Wild Bill Holmes. They will race on equal terms—the reverse start is discarded for the finals.

Off they go! Nestor leads . . . Wild Bill Holmes gains ground in his flexible Hauptner . . . Schindler is far behind. Friendly foes outsmart each other, inches apart. Others tangle coming out of curves, as accelerators step up speed to eighty, eighty-five, ninety miles an hour. It's anyone's race, anyone's grand prize of $200.

And now, with nine shuddering machines vainly seeking vantage, Schindler in his Caruso daringly rises to the rim of the wall, outer wheels free at a ninety-degree angle. Uncannily he blasts down obliquely to the straightaway, deftly passing one, two, three rivals. With two laps to go, he worms into third place, past Schaeffer, past Nestor . . . now past Holmes. Now he leads!

Bill Schindler wins again! The crowd, 10,000 strong, quietly masses toward the gate. "A lousy card," says a loose-lipped fanatic. "No one got hurt!" "What's the matter with that accident in the semifinals? That kid Noon got his, didn't he?" "Naw," growls the thrill-jaded fan. "I saw him sitting in the stands just now."

At that moment, Al Noon, staggering into the hospital room, collapses. The doctor shakes his head. "It may be a fractured skull," he says.

The brief annals of midget auto racing are filled with tales of selfless courage and sportsmanship, hairbreadth escapes and sudden death. Through the years, Bill Schindler has maintained his primacy as the ace of midget auto drivers. He was champion in 1938, 1941, and the abbreviated season of 1942. He is president of the Auto Race Drivers Club.

Bill was whipping his doodlebug around Roosevelt Raceway in 1936, hitting ninety on the straightaway, when he skidded into a fence on a banked curve. His careening car bounced back and, to avoid plowing into the spectators, he wrenched the steering wheel in another direction. The car smashed into a tree. When Bill came to in a hospital, a surgeon told him they'd have to amputate his left leg.

During convalescence, he was convinced he would never race again. But his confidence returned as he gradually learned to walk on an artificial limb. Six weeks after his discharge from the hospital, Bill was at the wheel of a brand-new Caruso Black Deuce. He parked his aluminum left leg while racing and manipulated the foot controls with his one good leg.

What's more, he went to Boston, where, in a field of thirty-two dizzy doodlebuggers, he won the Jimmy Cagney Trophy.

A YEAR later, he was doing eighty miles an hour around Coney Island's Velodrome, a one-fifth-mile board track built for motorcycle-paced bike races, when his car buckled as he jammed on the brakes. The right front wheel flew off and centrifugal force shot the car and Bill into the air. Three doodlebugs skittered by before Bill fell. But a fourth swerved and nicked him as he landed. He escaped serious injury, to race again the following day.

Philosophically Bill remarks, "Sure it's a dangerous game, but I'm alive. And if I could make more dough finishing second than first, I'd still try to win every time. Speed's in my blood!"

Curly-headed, twenty-seven-year-old Bob Swanson was severely burned in the blazing Indianapolis "big car" wreck in '39 in which champion Floyd Roberts died. That fall, his stock car lurched crossways against Florida sand, rose like a mechanical bird, quivered, and crashed. Guards dashed to the pile of debris. Bob clambered from his seat, grinned. "I'm O.K.," he said. "But look at my feet!" His left shoe had been ripped away by the blast.

Bob went undefeated in seven months of midget racing in '41. One day his doodlebug roared down the stretch on a one-fifth-mile Florida track. A checkered flag dipped—he had won again. Exultantly he stepped on the gas for a last triumphant tour of the tiny oval. A wheel hit a rut and a tire blew. Like a tin beetle, the car rolled over and over. Bob was pinned beneath. This time the guards found him dead.

But such things don't stop the doodlebug boys. The V-J Day shouting had hardly died away when operators reopened tracks and the drivers began to experiment with new homemade models, with tricky combinations of fuels based upon combustion secrets developed during the war.

For today's midget driver is not only skilled in racing; he is an inventor, a chemist of sorts and, by his own admission, a fool. Driving a midget is not merely rolling to the start, stepping on the gas and letting her go. The track area provides more room for maneuvers than you'd imagine. Recklessness costs injuries and even death, but daring wins prizes, and the star drivers know to an inch when and how they may safely cut off their rivals, edging up to the rim of a curve, dropping down, with accelerator wide open to gain speed.

They talk about r.p.m.—the number of revolutions per minute made by a motor. In midget cars it varies from 5,000 to 7,000, which is almost twice as fast as the average passenger-car engine will run. They pay small boys to time them with stop watches as they try to squeeze precious fractions of seconds out of their toylike cars powered by high-compression engines.

TEN years ago, Jack Dempsey, watching a midget race, remarked, "Boxers aren't the only crazy people in sports." His heart had stood still as cars went into end spins. He had seen flimsy scooters topple over as they rammed bales of hay, used to guard curves. He had watched one split a guard fence; two others lock wheels momentarily in a collision that brought gasps of horror from the crowd. He had laughed nervously as one car, out of control, twisted through the infield, knocked over an attendant, and then resumed its course over the track. Doodlebug racing has changed very little since then.

But, as Schindler points out, the purses are still ridiculously low for the risks a guy takes. "Our game is still in the hands of promoters who happened into it years ago," Bill says. "We don't even own our own cars. We pay forty per cent of our prize money to mechanics who build them for us. Some day," Schindler muses, "we may hit a jackpot."

When that day comes, midget racing will have its big leagues, with teams competing against each other for point scores. There will be two or more circuits. Championship run-offs in municipal stadiums or ball parks will pack in 100,000 fans. The radio will carry heat-by-heat broadcasts; Duke Donaldson, who quit a $4,000,000 velvet business to patter microphone descriptions of doodlebug daring, will be as well known to kilocycle fans as Ted Husing or Red Barber. And Bill Schindler, Wild Bill Holmes, Dutch Schaeffer, and their mates will be as famous as the stars of other sports.

Such is the dream of the doodlebug driver. In the meantime he still races in the same old wacky way, in a life-and-death battle between man and a cockeyed machine.

THE END

THE SECRET

Continued from Page 31

maple trees matched. The houses matched, too, so alike that their differences—one with entry hall on the left, the other with a front door opening directly into a cramped living room filled with overstuffed furniture—could not be told from outside. Already, in her mind, Louise was picking furniture to match, furniture the bright new stores bought in bright new dozens, furniture neither very large nor very small, which gained its desirability from being as nearly like every other set of furniture in the block as it was possible to be.

The Clagetts came in a slow cloud of dust and a large clatter, stepped out of their car with banging doors, and divided promptly into country-style groups. Mr. Clagett followed Harry's limp toward the barn, where he would look appreciatively at a milk cow he had no intention of buying. Mrs. Clagett made social noises on the porch, exclaimed in the kitchen and exchanged gossip while she pretended to ignore furniture she had every intention of buying. In the end, it was the black dining table she wanted, a table so long used that it seemed attached to the house.

Louise said, "I don't really know about that, Mrs. Clagett. That belongs to my husband's mother and she'd have to say whether we should sell it."

Flora remembered more things about the table than she could sort out in her mind. She remembered a childhood spent on the upper floor of a grocery store, in a city flat exactly like all other city flats. She remembered another Marcus as he had been when young—the only one she ever knew who would stop dead and stare at a green lawn just for the joy of looking at the green. Vaguely she remembered the purchase of the table, shiny then and somehow very funny for the two of them to be buying. She remembered how it had looked in a house which was not like other houses—poorer perhaps, not so well built, located far out where there were no convenient trolleys and the grocery was miles away, but still a different house—before there was any other furniture. She remembered the shocked face of a friend when the friend learned that they had bought a table before they had either cookstove or proper bed. She remembered thousands of meals and strange meal talk—whether they should leave a struggling evergreen tree in the middle of the garden plot, where it would forever be a nuisance, simply because neither of them could bear to cut it down. The tree had stayed.

These things she remembered about the table, its buying, its long service, the wrench it had been to

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"No, thanks! I already have a can-opener that even a child can operate!"
LIBERTY

give it to her son and his wife when she no longer had a home which could accommodate it.

But of the table itself, she thought nothing. As Mrs. Clagett watched, she touched it once, lightly, with a fingertip. Touched it and brought her hand away from the cheap and worn wood. She would have liked Marcus some day to have it; but she knew it would mean nothing to him, would by no stretch of the imagination bring the elder Marcus, whom he had never known, any closer than a legend.

She said, "Why, of course you should sell it if Mrs. Clagett wants it, Louise. It means nothing to any of us."

MARCUS came back during the feminine haggling and listened silently when Mrs. Clagett said she thought the table would do nicely in their laundry room. The table left, tied to the rear of the Clagett touring car.

Mark said, "I thought you liked that table, grandma."

"It wasn't anything," Flora told him. "There wouldn't be room for it in your house in town, or when I go to live with Aunt Edith either."

"I wouldn't let them take away my things," said the boy. "I'd cry if they did."

Flora said she was not going to cry. "I never cared much about tables and chairs and things," she said.

"I still don't see," said the boy, "why you don't cry."

He also asked her whether she thought anyone else had found their secret violet hoard, and she told him she doubted it.

"I'm not so sure," Mark said. "When I was down in the pasture, there was a man over that way."

Flora told him she was sure the man never suspected their secret.

Another neighbor came on a buying trip; and when Flora saw who was getting out of the buggy, she took the boy to help her hunt through the haymow for a nest one of the old hens had hidden out somewhere. They were a long time hunting for eggs without finding any—as long a time as Flora could manage. When they finally came out of the barn, the buyer had gone. Flora hoped the boy might not notice for days that the cabinet where he had always kept his toys had been sold.

If he did, there was nothing she could do to ease the blow.

In the afternoon a man from the bank came to look over the farm with a prospective tenant. Together with Harry, the two went in and out of buildings, walked off by themselves across the fields.

Mark wondered if it was all right for the strangers to be on their property.

Flora said, "Yes, it's quite all right."

The boy said, "It used to be you didn't want people walking over the farm and scaring the stock. Besides, they might find our secret."

"It's all right now," Flora told him. "I'll bet they don't even guess our secret if they look right at it."

"I'd think," insisted the boy, "that you'd make them leave. I would if I was big enough."

Harry was blunt. "There's no use in trying to keep all this from him, ma," he said. "He's got to know about it some time. It's no crime to be leaving a farm."

Flora said, "But he's so young, son. I wish I had something to give him to get his mind away from it—anything to take the place of all that he's used to and is losing. He needs something to hang onto at four."

Harry said no one he knew, four or forty, had anything much to hang on to.

Mark went to water the Shetland pony in the barn, a daily ritual. When he came back, he asked his grandmother, "Will I be big enough to ride him pretty soon?"

Harry said nothing. Flora could think of nothing to say.

A hen scratching beside the porch moved away with a guilty flick of her tail when George Moran arrived. Even the hen seemed to know from the squareness of the man, the stubby competence of his hands, that no such foolishness as a hen in the dooryard would be permitted on the Moran acres, where cattle grew a little fatter than on other farms in the county, and where the annual bookkeeping was invariably in black ink.

Moran said his wife was well. So were his three boys. He said, "They make more racket every night, so I guess they're healthy enough. Most of the time, if I don't watch to keep them working, they're off hunting everything in the township. Even the dogs are scared of them."

FLORA told Mark there might be some mail in the box down by the gate. It was a quick thought and not a very good one. "No, there isn't," Mark said. "I saw the mailman go right on by. Besides, if Mr. Moran is going to buy my pony, I want to hear about it."

George Moran guffawed. "I'll be a son of a gun!" he said. "A horse trader! That's what he is. You tell him I was interested in the pony?"

Harry said, "No, nobody told him, George. He must have guessed it."

Mark said, "Well, he is my pony, isn't he, even if I can't ride him yet?"

His father nodded. Moran made a quick offer—made it generous, made it with a firm closing of the mouth, so Harry and Flora both knew it was his best, that he had everything figured out in advance—how much the little horse was worth, how much less than that they would be willing to accept for a quick cash sale.

Flora saw suddenly a mental picture of the heavy-barreled pony, used to periodic gifts of apples or sweets, standing in a barn where there would be no such gifts, lifting his head toward a squirming mass of boys, eager to ride fast, to kick and to jerk his head—rather than to the one who still was so small, so eager to be gently friendly. She said, "He is rather an old pony."

"Fourteen," said George Moran.

"Well," Harry said, "that isn't much. I'd thought—"

Flora looked at her grandson and plunged. "Harry," she said, "I don't really need all those things I had planned to take to Edith's with me. If the freight money would pay for the pony's feed for a while, perhaps you could keep—after all, we did promise."

George Moran deflated her hopeful small balloon. "It's illegal to keep a horse in that part of town, ma'am," he said. But he was suddenly kind. "You don't have to worry, though. My boys won't mistreat that pony. I'll tan their pants if they try."

While they talked, Mark stood by his grandmother's chair, saying nothing. When he saw his father's half-nod toward Moran, he looked at the floor. Harry said, "Is that all right with you, son? We'll try to get you another pony some time, or a bicycle."

Mark looked at the scuffed toe of his shoe. He said, "It's all right."

HE did not begin to sniffle until they were halfway across the meadow on the path which skirted the alfalfa field. Then Flora could do nothing but put her arms around his thin shoulders briefly.

Mark asked, "Where are we going, grandma?"

"The creek?" she suggested. "We could make a paper boat and sail it."

Mark said no, he did not care about sailing a boat.

She suggested the old orchard, but again Mark shook his head.

"Our secret place, then?" she suggested. "The violet field?"

Mark looked around quickly. "Sshh," he said. "Somebody might hear you."

Flora put her hand over her mouth in alarm. "No!" she said, "You don't suppose they did, do you?"

Mark agreed that perhaps nobody had. "But you ought to whisper," he said.

The collie stopped at the branching of the path but went on again to the left without being told, leading the way across a soggy corner of the meadow, through cattails growing by the pond, and across the uncertain brook which fed it. Dragonflies buzzed above the stream and a single water bug skated out across the glass of the pond.

The old lady, the collie, and the little boy climbed the path toward a fence which separated a corner of their own fields from the meadow of another farmer. There in that corner, almost cut off from the rest of the farm by the brook, the pond, and the cattails, they had found, a week before, a single oak tree growing broadly, a tree with elbow room. There under its shade they had found the dogtooth violets, a whole bed of those special country blooms which never grow in town, which retreat as quickly as shy birds before the advent of too many people.

"I hope we find a lot of violets today," Mark said as they climbed. "I'll bet no other boy in the world knows about as good a bed as we do." There were still tear stains on his cheek.

If she had looked more closely from the other side of the pond, or if the wind had been in another direction, Flora might have been warned. But as it was, she had no warning. The boy and the old lady came up to the end of the path—actually, it went on into a tunnel made by dogs and rabbits, but was barred at waist height by canting cattails—and there stopped. They each looked to right and left carefully and then at each other. Flora said, "See any enemies?"

Mark said he did not. He said, "You think it'll be all right to go on in? Nobody will see us?"

Flora said she did not think anyone would see them. Mark burst through the barrier ahead of her. His shout started high and excited and came down the scale in two words. He called, "Grandma! Look!"

On the other side of the fence dividing the farms, smoke still rose here and there from stubborn clumps of grass in what had been Kilborn's meadow. The burning was still so new that Flora could see Kilborn himself, just now leaving the upper end of his field after having rid it of thornbushes and cockleburs with fire. Kilborn walked contentedly, sure as any good farmer would be that in another month his meadow would turn green again, better than before for the burning of the dry grass left from a season before.

But the fire had not stopped exactly at the fence. As neatly as if it had been planned, the flames had eaten their way under the wire, through the intervening brush, and out in a semicircle which matched

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exactly the grassy spot under the oak. The flames had burned themselves out against the damp stalks of the cattails and had stopped in awe at the trunk of the tree—but there were no violets left visible anywhere in that secret place.

Suddenly as tired as she had ever been in her life, Flora sat down on a stump at the edge of the burned-out haven. Beside her, the dog sniffed at the still-warm ground, made a discontented sound in his throat and refused to go farther. Flora was older than she had ever felt, and more helpless. The day—the uneasy mules, the table, the pony, the thousand details of a going-away which suited neither the very old nor the very young—pressed against her unbearably. Unable to ease the leaving for the boy, to save his precious things for him, to explain the things too big for the young to understand—too big, in fact, for the sentimental old—she thought, I can't even save his make-believe for him.

SHE did not know she was crying until Mark repeated, "Grandma," until he attracted her wandering attention. He said, "Grandma, would you feel better if there were still some violets left? Would you stop crying, grandma?"

Flora blew her nose.

"There aren't very many," Mark said. "Just three over by that rock. They didn't get burned."

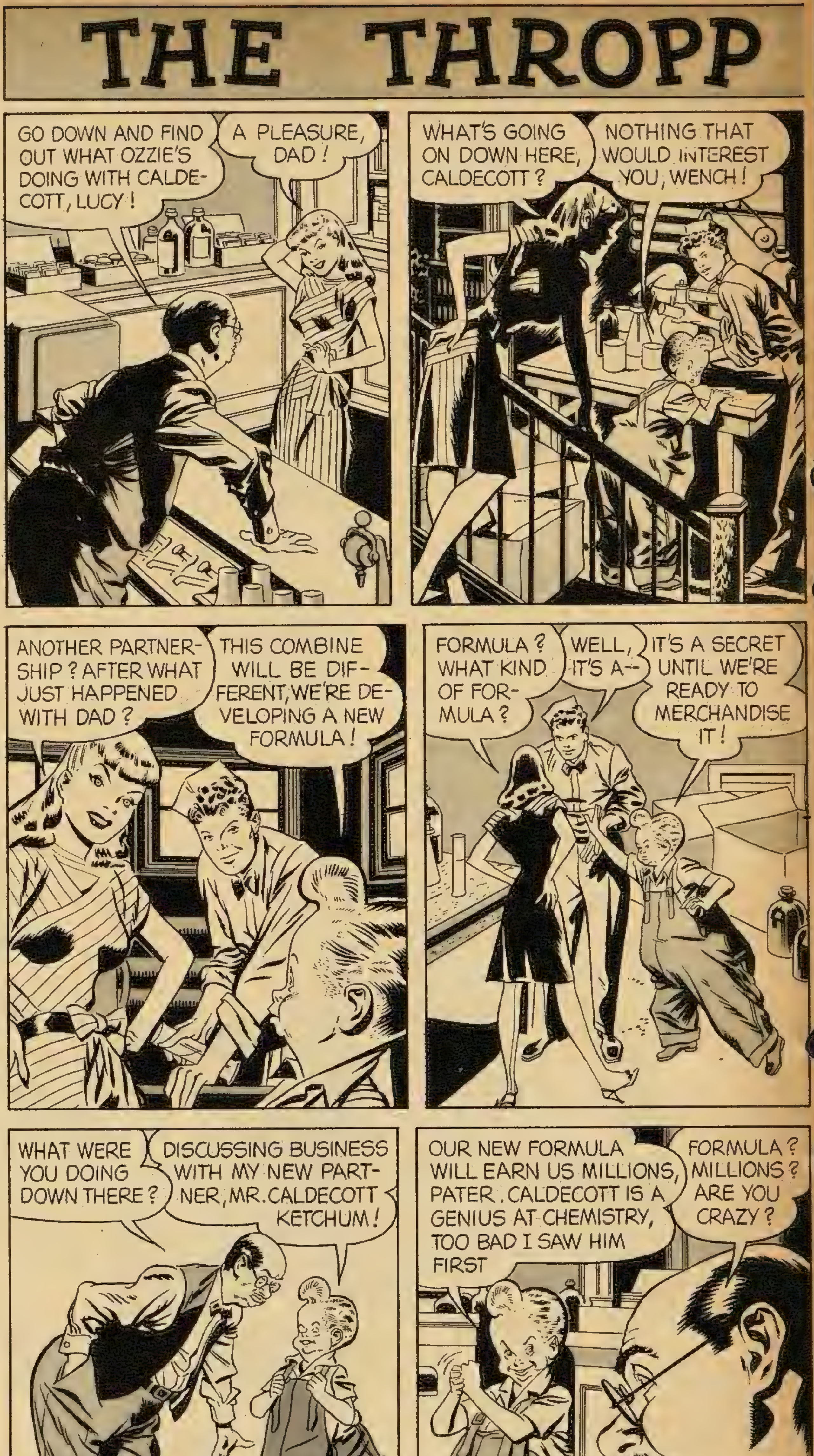
Flora followed him to the boulder and the single plant, with three blooms, which it had somehow protected. Her mind still revolving—through a lost farm, through lack of foresight which had prevented her from preventing this, through cheap old tables which had lost their magic, a pony a boy would never get to ride, Flora dug up the plant—hardly knowing what she did—and carried it carefully through the brush back to the edge of the pond, there planted it again where it would have plenty of water, where with luck it might still survive.

The three blossoms she picked and handed to Mark, who held them gravely, who walked carefully with them—his face sober, his voice silent—back toward the farmhouse. His grandmother stumbled behind him, blowing her nose again, feeling the tears still warm under her eyelids, failure in her mind. She hardly noticed the boy and the dog walking ahead, felt only an awful helplessness, a need for a Marcus long gone.

She did not know that the younger Marcus would never walk this path by the pond again, that he would soon forget all the details of moving from the farm, and even the name of the pony which had been sold.

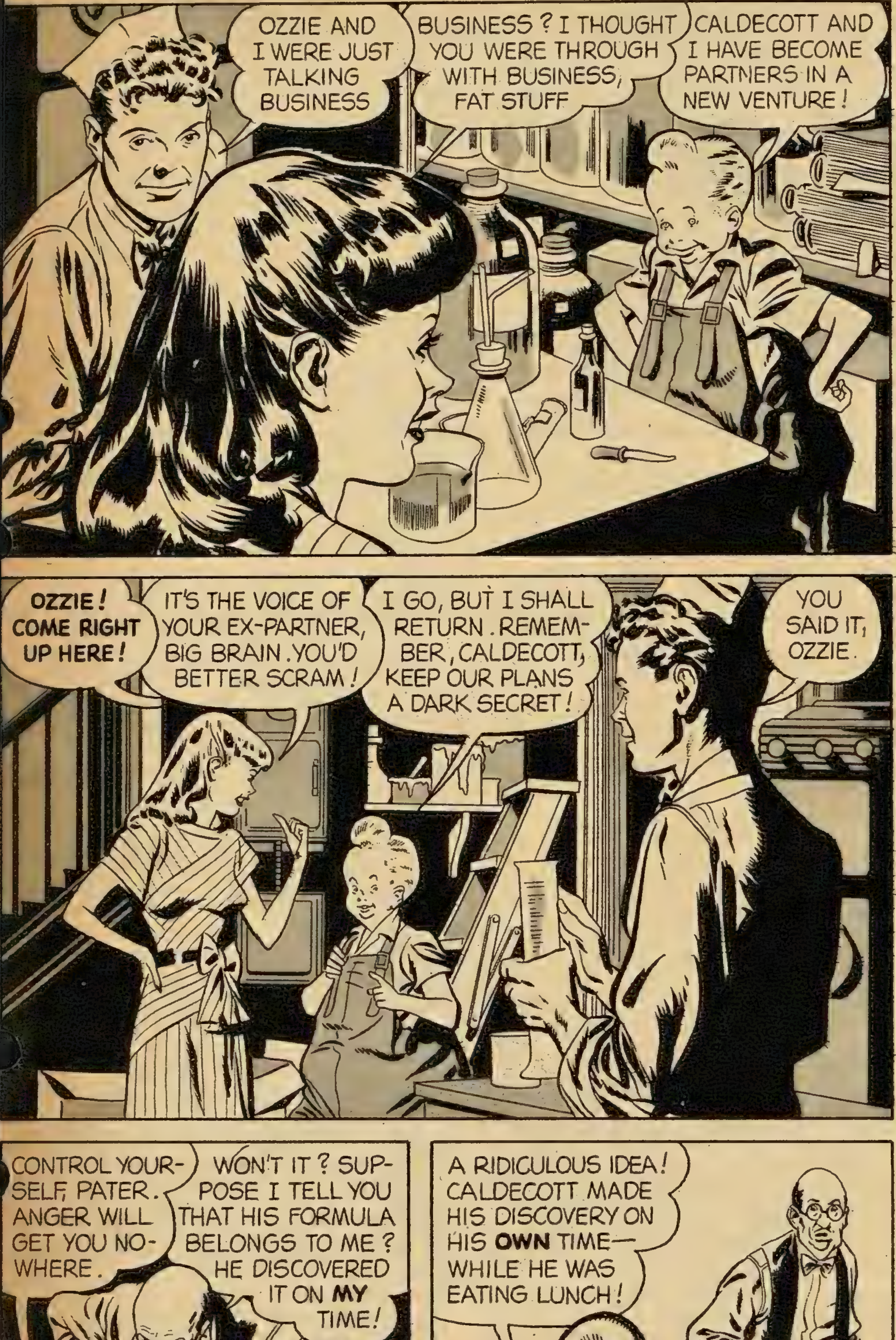
She could not know that Marcus would, all his life, feel tears in his own masculine eyes when he saw a dogtooth violet, would remember that they had been the only things important enough to his grandmother to make her cry.

THE END


THE THROPP
GO DOWN AND FIND OUT WHAT OZZIE'S DOING WITH CALDECOTT, LUCY!
A PLEASURE, DAD!
WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN HERE, CALDECOTT?
NOTHING THAT WOULD INTEREST YOU, WENCH!
ANOTHER PARTNERSHIP? AFTER WHAT JUST HAPPENED WITH DAD?
THIS COMBINE WILL BE DIFFERENT, WE'RE DEVELOPING A NEW FORMULA!
FORMULA? WHAT KIND OF FORMULA?
WELL, IT'S A--
IT'S A SECRET UNTIL WE'RE READY TO MERCHANDISE IT!
WHAT WERE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?
DISCUSSING BUSINESS WITH MY NEW PARTNER, MR. CALDECOTT KETCHUM!
OUR NEW FORMULA WILL EARN US MILLIONS, PATER. CALDECOTT IS A GENIUS AT CHEMISTRY, TOO BAD I SAW HIM FIRST
FORMULA? MILLIONS? ARE YOU CRAZY?

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


OZZIE AND I WERE JUST TALKING BUSINESS
BUSINESS? I THOUGHT YOU WERE THROUGH WITH BUSINESS, FAT STUFF
CALDECOTT AND I HAVE BECOME PARTNERS IN A NEW VENTURE!
OZZIE! COME RIGHT UP HERE!
IT'S THE VOICE OF YOUR EX-PARTNER, BIG BRAIN. YOU'D BETTER SCRAM!
I GO, BUT I SHALL RETURN. REMEMBER, CALDECOTT, KEEP OUR PLANS A DARK SECRET!
YOU SAID IT, OZZIE.
CONTROL YOURSELF, PATER. ANGER WILL GET YOU NOWHERE.
WON'T IT? SUPPOSE I TELL YOU THAT HIS FORMULA BELONGS TO ME? HE DISCOVERED IT ON MY TIME!
A RIDICULOUS IDEA! CALDECOTT MADE HIS DISCOVERY ON HIS OWN TIME—WHILE HE WAS EATING LUNCH!

Continued next week

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THE NOSE KNOWS

Continued from Page 19

that these best-smellers of the canine world also wear the saddest expressions. One bloodhound fancier from Memphis contends that there is a connection and explains it simply with, "They smell so good and most of what they smell smells bad." It's not easy to argue with him.

But even if bloodhounds do find their super-smelling unpleasant, there's no need to be afraid that too much sniffing may sharpen your own nose to the same point. Dogs and other animals have more sensitive noses not merely because they make more use of them, but because they have a larger area of olfactory cells and a larger "smell brain," that portion of the cerebrum which registers and classifies smells. As a result, no amount of training can bring a human nose to the point where it is as sensitive as a dog's.

However, there are people who have educated noses; educated not in the sense that they are more sensitive, but in the sense that they have been trained by long experience to recognize more odors and to appreciate the fine shades of odor difference which would be meaningless to the average person.

Many tea tasters, for instance, can sniff tea and know on what estate the leaves were grown. Cyril Gurge, who mixes perfumes for Prince Matchabelli, can inhale a perfume essence such as jasmine absolute and tell at what time of day the petals were picked.

IN case you'd like to train your own nose to be more discriminating, here are a few pointers taken from a recently published book by E. C. Crocker, who is currently doing important research work with odors. Mr. Crocker says, in effect, "First, before you start smelling, you must be at ease, completely comfortable and in a quiet place. Loud noises completely prevent any smelling observations. Then, for best results, inhale strongly through the nose for a period of two or three seconds with both nostrils open. Make it a point to have whatever you are smelling as far away from the hands as possible so that the odor of your own skin won't interfere with your judgment. . . . Always remember to protect the sensitivity of your nose by using it for short sniffs only, at judicious time intervals. In this way you can keep nose fatigue at a minimum. With care, the nose may be used for hundreds of sniffings in a day without undue effort or loss of sensitivity."

Trained or not, your nose has very practical functions and it accounts for strong likes and dislikes. It attracts you to the smell of broiling steak, for example, and then goes right on functioning after you bite into the juicy red meat. For most of what is commonly called taste in food is really smell. Passageways in the back of the mouth pipe the odor of food up to your olfactory cells which provide a large part of all taste sensations. That's why so many foods lose their taste when a bad cold cuts off your smelling apparatus. Research workers have demonstrated this by an uncomfortable experiment which isolates the smell zone from the mouth with plugs. When this is done, many flavors are completely eliminated and others are changed so that they are unrecognizable. In short, if it weren't for the nose, a large part of the art of cooking would be a waste of time, and many delicious foods would be flat and unpalatable.

ICE
COAL & WOOD

"Another bad night, Joe?" LIBERTY

In general, your nose is a pretty dependable detective. During the war, American commandos were taught to rely on their noses for what could have been life-or-death information. In training for night raids into enemy territory, each commando went through a "sniff" course. This consisted of learning to recognize various odors which were characteristic of the territory into which he was going. On the list of required smells were "horse barn, pigsty, pine trees, gasworks, new-mown hay, salt marsh, stagnant water, sewers, grapes, Japanese chemical works, submarine sailor and slaughterhouse." When a commando found himself in pitch darkness with no very good idea where he was, he sniffed the air. If his nose caught the odor of chemicals, he looked on his map for a chemical works. When he found it, he was oriented and ready for his next move.

In the interests of making everybody's olfactory epithelium more useful, the Armour Research Foundation in Chicago recently ventured into fundamental odor research. A survey was made on the likes and dislikes of the human nose—what smells attract; what smells repel. As was probably to be expected, it was found that the flowery odors are the favorites, with the fruity and spicy scents a close second. Next in order are the resinous odors, such as cedar, witch hazel, and turpentine, and bringing up the rear of the preference procession are the burnt, and finally the putrid odors. Rose, liked by 85 per cent of the people tested, was the favorite odor. Tied for second place, with 83 per cent approval, were lilac and pine.

The dislikes were more positive than the likes. No one, for example, liked the smell of perspiration, which had the lowest score on the list. Garlic was a close contender for last place.

Three out of four of those who liked the odor of gasoline were young people, which bears out the general assumption that association has a great deal to do with whether or not a person likes an odor. Members of the younger generation, raised with the automobile, have very likely learned to associate the smell of gasoline with good times.

SMELLS are famous for their ability to push the mental buttons which bring back old memories. The smell of new-mown hay brings vivid memory pictures to every one-time farm boy. A whiff of salt air starts the memory movies in the mind of every old tar. There are perfumes which can remind almost every man of a girl he hasn't seen for years. The smell of wood baking in the hot sun recalls to one woman her grandmother's attic where she played as a girl. Such smell memories are universal in human experience. Psychologists believe that they are the primary factor in determining odor preferences.

While the Armour Foundation was learning what odors people like best, the Arthur D. Little Laboratories in Cambridge, Massachusetts, tackled the problem of describing and classifying odors. This loomed as a particularly difficult task because the art of smelling is without a descriptive language. In his new book, The Science and Art of Perfumery, Edward Sagarin goes so far as to say that "smells defy description," for only by actually smelling an odor can a person acquire a mental "smell picture" of it.

The Cambridge researchers have solved the problem, to their satisfaction at least, by a system which describes the fragrance of a rose as 6423. Here's how it works: From their analyses they reached the conclusion that there are only four basic odors: (1) fragrant or sweet; (2) acid or sour; (3) burnt; (4) goaty or putrid. All other odors are a combination of these.

To arrive at their method of description, the scientists subdivided each of the four basic odors on an intensity scale numbered from zero to eight. Using these basic intensity figures, they can describe any odor by a simple four-figure number. Thus 6423 indicates the fragrance of a rose because rose is a mixture of fragrant or sweet to the strength of 6, acid or sour to the strength of 4, burnt to the strength of 2, and goaty to the strength of 3. The odor of freshly roasted coffee is 7683; acetic acid is 3803. The zero indicates that acetic acid contains no basic burnt odor.

The recent interest in investigating odors has come about because American manufacturers have begun to realize that how their product smells has a lot to do with how it sells. Shoppers prefer odorless oilcloth to that which smells like a combination of castor and linseed oils. They prefer glue which doesn't smell like deceased fish. They like their laundry to have that fresh clean smell (which can be achieved artificially by adding a drop of oil of cedar to the washing water).

THE interest in giving products smell appeal had just begun to gain momentum in 1939 when progress was cut short by the drafting of needed materials for essential war industries.

Now most of the perfuming materials are back and there's more emphasis on smell appeal than ever. The obvious things which need to be made more attractive to the nose are being taken care of first. Pleasant-smelling paints, rubber goods, glues, inks, and cleaners and polishes for home use will be in the stores soon, if they are not there already. But these are only the beginning. Anything is possible because odor chemists have now developed synthetic materials with which they can simulate practically any odor economically.

The Public Service Commission of New Jersey wanted to get rid of the nauseous burnt-oil smell inside their buses. Du Pont Company chemists took over the project and came up with a product which, when added to the gasoline, makes exhaust gases smell like the pinewoods. The Public Service Commission thought it had something. Then another commission, Public Safety, stepped in and said it would make inhaling gasoline fumes so pleasant that it might be dangerous. The passengers wouldn't bother to open the windows for proper ventilation. Sooner or later, automatic ventilation will probably take care of that.

A coffee company, finding that airtight sealing deprived their product of the appealing aroma of coffee, introduced it artificially in the printing inks which are used on the package. They sold a lot more coffee. Perfumed inks which can do this sort of thing have great possibilities. The Chicago Florists Association has already run an advertisement featuring American Beauty roses, and the inks used to print the page were scented with rose essence. The reader not only saw the flowers, he smelled them. And smell advertising by mail works, too. For example, a fire-insurance company sent out a blotter which smelled like the smoking embers of a fire-wrecked house, and the response was terrific. Undoubtedly those who responded associated the burnt odor of the blotter with memories of damaging fires.

It is another kind of odor association which persuades American women to spend some $76,000,000 every year on perfume. According to the perfumers' advertisements, the scents from their beautiful bottles are dependable male bait. Perfumers often point out that, among animals and primitive peoples, odor and sex are closely related.

And they're right—up to a point. Many animals do find their mates through their sense of smell, and so do many insects. It's also true that it is common practice for women of primitive tribes to make themselves more attractive by the use of various odors.

But the most reasonable explanation of the relation of odor to sex is that it is a matter of association. A woman's perfume may recall pleasant memories to the male and hence put him in a happy, expansive, even expectant mood. But as for perfumes acting as a love potion to the point of being "Dangerous" or a "Menace" —well, boys, you can relax. There is no evidence that a man can be led to the altar by the nose alone.

THE END

DO YOU NEED AN UMPIRE?

Continued from Page 18

paid lawyer's bill; it settled an acrimonious difference between service-station owner and customer over who was to blame for the fact that the owner's dog took a substantial chunk out of the customer's pants; it saw justice done in the case of three trespassing cows who trampled a neighbor's pumpkin patch; it brought peace to a group of heirs quarreling over the ownership of a cellarful of rare wines.

The simple, common or garden variety of dispute is often as difficult to settle as a complex business controversy. There was, for instance, the "rattrap case." A customer in a large New York chain store was examining a counter display of new-model traps. As he carried on his researches, he failed to notice that one of the gadgets had been set. In a twinkling, two of his fingers were painfully entrapped.

The customer sued the store for damages. The case got into court, but was withdrawn and submitted to arbitration when it became apparent that this piddling tempest would involve an expensive litigation. The arbitrator, however, had a tough time. It was impossible to be sure that the customer, while exploring the potentialities of the trap,

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hadn't set it himself and then inadvertently got caught. The customer, of course, vigorously denied this possibility. Finally a salesgirl who was a witness let out the information that she had been trying to hide. She had seen another customer — a practical joker — set the trap. However, before she could get to the counter the unwary plaintiff was entrapped. On the basis of this knowledge, the arbitrator decided the store was blameless and need pay no damages. The whole thing was settled in one short hearing.

Arbitration has frequently been a boon to housewives in their dealings with errant beauty-parlor attendants, department stores, and assorted tradesmen. A typical case involved a New York matron who sent her living-room rug to a dry cleaner. When it came back, she discovered it had shrunk six inches in length. She persuaded the cleaner to try stretching it. His efforts were unavailing. Then he promised to repair the rug, but delayed endlessly. The annoyed housewife had another establishment add six inches to the rug. Then she went off on a trip.

While she was away the procrastinating cleaner picked up the rug and, in all innocence, added six inches to its length. Now he was really in a spot. His customer, upon her return, demanded several hundred dollars damages. Fortunately the original signed order to the cleaner included an arbitration clause. In two hours the arbitrator heard the case and awarded the lady sixty-three dollars. She was proud and triumphant, and the cleaner, a philosophic man, figured that he had gotten off rather lightly.

ONE avowedly happily married couple came to A.A.A. with an insoluble problem involving the disputed ownership of stocks. Some years before, in a burst of Christmas generosity, the husband had presented his spouse with twelve shares of stock which he had received from his firm as a bonus. With a flourish, he had made the presentation before a houseful of guests.

Subsequently, on his wife's birthdays and on their wedding anniversaries, he showered her with additional securities — usually taking pains to display his generosity publicly. He invariably borrowed back the stock, to use in his brokerage account. That is, his wife maintained that it had been a loan and that she still retained ownership. The husband insisted that the stocks were jointly owned by both of them, and that the gifts had been more in the nature of symbolical gestures than outright donations. To settle the issue — by now seriously imperiling their marital future—they agreed on three arbitrators: a banker, an automobile dealer who dabbled heavily in securities, and a broker. But the settlement depended less on their expert knowledge than on their ability to draw out witnesses present at the ostentatious gift ceremonies. After two days of strenuous hearings, they awarded the stock to the wife. Said the arbitrators: the husband had just been too candid in publicizing his gifts. He was betrayed by his own love of display.

Although the practice of arbitration goes back to the Greeks, only in comparatively recent years has it been used extensively in the United States. In 1920, New York became the first state to pass a modern arbitration law, which held, in effect, that an arbitration agreement covering future disputes was binding. Other states passed similar legislation, and in 1925 a federal law was enacted. Now the arbitrator's award has the force of law in every state. In addition, in fifteen states, parties to a contract can bind themselves to submit any future dispute to arbitration. They cannot wiggle out of the commitment. And once the arbitrator renders his decision, there is no further appeal—unless it can be proven, in a court of law, that he has been corrupt, impartial, or has engaged in other misconduct. Rarely has such a claim been made; it has scarcely ever been sustained.

Since it was founded, in 1926, the A.A.A. has provided facilities for the settlement of 25,000 disputes. In every instance voluntary arbitration was involved — both parties agreed to submit the disagreement to an impartial third person. The association vigorously disavows compulsory arbitration, which has made few converts in this country.

The smallest sum arbitrated by the association to date was a $3.29 grocer's bill; the largest was an approximately $2,300,000 damage claim made by the Dutch government against an American gun-and-munitions manufacturer. It ended with the Dutch being awarded $1,700,000, and the American concern getting $1,600,000 in a counterclaim.

The American Arbitration Association came into existence following the merger of two earlier groups which had spent several years campaigning for arbitration laws. It was founded by a group of influential business and professional men—among them Lucius R. Eastman, Felix M. Warburg, the late Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone, Julius Rosenwald, Franklin Simon, Charles M. Schwab. It is now headed by R. Emerson Swart, president of Huyler's. Throughout its history the association has elicited the cordial cooperation of prominent citizens throughout the country. Its panels of arbitrators, for instance, include more than 10,000 names—lawyers, accountants, doctors, business men, architects, engineers, economists, chemists—specialists in hundreds of different lines, from viniculture to elephant tusks. No dispute is too technical for the association.

It is by far the largest arbitration agency, although there are a few other groups in the field. The Conciliation Service of the U. S. Department of Labor, for instance, has a roster of 200 arbitrators available for labor disputes.

Most of the A.A.A.'s arbitration hearings are conducted in New York, for expert arbitrators are most readily available there; but the association has thirty branch offices throughout the country which regularly handle arbitrations in their localities. In addition, it sponsors two commercial arbitration systems spanning all of North and South America, to handle foreign trade disputes between U. S., Latin-American, and Canadian firms. A similar Chinese-American arbitration system has recently been established. The association is financed by membership fees, by contributions for research and educational work, and by administrative fees paid by both parties to an arbitration proceeding.

WHATEVER the size of the contested sum or principle, the arbitration procedure is always the same. The dispute either comes to arbitration through voluntary agreement by both parties, or it drops into the association's lap because of an arbitration clause previously written into a contract. The association then sends the disputants a list of suggested arbitrators—men of experience and frequently of renown in the particular industry, trade, or profession. Undesired names are struck off the list by both parties, the others numbered in order of preference. Braden's tribunals office totes up the results and arrives at the final selection. Then the hearing date is set. The arbitrator is usually not paid—he donates his efforts as a public service. The fee paid to the association by each of the parties is quite modest—ten dollars, plus 1 per cent of the disputed sum up to $25,000, with smaller percentages on larger amounts. Fifty dollars or less is charged when no money is being contested. In labor cases there is a fixed fee of twenty-five dollars from each party.

The association's hearings are conducted in a number of spacious, airy conference rooms high up in a Manhattan skyscraper. Let us look in at a typical labor dispute. The union representatives sit at one side of a long conference table, the management contingent on the other. At the head of the table is the arbitrator, who is flanked by the clerk and by the witness chair. The atmosphere is as casual as that of a poker game.

The union lawyer is presenting the case. Friday afternoon the foreman asked the ten plaintiffs to work overtime on Sunday. They agreed, provided they could leave for two hours on Sunday morning to attend an important union meeting. The foreman had no objection. On Sunday morning the ten union members checked in on time. A couple of hours later, when they asked permission to leave, the foreman denied them passes. He said the superintendent had vetoed the entire arrangement. The men left anyway, and, following the meeting, were denied readmittance to the plant. The union charges, says the lawyer, that the men had been discriminated against because they were prominent union members. It asks payment for the time they lost on Sunday as a result of the foreman's obstinacy.

At this point the company superintendent speaks up. "Blame me," he insists, "not the foreman. I withheld the passes. And I have a right to—read the contract!"

The union lawyer calls a string of witnesses. The foreman disputes none of the union's facts, but insists that the matter had been taken out of his hands by the superintendent. Then the arbitrator cuts in to cross-examine the witness. Now the company lawyer presents his side. He ridicules the charge of discrimination, then calls the superintendent to testify that he had decided, on Saturday, to withhold the passes because the labor shortage was such that the men could not be spared. Finally the lawyer reads the relevant portion of the union contract which allows management this prerogative. In a half hour he is finished.

SINCE an immediate decision is sought, the arbitrator retires to consider the case. Twenty minutes later he is back. "The union gets the award," he announces. "The men are to be paid for a full Sunday's work. There's no evidence of discrimination on the part of the company, and it certainly has the right to deny passes. But the foreman did make an agreement on Friday. If it was vetoed by the superintendent, that fact should have been reported to the men before they came to work on Sunday. The company was clearly negligent."

The hearing has taken one afternoon. Production has not been interrupted. Had arbitration not been available, a strike might have been the result, since the two parties had been unable to resolve the dispute through consultation. And so long as a dispute remains unsettled, it gets ever more deeply enmeshed in a bitter snarl of fear, distrust, and mutual recriminations. Then, when the blow-up finally comes, it is out of all proportion to the initial spark.

Thus more and more frequently arbitration clauses are being included in collective-bargaining agreements. Among the unions which regularly include them are such A. F. of L. affiliates as Actors Equity, the various building-trade unions, the International Ladies Garment Workers, the Printing Pressmen, and such C.I.O. groups as the United Automobile Workers, the Textile Workers, the American Newspaper Guild, and the Packing House Workers. Arbitration, of course, is normally limited to disputes involving alleged breaches of contract. It usually does not settle such primary contractual items as hours of work and rates of pay, which are determined by direct negotiation.

One of the proudest boasts of the A.A.A. is the extent to which its modest efforts promote international amity. It does a brisk business settling disputes between foreign and American firms. The parties may be separated by several thousand miles, yet their disagreement can be resolved within two or three days of its occurrence. However, the bulk of the A.A.A.'s cases still remain in the domestic field. Its officials are enormously encouraged by the multitude of business firms and whole industries which have embraced arbitration in recent years. The association, for instance, has set up a special arbitration system for the entire motion-picture industry, for the Air Transport Association, for the fur merchants and brokers, cloth and garment trades, warehousemen.

ITS commercial arbitrators include such business and professional leaders as Thomas A. Morgan, president of the Sperry Corporation; H. L. Derby, president of the American Cyanamid & Chemical Corporation; Sidney J. Weinberg of Goldman, Sachs and Co.; James F. Hughes, former president of the American Society of Certified Public Accountants; and Stanley Resor, president of the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency. William H. Davis, former chairman of the War Labor Board, and Edward F. McGrady, former Assistant Secretary of Labor, who is now a vice-president of the Radio Corporation of America, are among its prominent labor arbitrators.

The spirit that moves these men to donate their time to the settlement of other people's troubles was never more aptly expressed than by William Penn nearly three hundred years ago. Writing to John Fenwick, Penn said: "Edward Byllinge will refer the matter to me again if thou wilt do the like. Send me word and, opprest as I am with business, I will find an afternoon tomorrow or next day to determine and so prevent the mischief that will certainly follow divulging it in Westminster Hall. I am an impartial man."

THE END

OUR NEW SPIES

Continued from Page 25

mies. But he also believed that we should have something like OSS during peacetime. His recommendations to this effect met opposition. NIA was conceived as a sort of compromise between a peacetime OSS and a simple reversion to our old American system of separate intelligence services for the Military and Department of State. But when OSS was dissolved, its invaluable Research and Analysis Section was taken over lock, stock, and barrel by the State Department.

NIA began to take form when Ad-

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miral Nimitz and General Eisenhower agreed it was time to pool Army and Navy interests. The State Department quickly agreed to participate. The first step was to examine the practice of other nations in such matters.

Four great nations—Britain, Germany, Japan, and Russia—had supported international spy systems for many years. It was obvious that we could not hope to profit much by the experience of the Russians. Their system, above all, was a political enterprise. It was just about as much concerned with spreading information (true or false, as the occasion might demand) as with the gathering of it. And, furthermore, since their whole spy system was at least a semiofficial government function, it was tied in almost everywhere with existing official ministries or embassies. The fundamental weakness of such a tie-in was demonstrated in the exposure of Russian espionage activities in Canada early this year. It required only the sudden terror of a youthful and none too bright embassy clerk to unmask the secret activities of a group of spies. He lost his nerve, crept to the police, and not only was the immediate plot destroyed but considerable damage was done to the fabric of Russian espionage in Canada.

THE Japanese spy system had been fairly successful. The Japs certainly knew a great deal about the disposition of our ships at Pearl Harbor, about our continental fortifications and military establishment, about our movements and our industrial potential. On the other hand, they failed on all the really important points. Our new weapons were always a surprise to them; they never knew we had cracked their code, even when a Chicago newspaper virtually headlined the news early in the war; and of course the atomic bomb was a total surprise to them. In view of these matters, there seemed little we could learn from the Japanese technique.

The German system, on the other hand, had quite a reputation. Many of our flyers who fell into German hands were astonished at the information the enemy had about them, their outfits, their officers, their methods of fighting. Yet this information was often of a most trivial nature. The German thoroughness had compiled immense amount of data, but nobody seemed to have had time to separate the critical from the trifling. And the German's sabotage efforts in America, his one key to any hope of success, were actually weaker than they had been in World War I. In short, his intelligence system was totally inflexible and unimaginative when it came to action.

The British system, however, is the most effective in the world. It combines a quite Teutonic thoroughness with boldness and imagination and the sort of Irish intuitions which come quite naturally to our own Americans. The British Intelligence Service is really divided into two closely interrelated branches: the open, frank, publicly announced Information Service, and the organization known as the Secret Branch.

It is difficult to think of the pleasant people you meet at the New York office of the British Information Service as spies. Indeed, they are not really spies at all. The information which their careful young people collect and send to London is virtually all clipped from American papers and periodicals, or transcribed from radio broadcasts.

Each little item, of course, eventually finds its way into the immense cross-indexed London files. Some of these days it might come in handy when an unobtrusive young man in an obscure London office receives instructions which will lead him to some distant spot for some object, or some fact, which London needs very badly. That young man would be working for the Secret Branch, of course. Its agents are everywhere. But the chances are the young man would not recognize half a dozen of his colleagues if he met them.

There is probably no man alive, even including the director of the Secret Branch himself, who knows at any given moment how many men and women are spying for Britain. For it is a fluid organization, and a large proportion of its agents are part-time employees. There are perhaps not more than a dozen men who know the identity of the director himself. His appointment is not a matter of public announcement or approval by Parliament. Many of his closest acquaintances would be astonished if they learned of his real job, for ostensibly he is not a spy altogether; he is a fairly prominent somebody with an office and a staff, although his real job, in which he meets few superiors and practically none of his agents, is pursued at odd hours in rooms which nobody would suspect as the headquarters of the British spy system.

THE permanent, full-time agents are selected with the care we use to select men for the FBI. Many of them are watched and checked on for years, without knowing that some day they will be spies.

Other full-time agents are chosen less circuitously from the obvious sources: the Army Intelligence Division and the Navy, from the top level of New Scotland Yard detectives, from the up-and-coming career men of the consular and diplomatic services. Once on the job, all these full-time operatives lead rather lonely lives, inconvenient ones, and often very dangerous ones.

They do not make their headquarters in the embassies or consulates of their own government, as the Russians are wont to do, to their sorrow. Here is an example of how they work:

An agent known as Colby was summoned from his little London bachelor flat to a room at the Savoy Hotel. There he met a man he had never seen before, but by the almost imperceptible exchange of signals he knew the man was high in the councils of the Secret Branch.

"Colby, you will leave for the Argentine tomorrow. In Buenos Aires you will be a German physician named Richard Zimmerer. Here are all the necessary papers of identification. You will report first to the Argentine authorities, and then proceed to the temporary quarters of the German Embassy. There you must, by your own devices, arrange to meet an attaché by the name of Klaus Mannlich. He is, of course, a member of our organization. You will receive further instructions from him."

IN due time Colby reached South America and met Mannlich, who had this story:

A German physicist, who had fled to the Argentine presumably (though not certainly) because he was out of sympathy with the Nazis, had developed some promising new aspects of radar. He was more or less of a crackpot, insanely eager to keep his work a secret but almost equally insanely greedy. There was a good chance that he might be persuaded to sell his inventions if enough money were offered, and presumably (though again not certainly) he would prefer to deal with the enemies of the Nazis. Mannlich could not approach the man directly. It was more important for him to keep his standing with German officialdom as an active member of their diplomatic corps. So Colby was finally guided to the inventor. He saw the man a dozen times, mostly at public places, and chatted with him about everything except radar. He soon became aware that both of them were being watched, and assumed that the watchers were Germans or Argentines friendly toward Germany, as most were.

At the end of the month he met the inventor alone in the latter's quarters. He decided to risk everything at once—confessed his real identity and offered to pay whatever the inventor might ask. The inventor expressed no great astonishment. Colby prevailed upon him to accept a price. He had barely got the documents about the invention into the hands of a third British agent, whose sole function was to receive them, when the Argentine police arrested Colby himself. Though it is probable that they suspected his real identity, it is possible that they did not. At any rate, they charged him under the name of Richard Zimmerer, listing against him a fabulous array of accusations—none mentioning his interest in radar, but all charging interference, as a German citizen, in internal affairs of the Argentine.

It never occurred to Colby to declare his British citizenship and ask the assistance of British and American diplomats. Such a thing simply is not done in his circles. He was convicted of vague charges and thrown into prison. He remained there for nearly a year, until the mounting score of Allied victories led the Argentines to release him. Meantime, however, the radar drawings had been of some help in the tremendous British and American development of the principle.

A great number of British agents are in a sense amateurs. They are for the most part journalists and traveling salesmen, members of scientific groups and even wealthy travelers, buying agents, and students. They do not go in for disguises. They are not asked to rifle safes or seduce the possessors of valuable secrets. Their principal job is to pick up facts and opinions which it would be perfectly natural for them to be curious about even in their normal professional roles. They are told in advance, of course, what London wants to know. And the data they pick up will perhaps fill out the design of a crossword puzzle of information which is being tediously prepared in a grubby office back home.

In addition to the professional, full-time agents and the constantly shifting ranks of amateurs, the British also make use of the myriads of shady little characters which infest all the earth: pickpockets and stool pigeons, thieves and petty gamblers.

In its final essence, the vital job of the British secret agent is to listen, to remember, to evaluate the significance of what he hears, and to report it. This does not mean snooping at keyholes. It means taking full and professional advantage of the human passion to talk. They know that the impulse to boast of secret knowledge is the same in Suez as in Cuernavaca, in Copenhagen as in Cincinnati. They see to it that their people are around to listen sympathetically and even to drop a bit of encouraging bait now and then.

THAT is the basic plan upon which our new National Intelligence Authority is being founded. Of course there will be American variations. But we will have the Information Service in important world capitals, as well as our Secret Branch, modeled after the British system.

In one other critical aspect—possibly, indeed, the most critical of all—we also are following the British. That is in the political structure of the organization within our Constitution and the financing of it. The British realized that even normal interference by Parliament would handicap the work of the Intelligence Service. The chief obstacle to organizing without the control or even the approval of Parliament was in the matter of finances. If Parliament must appropriate funds, Parliament can be endlessly curious about their ultimate use.

It is the custom among members of the wealthy class in Britain (a custom never followed in this country) to bequeath large sums of money as gifts to the government. So the British authorities allocated these gifts to the Intelligence Service, with the specific provision that no accounting would be required. All deficits are made up by lump-sum appropriations from the British Treasury, also without accounting being necessary.

Having no gift or endowment fund to start with, we had to go about the matter a little differently. Money for NIA will be allocated to it by the respective intelligence departments of the Army, Navy, and State Department. Accounting will be simply on the lump-sum basis. There will be no necessity to account for the two bucks that agent OL-30 spent for drinks while drawing information from two shady characters in Porto Bello.

THE Authority itself will consist of the three Secretaries of the interested departments (who are, of course, Presidential appointees) plus the President's military chief of staff, currently Admiral William D. Leahy. The director, at least the director as far as public record is concerned, will be appointed by these four men with Presidential approval. The first director already has been named. He is Rear Admiral Sidney W. Souers, a Naval Reserve officer with a curiously American sort of experience for such a job. He has been in the life-insurance business and in linen supply. He has sold real estate and been a chain-store executive. But he has been active in Naval Intelligence for the last eight years, rising to deputy chief of the office. It is at least the presumption that he will not be a figurehead or front for the real director, but will actually run the new agency himself.

It is a peculiar characteristic of our democracy that any innovation in the conduct of our affairs, particularly one so suggestive of dark and hidden drama as this, invariably causes nervous but articulate citizens to suspect the worst. Already certain elements of the daily press have labeled the agency "the new Gestapo," with intimations that every honest soul may expect snoopers at his window. The truth is that NIA can have no police authority or jurisdiction within the United States itself. And even in the foreign fields, its agents will be subject to the immemorial rules of the spy business: no matter how grave the danger into which they may be plunged, they may seek no help from the ambassadors or consuls who are our formal representatives abroad.

But regardless of how fascinating the profession of an American secret agent may seem, there is no use applying for a job. The Authority has not even bothered to print application blanks. It has other plans for selecting its men and women.

THE END

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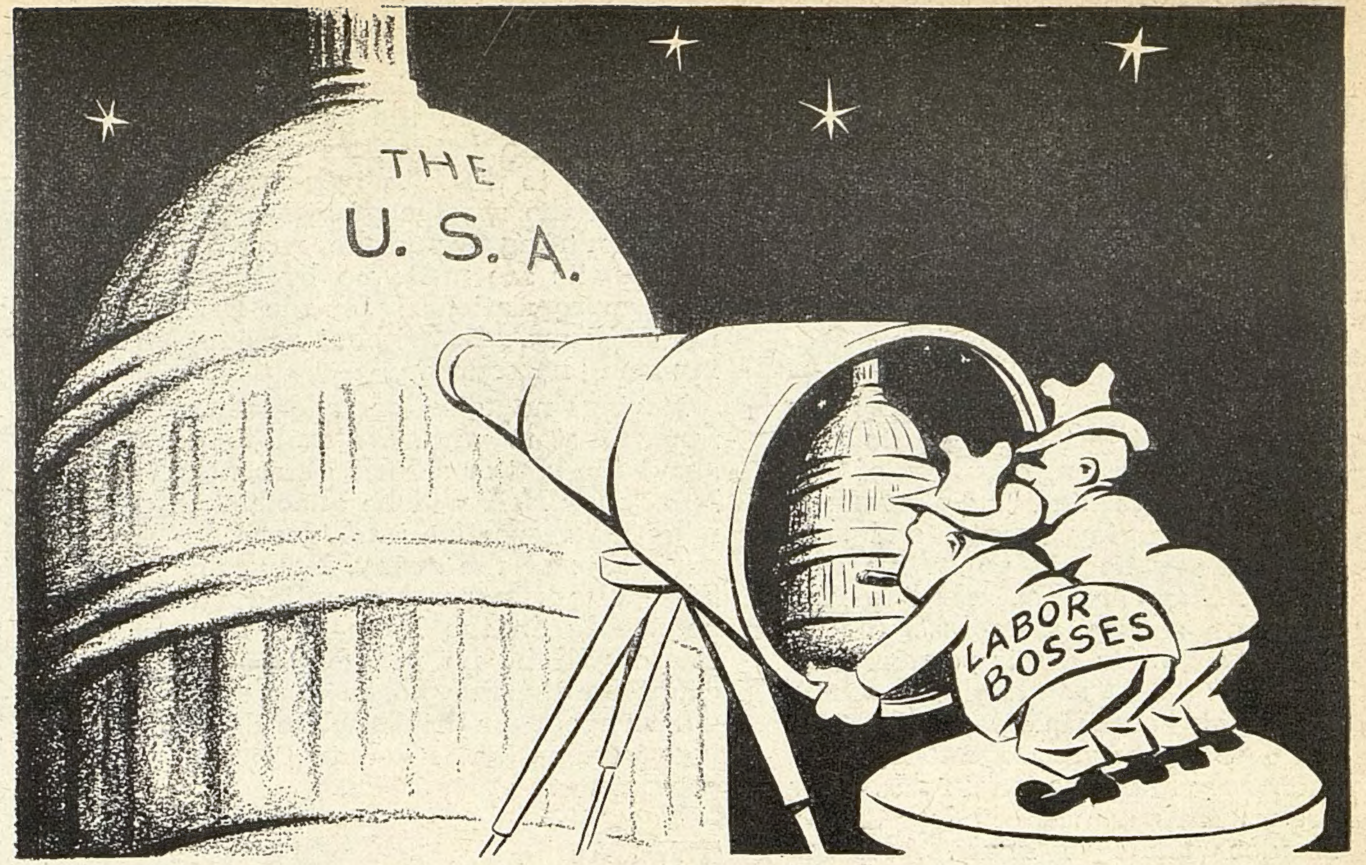


It's time they sized things up right!

L 5571-50

LABOR—AND THE PUBLIC INTEREST

MOST Americans, whether they belong to labor unions or not, quietly rejoice that their government finally came to a head-on collision with the growing power of various labor czars. Eventually it had to come, this demonstration that in the last analysis the interests of the people of the United States take precedence over the interests of any group or class. We now know that the country must and will be kept rolling, and that when employers and employees in vital public-service industries are unable to iron out their differences, the government will see that the industries keep functioning just the same.

This principle, of course, had to be established, or else sooner or later this free country would die of its own freedom. However, in formulating a new long-range labor policy, Congress must find means to safeguard this principle and at the same time avoid the compulsory aspects of the short-term labor policy requested by President Truman. What is needed is a new concept of labor responsibility in industries essential to the public welfare; a recognition on the part of those accepting employment in such industries that strikes are intolerable and agreement to leave the solution of differences to impartial decision.

Meanwhile President Truman and the various members of Congress who have been threatened with political extinction by union leaders may take consolation in the fact that most such threats in the past have proved empty. Twice John L. Lewis sought to vote his United Mine Workers against F. D. R., but with no traceable effect on how the miners actually voted. More recently, C.I.O.-P.A.C. announced opposition to those members of the House who voted for the Case antilabor bill. None of the forty congressmen who so voted have been defeated in the four states where primaries have been held since.

The average union member, though he has a great sense of solidarity and will string along with his leader in union-employer battles, still is his own man in the voting booth. He knows his friends in public office, though he may measure them by a somewhat different yardstick than that used by his union boss. The hysterics indulged in by the politicians of labor do not necessarily represent the views of the rank and file.

The average union member knows and respects the fact that the President of the United States is in office to serve the interests of all the people and not organized labor alone. The average union member, being also a loyal American, does not relish the spectacle of a pipsqueak union head declaring political war on the President when he does his duty.

It is well known that power tends to go to people's heads and that too many union leaders wield too much personal power for their own good or the good of their unions. Labor organizations need the same sort of checks and balances which limit the power of the President of the United States. Men who lately have come to hold the country in their grip by virtue of dictatorial assumptions of power in labor unions must be brought down to size. They must be held accountable to their members and to the general public, whose interest must always be the paramount consideration in labor disputes.

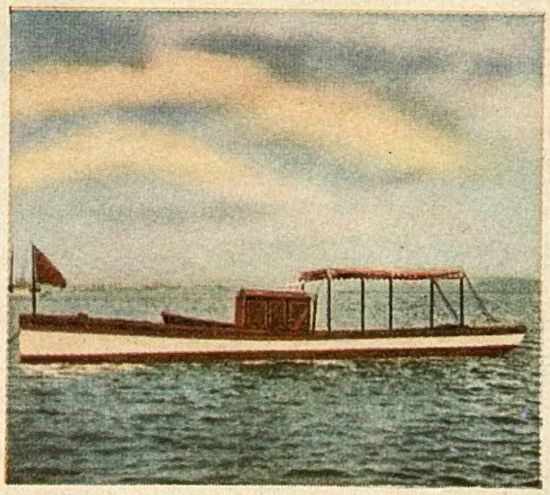
Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

Motorboat in your future?

1887 **In this year,** which was Corby's 29th as a famous Canadian name, the noisy naphtha launch was everywhere. You had to carry a steam engineer's license to run your six horsepower engine. Explosions and fires were frequent, but improvements were on the way . . .

PHOTO—MORRIS ROSENFELD, N.Y.



1892 **An inventor** named Daimler worked with an American piano maker to prove gasoline engines practical for boats. Electric boats made their appearance when Corby's had been a Canadian tradition for 40 years, but gasoline was the power of the future . . .

PHOTO—MORRIS ROSENFELD, N.Y.

1941 **Borrowing some** of the ideas of the auto makers, motorboats came into their own. Light, fast, roomy, several hundred thousand runabouts roamed the waters of the U. S., as Corby's reached its 83rd year of Canadian renown. And the best was yet to come . . .

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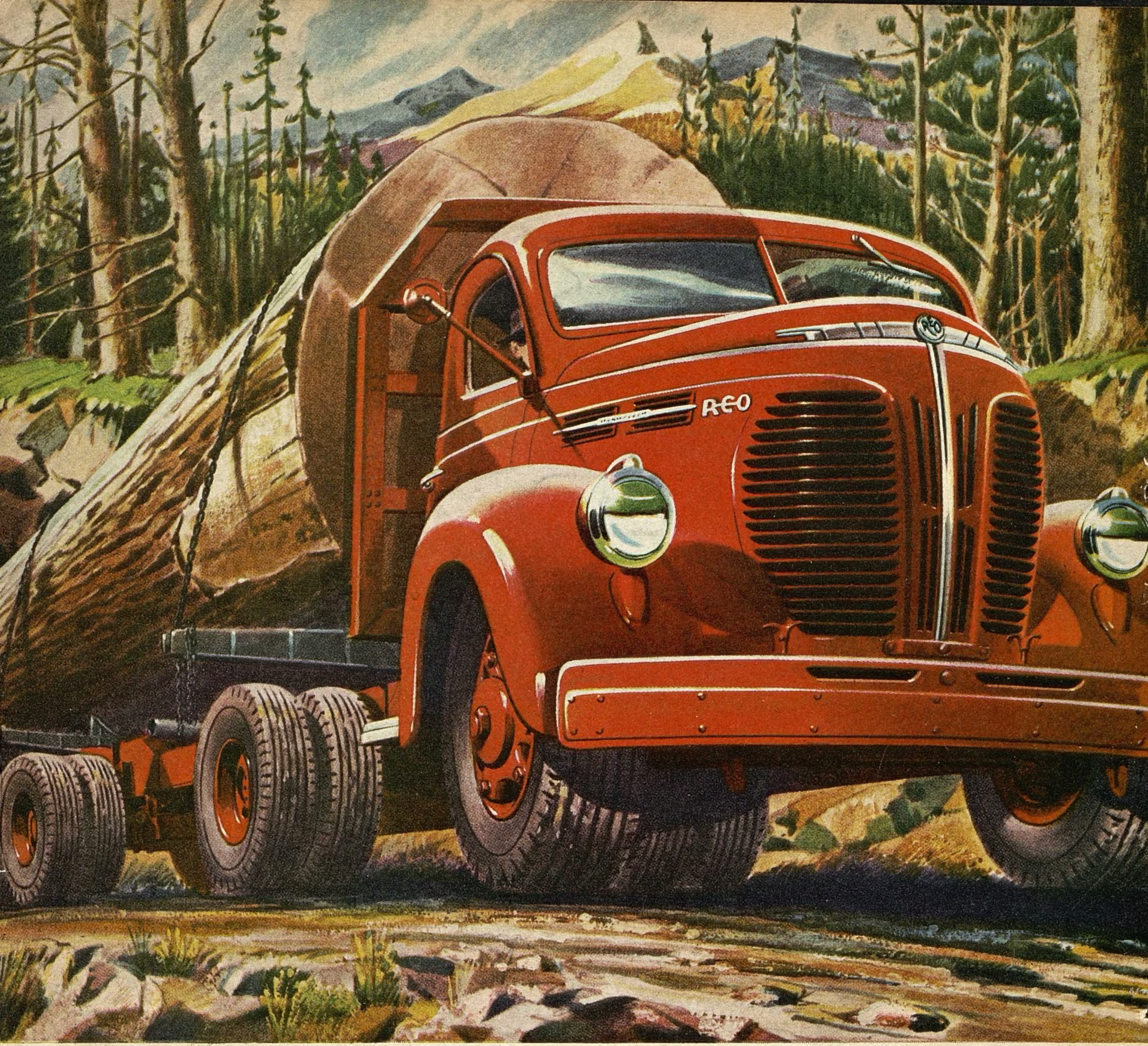

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